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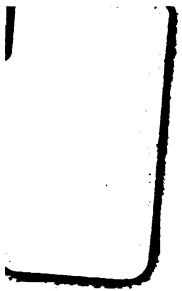

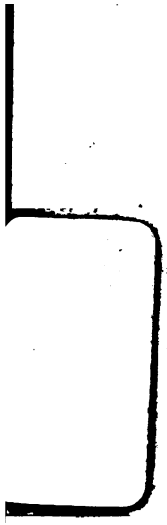

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BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCXXIX.

MEN OF CHARACTER BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

MEN OF CHARACTER.

BY

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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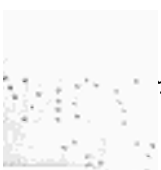

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MEN OF CHARACTER.

VOL. II.

JOHN APPLEJOHN:

THE MAN WHO "MEANT WELL."

CHAPTER VI.

It was evening, and John Applejohn sat alone in the house of Mr. Zweifler. The mansion had been left in the care of the maid servant, who, about dusk, addressed herself to the humane feelings of John. She had to step a little way, and would Mr. Applejohn — she would not be out ten minutes — would he be so very good as to take care of the house until she came back? John lived only to grant favours. Hence, he was left in charge of the dwelling, and had remained its sole inhabitant about three-quarters of an hour — for women, under some circumstances, have a most incorrect notion of the course of time — when he heard footsteps on the staircase. He thought it was the maid returned; but, looking over the banister, saw two men, cautiously bearing a load wrapt in a sheet,

enter the front room of the first floor. There was something mysterious in their measured step — their profound silence. John felt his heart suddenly beat, and fear held him motionless. He knew that one of the men was the accepted tenant of the apartment he had entered — that, contrary to the usual custom of Zweifler, the tailor had intrusted him with a key, by means of which he had now silently entered the house: but who was the other man — and what could it be — for there, indeed, lay the mystery, — that they bore between them? Whilst John stood thus perplexed, he saw the door open and the two men — their burden being left in the room — re-appear. John held his breath, and watched, and listened.

"There, my man," said the lodger, in a soft voice, and put something into the hand of his coarse companion.

"What 's this?" asked the fellow, affecting admirable ignorance of the coin, as he frowned sulkily upon a piece of silver. "What 's this?"

"A shilling," replied the lodger, condescending to become instructor.

"Why, you never mean it?" said the man, in a tone of remonstrance, almost subdued to the pathetic. "You never mean it?"

"Indeed, I do," answered the gentleman, firm in his meaning. "Isn't it your fare?"

"Perhaps it is, if you count by distance," said he, who proved to be a coachman.

"What by, then, if not by distance?" inquired the lodger.

"Come, come," remarked the coachman, and a gleam of benevolence lighted his broad face — "I won't split."

"Split!" exclaimed the lodger in a voice that seemed to leave the operation entirely at the will of the charioteer.

"You know, — I can tell what I 've brought — but when a gentleman is a gentleman, why then," but the coachman did not proceed with the consequence.

"Brought! Why, what have you brought?" asked the lodger.

The coachman took his own nose between his finger and thumb, gave a short, quick shake of the head, as if moved by some sudden disgust, and said — "I sha'n't get the coach sweet for a month."

"Ha! ha! I 'll give no more," said the lodger, and he turned into his room, leaving the coachman at the door. The man stood, eyeing the barrier with a look of doubt. Should he strike his leg through the panel — or should he quietly turn the handle, and go in and fight? Thus irresolute, he again cast his wandering eye upon the shilling; when, like the Duke of Austria, he pocketted his wrongs "because his breeches best might carry them." The fellow lumbered down the staircase, growling, "a murdering set of shabby villains," and closed the door with a violence that admirably conveyed his indignation and contempt of the first-floor lodger.

was the pure and firm belief of the coachman
e had been hired as a humble labourer in the
of science; retained to convey a dead body to
lodgings of a surgical student intent on a most
able and interesting pursuit. If the man had any
h in his own nose, the taint of death still hung
on, — nay, as he had asserted, would continue to
file the inside of the vehicle, for, possibly, a calendar —
onth: and for this pollution, he had received a —
nilling!

The poet says — "We murder to dissect." We
know not if, on the evening in question, John Apple-
John was altogether of the opinion of William Words-
worth, but certainly he had a startling notion that
blood had been shed — a belief strengthened by the
avowal of the coachman, that if properly remunerated
for the secrecy he would disdain to peach. And then,
suddenly came upon the affrighted tailor the myste-
rious visit of old Zweifler to "The Bottle of Hay" —
(for, at the time, John had not discovered the object
of his master in such a practice;) — the solemn words,
"cut me off that fellow!" — his strange looks — his
doubts of all men — his frequent tales of devilry and
witchcraft! And then John recollected, that Germans
were to be especially mistrusted; and then he firmly
believed in some fearful contract between the lodger
in the first floor and old Zweifler. John had never
thought anything of the rumour; but not he remem-
bered that several tailors, having been employed by
Zweifler, were shortly after missing! Such was the

credulity of John — such his overflowing benevolence — that he was resolved to rush into the street, seize on two or three of the passengers, and bring them to apprehend the murderer in the first floor. Already had the simplicity of the tailor painted to him a victim with two or three mortal gashes. Perhaps, a youth, the hope and stay of a poor widow! Perhaps, a girl, some lovely lost one! Tears were starting to the eyes of John at the spectre of his own imagination: he was about to run down the staircase, when he heard the lodger open his door — saw him come out — lock the door, put the key in his pocket, and descend. In a minute, the street-door was opened and shut, and John Applejohn, in his own strong conceit, remained alone in a house with a body of the murdered. He turned as cold as the corse itself — if, indeed, it was yet cold — and his teeth struck together, and his hair stirred. At length, with a vigorous effort, he walked down stairs. He panted with horror as he approached the door — the thin partition between him and a slaughtered corpse. Macbeth — even when played by Macready — when grasped and dragged by the invisible hands of the witches, and held writhing at the chamber of Duncan — has not a more awful face than had our paralysed tailor. He stooped, his whole body shaking like a deer's tail, and put his eye to the key-hole. The room was dark! John rose, and with new courage resolved to get a light. He departs, and, in a few minutes, returns with a lighted candle and a bundle of keys — miraculously left by old

Zweifler in the tailors' room. Yes — John had determined to appease his own doubts, ere he gave the alarm: the mystery might be satisfactorily explained, and then what could he say for himself at having raised a tumult? If, on the contrary, an assassination had really taken place, on discovering the fact, he had only to throw up the window, and give a loud call of murder. With this benevolent intention, John tried every key, in the fond hope that one might be found to open the Abomeleque's room — the Blue Chamber of blood and mystery. Alas! the good intentions, the excellent meaning of Applejohn were not seconded by fortune: no key would stir the lock. John had tried every key, and cast his eyes upwards with a look of despair, when, to our pain we speak it, he saw a nail — a crooked nail in the wall. John had a vague recollection that locks had been turned back by so small an implement as the nail above him. The devil walked behind the tailor, and grinned in deep satisfaction, as he beheld John Applejohn arm himself with a hammer to wrench out the nail. Fixed upon his knees, his face to the door, with one hand guiding the bent nail, the other grasping the candle-stick, John laboured hard in the cause of justice. A stranger beholding him would have felt tolerably well convinced that John was working at the lock with a most felonious intention; whereas, he was a labouring disciple in the sacred cause of humanity. He appeared to vulgar eyes a house-breaker, when, in truth, he was never so much a philanthropist. Still John laboured;

now paused and wiped his brow, and again addressed himself to his work. At length, the bolt moves — again — another turn — the bolt is back! John is rising from his knees, when he is pinned to the floor by a hand fixed in his collar, — and four knuckles embedded in his jugular; — this sudden action is accompanied by the following words: —

"Teeves — teeves — lights," — the candle had been knocked down by John's assailant, — "murder!"

"Murder — thieves — murder — murder," was taken up by a female voice; for the maid had just let herself into the passage, and was followed by the first-floor lodger, who immediately proceeded up-stairs, the girl quickly attending with a lighted candle. Luckless John Applejohn!

He remained still upon his knees, and the hand of old Zweifler still at his neck; the bunch of keys — fifty dumb, yet speaking witnesses beside him; and — oh! guilt, guilt beyond the cunning of defence — the crooked nail between John Applejohn's thumb and finger.

"Teef — rogue — oh, oh! dis is your work on Mondays!" cried Zweifler, pale with passion.

"Mr. Zweifler, as I live — I — you don't know what I know," said Applejohn.

"I should have been hanged dirty years ago if I had," said the tailor.

"Betty," said the tenant of the first-floor, "you had better go for an officer."

"No — no — no," said old Zweifler, with rapid vehemence — "No — no."

"Yes, Betty — do — go for an officer," cried John — "I wish for an officer. Then it will all come out."

"Come out!" exclaimed Zweifler.

"Come out," repeated John. "There 's been murder done. The body is now in that room. I saw it — with my own eyes saw it! Oh, you needn't stare," cried John to the astonished lodger, — "I saw you and the coachman: heard him say he wouldn't turn king's evidence, and all I wanted was first to be sure that —"

"An unblushing, bare-faced thief! And you think that this fetch will save you? Caught in the fact, and now have the impudence to trump up this defence," and the lodger opened the door, and entered the room, followed by John and the amazed Zweifler. "See, Sir; see," and the speaker uncovered the object, carefully swathed in linen — "see, Sir; a lay-figure of the Venus," said the tenant artist.

Zweifler turned a fierce eye upon Applejohn, who, astounded at the discovery, stood for a moment speechless. At length he stammered out — "I — I did it all for the best: may I die this minute, if I didn't mean well." The old tailor shook his head incredulously.

"Run for an officer," again repeated Mr. Dolce, the artist; and again Zweifler countermanded the order.

"No," said the old man, "no: I trusted him, and he has deceived me."

"Mr. Zweifler, as true as there 's a heaven," exclaimed our luckless hero.

"Go, John Applejohn, go; I leave you to your conscience, go; I will not hang you — no: you shall not dis time die mit a rope at your neck — but you shall live mit a halter round about your heart. Go, John; go," and the old man's eyes filled with tears as he turned from Applejohn, who passionately, yet vainly, pleaded against the damning evidence of the keys and nail. In fine, our well-meaning friend was thrust out of doors, Betty vainly begging that he might be detained until she had searched her boxes.

John stood in the street, bewildered, broken-hearted! He tried to walk, and staggered like a tipsy satyr. In the whole world there was not a more sober, a more honest man. He had been cast off by his first love as a drunkard, and was now spurned and branded as a thief. When somewhat recovered from his stupor, his first feelings were those of vengeance on all mankind. If he were treated like a wretch, why not be the sot and knave? Fom that moment, he would drink and rob; he would laugh at sobriety, and think the honest man a masking cheat. For an instant was John Applejohn an embryo tippler and cut-purse; an undaunted ragamuffin; and then, his true nature returning upon him, he leaned against the railings of a house and cried like a baby!

CHAPTER VII.

WHILST in Mr. Zweifler's service, John had lived with the closest economy; hence, on his expulsion from the house, he was master of a few pounds, and could therefore go far away from uncharitable, heartless London. Surely there was some green spot in the world where good intentions must bring forth good fruits; some land, where if a man sowed wheat, he would not gather hemp. It was about a fortnight after his last sorrow, when John stood at the window of a map-seller. What a spot was England in the painted sheet! John had suffered injuries, but never before had he thought so meanly of his native country. France was open to him — so was America — so Van Diemen's Land. John had in idea thrice circumnavigated the globe, and yet remained undecided in his choice of a home; like a dog that turns round and round and round, and fain would yet cannot, curl itself up to rest. Visions of prosperous felons came upon John as his eye sailed up Sidney Cove!

"What! you are looking for lodgings to let? — plenty of 'em there, unfurnished too," and the speaker pointed to a map of Egypt.

Applejohn turned, and looking up, beheld Mr. Oldjoe in his walking-dress. He wore a sky-blue neckerchief, a pink and yellow striped waistcoat, claret-coloured trowsers, and a green coat, heavily studded with metal buttons, bearing in *alto relievo* the portraits of a fox

and goose. Judging Oldjoe by his dress, he looked a harlequin *incog*; whilst his face had the rigid solemnity of a tax-gatherer.

"Mr. Oldjoe! is it you?" said John timidly.

"It was, yesterday," replied the delicious wag; and he nodded familiarly to a reverend gentleman, at the moment passing in his carriage.

"Bless me!" cried Applejohn, "isn't that the Archbishop of" —

"To be sure; didn't you see me nod to him? I always support the established church," said Oldjoe. "No pride about me."

"Good day, Sir," and John was sneaking off.

"Wait, my little man, wait;" and Oldjoe took a card-case from his waistcoat-pocket, and John held out his hand for a card. Oldjoe stared at him, as if unconscious of anything ridiculous, and leisurely extracted from the case a handkerchief of about two inches square. "Always carry your comforts in a little space," said Oldjoe brushing the end of his nose, and then returning the lawn to its small depositary. "Ha! why didn't you bow?"

"Bow, Sir?" said John.

"Didn't you see him? — One of the judges: always be civil to 'em, you don't know what may happen. Stop — stop my little man;" for Applejohn was about to slip away — "Mr. Gruelthorpe wants you."

"I — I am not with Mr. Zweifler at present," said John.

"All the better. You are *not* married?" asked Oldjoe.

"No," replied John, hesitating for a sigh.

"And have no children? Now, be sure," observed the wit.

"None in the least," answered John.

"Have no objection to travel for all that?" said Oldjoe — "I know you hav'n't: I watched you at the maps. What do you think of Sierra Leone? Take out enough black with you, and you'd make your fortune in a twelvemonth; yes, although one suit of mourning lasts three in a family, and is then as good as new."

"I shouldn't prefer Sierra Leone," said the tailor.

"No — I see you're not avaricious. Just like my friend, Lord Ladle; takes out his pension in blankets for the poor, and yet none of 'em know it. Mr. Gruelthorpe is about to travel, and wants a confidential tailor. Now, what do you think of it?" and *Oldjoe* looked down immoveably on John.

"I have *nothing* to keep me in London," *said the* desolate Applejohn.

"Well, when I return from sea, I'll *settle the* business for you," said Oldjoe.

"Are you going to sea, Mr. Oldjoe?" asked *John* in some surprise.

"Yes; let me consider — the wind's north-*west:* I think, north-west? Well, then, I shall be back on Friday — call on me at two on Friday. As *for the* wind, I know that will be all right — so say two on

Friday," and with never a smile on his blank face, Oldjoe strided off.

"What an extraordinary man! and how very humorous," thought Applejohn, whose spirit was lightened by the communication of the arch wag, and he looked forward to Friday with renewed hopes. The day came, and John presented himself at the hotel; the day passed, and no Oldjoe appeared. Doubtless, thought John, he is still tossing on the briny wave. Early next morning, John was at his post; and still no landlord had been visible. John waited until noon, and it then struck him that as accidents did sometimes happen on the main, it would be a waste of time to wait any longer for an introduction by a man, who, it was by no means improbable, might at that moment be drifting out to the North Sea. Thus, John resolved at once to solicit an interview with Mr. Gruelthorpe.

"I have been so bold, Sir," — began John with all humility, when he was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Oldjoe.

"I've caught the duke — said I should — safe!" cried Oldjoe, whose charm of original drollery had made him a familiar favourite with young Gruelthorpe. "Lord Nelson couldn't have done it better."

"What duke?" asked Gruelthorpe, "and where have you been these three days?"

"Been to sea. Look here," and Oldjoe exhibited a telescope two yards long. "My motto like the marines, 'by sea and by land.' Heard he was coming."

"Who was coming?" inquired the astonished guest.

"The Russian duke; got scent of his highness, and would hook him. We got down to the Great Nore; and there we lay to. A whole day and night, and no signs of the duke. I was determined to have him; so I said, 'my boys, put the helm up for St. Petersburgh!' I had hardly said this, when sweeping the horizon, as my friend Napier would say, I saw a steamer. I knew by the look of her that there was royalty aboard. 'Lobsters from Heligoland,' said Telemaque my interpreter; for I've left off French myself, it's so common — 'Lobsters from Heligoland,' said Telemaque — 'a duke,' cried I. 'Steer down upon her,' said I — 'they're putting on more coals, and I'll board her in the smoke.' I lay in this manner, with my eye at my glass, and with that sagacity which makes me first in the trade, discovered the duke himself eating caviare in the cabin. 'Easy, lads, easy,' said I; 'easy, and I'll board her on the larboard paddle-box' — I had hardly said 'box,' when my foot was on it; and I was actually standing in the state cabin, in front of the duke himself. — Count de Grasse was never so completely taken."

"And the Russian duke will absolutely be your guest?" asked Gruelthorpe.

"He couldn't refuse me. He couldn't with any decency. Look here;" and Oldjoe exhibited the collar and cuffs of his coat trimmed with fur six inches deep. "Do you see this?"

"What of it?" questioned the heir.

"Real silver bear, — every bit of it bear. The Russian duke saw the delicate compliment paid to his country, and could refuse me nothing. Mr. Gruelthorpe," — and Oldjoe spoke with new seriousness — "there is nothing like studying national prejudices. As an innkeeper, I 've been taught the value of it."

"Indeed, Mr. Oldjoe."

"Bitterly taught it. There were four of us in opposition went out to take the Persian Princes on their passage here. — Well, how do you think I lost 'em? By my ignorance of national prejudices."

"How?" asked Gruelthorpe.

"Why, the successful landlord — the man who got them to his house — boarded 'em in the channel with a sample of boiled rice;" and had Oldjoe sworn an affidavit to the fact, he had not sworn with a more collected visage.

"Then you tavern-keepers stop these people on the water?"

"There never was such a look out for foreigners on the high seas, as since the peace. If there 's a mortality among the pilots," said Oldjoe, "and a war should break out, there isn't an hotel-keeper westward who couldn't take a fleet through the Channel."

"And have many cowned heads fallen to your lot?" asked Gruelthorpe.

"Crowned heads, Sir!" said Oldjoe, letting the exclamation pass for an answer. "Crowned heads! you 've seen me wear a ring on my right little finger?"

"I can't recollect the circumstance," said Gruelthorpe.

"Yes, yes — you must recollect it. Hem! Donna Maria's own hair," and Oldjoe stroked his chin and looked away at the opposite wall. "But it's hard work — very hard wor. To go out in all weathers; to brave the wind and fog, and — hem! hem! h—m! — yes, I've caught it," and Oldjoe, for he was musical, threw up the lid of a piano, and stooping over the keys, confused them with his fingers, as he tried his singing voice: —

"'What shall I do, to show how much I love her?'"

"Do you hear that?" asked the vocalist — "My falsetto has an edge like a saw. You see, they ar'n't all profit, these dukes."

"And when does his highness come, Mr. Oldjoe?"

"To-night. He was to land at — oh! my little man," and for the first time Oldjoe deigned to notice the taciturn tailor.

"I came yesterday, Sir," said John, "but as you were not here, and hadn't arrived this morning, I thought I had better speak myself on" —

"Yes, yes: just like the world," replied Oldjoe with an injured look, "you didn't care whether I was shipwrecked or not; you'd have eaten your cold mutton all the same."

"I assure you, Sir," —

"You would;" said Oldjoe sternly — "you know you would; and if you could have got 'em, pickles

with it. However, I am above thinking of these things. Mr. Gruelthorpe, you want a valet — here 's your man."

"Why isn 't this — yes — isn 't he a tailor?" inquired Gruelthorpe.

"It can 't be denied — he is a tailor. But, Sir, this is the age of economy — must go with the times, Sir; I have reduced my own soda a shilling a bottle, — now, if you can get your body servant and your tailor in one man, eh?" —

"Perhaps, 't would be convenient," said Gruelthorpe, and preliminaries arranged, John Applejohn was duly accepted. He, however, mainly owed his good fortune to the fact, that three previous candidates for the office, had instantly withdrawn their claims on learning the plebeian origin of their would-be master, Benjamin Gruelthorpe.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN APPLEJOHN received the order of his master to prepare for travel, with renewed hopes of enjoying a just interpretation of his good intentions; for, all the unmerited injuries inflicted upon John had failed to sour the sweetness of his temper, to chill the honest blood that flowed within him. He had lived in what very virtuous people call this very wicked world five-and-twenty years, and was almost as simple as when he first snuffed the air. The consciousness of his well-meaning was an armour against the knocks of fortune — balm and spikenard to his hurts. Strong in his

good intentions, he could not consider any evil but as a passing accident, a mistake to be cleared up by and by. We verily believe that he would have put his head into a halter with hardly a wry face at the injustice of the sentence, strong in the assurance that in a very little time, a very handsome epitaph would sweeten and make white his memory. Happy John Applejohn!

Benjamin Gruelthorpe had too long delayed, as he conceived the most important step in his life. He had been his own master nine months; had delighted the devil, the patron of all misers, by casting away with a free hand the money which his father had sinned for; but was yet only at the alpha of his manly knowledge. Foreign travel was indispensable to even a common education; and though at the time Benjamin quitted London he had not made up his mind to the extent of his peregrinations — though he had not then determined upon going as far as Tadmor in the Desert, he had firmly resolved to see the Palais Royal. It was in the laudable pursuit of such useful knowledge that Benjamin Gruelthorpe, Esq., attended by his servant, put up at the —, Canterbury, on his way to Dover.

"I don't care, if I see the cathedral," said young Gruelthorpe with the air of a man about to confer an honour. Knowing no one in the city, he bethought himself of the tombs; having no letter of introduction to so much as an alderman, he resolved to call on the Black Prince. Nothing, perhaps, could so well illustrate the inexperience of our traveller as his deplorable

ignorance of the social state, not of Canterbury alone, but of every place dignified by a cathedral; where the small distinctions, the delicate shades of place and fortune, seem wholly forgotten in the active principles of brotherly love. The purple raiment is not hastily caught away from the passing touch of coarser web — the finest lawn makes common cause with any linen bands — the silken apron shrinks not from poor prunella. Let pride, and pomp, and heartburnings for precedence swell, and strut and smoulder where they may, they never have been — they never can be — found where man finds a cathedral. All who live within the glad sounds of its chimes, live peaceably as sheep within a green enclosure.

"I don't care if I see the cathedral," said Benjamin, and sallied from the inn followed by his trusty Applejohn.

"Would you like to walk inside, Sir?" asked an old woman, as young Gruelthorpe stood gaping at the exterior of the edifice. "You had better walk in, Sir," said the dame, in a like hospitable tone to that which may have fallen on the ear of the reader, tarrying before a caravan, arrested by the outside portrait of the giant or the dwarf within.

Benjamin entered the cathedral, and the old wowan began her task. "This cathedral was once the palace of King Ethelbert the King of Kent, who made a present of the same to St. Augustine," —

"Very handsome of him," said Benjamin, "wasn't

it, John?" asked Gruelthorpe, unbending to his domestic.

"Very like a gentleman," replied John.

"And went and lived upon the Reculvers. Here, gentlemen," continued the old woman, "is many monuments as your eyes may detect. Them in the wall is called mural monuments the cause unknown. That monument is of Orlando Gibbons who came to play upon the organ when King Charles the First was married and died of the small-pox that fatal accident happening in 1625, — under your feet there was many archbishops and friars; but in the civil wars the gravestones was dilapidated, the ornaments absconded, and the bishops deprived of their brass a shocking thing for any christian to relate. You will find more of this in Mr. Weever," said the old woman, and she paused and looked at Benjamin.

"I — I — I 'm aware," said Gruelthorpe, sucking the head of his cane.

"When the new pavement was put down the remains very handsomely dressed of archbishop Tibbald was found in a leaden plate. That gentleman laying on his side is Sir John Boys in his doctor's robes."

"Very much injured;" John observed deferentially. "By time, no doubt?"

"And the soldiers," continued the guide. "He lost his nose and other faculties in the great rebellion."

"Lovely thing, that," said Benjamin, gazing at one of the windows, the sun lighting up the glories of the stained glass — "a lovely thing."

"It has been much admired," observed the old woman, slowly rubbing her hands, and then placidly folding her arms.

"Very beautiful, indeed, Sir," said John: "I don't wonder at your liking it."

"Liking it!" exclaimed Gruelthorpe — "it 's glorious! I 'd give any money to have it."

"No money would buy it, Sir," remarked the woman.

"Besides, Sir," said Applejohn, "where could you place the window — where could you possibly put it?"

"Put it! Pooh — fool! I mean I 'd give any money," and Benjamin continued to stare at the radiant glass, "yes, any money to have those very colours in a dress-waistcoat."

"Beautiful by candle-light," said the old woman, rightly falling in with the enthusiasm of Benjamin; and then proceeding in her duties. "You are requested to bear in mind gentlemen that you are now arrived at the martyrdom where Becket was massacreed and on that very account where Edward the First and his Queen was married. Erasmus a learned Dutchman, although according to great authors a love-child, came here on his visit to King Henry the Eighth his statue is in the market-place of Rotterdam — he kissed the sword which killed St. Thomas and wrote a book in which he proved that him who could be the greatest fool would in the end be the same as the wisest man.

That image in oak is archbishop Peckham in very good repair being five hundred years old."

"A great age," observed Applejohn.

"'Straordinary, how bishops *do* last!" said Gruelthorpe, and still he sucked his cane.

"Several archbishops and friars lay here so much defaced that if their dearest relations was again alive they wouldn't know 'em. You are now in the chapel of St. Michael: over there," and the woman pointed upwards, "was once an organ and is still. Those saints in the panels is St. Augustine and St. Gregory barbarously fired at by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers the marks of the bullets still to be seen by the curious and humane observer."

"Another window!" exclaimed Gruelthorpe, and possibly he thought of a second waistcoat.

"That window is the eastern window," said the woman, "there you see is a white stag with a crown upon its head resting under a tree a greyhound doing the same thing. That is a tomb of alablaster the figures upon it the figures of Margaret sister of the Earl of Kent and the Earl of Somerset and Duke of Clarence her two lawfully-married husbands; they are all laying together in expectation of a happier state."

Applejohn looked at the placid faces, the composed forms of the effigies, and then catching the eye of his master, observed — "Very solemn, this, Sir?"

Young Gruelthorpe took his cane from his mouth, pulled up his shirt-collar, and replied — "'Straordinary."

"And was all this done at the request of any of the parties?" asked John Applejohn, pointing to the tomb.

"Under the living eye of the widow herself who died sensible to the last the guide thanks you for what you please," and the woman dropping a curtsey, and holding forth her hand, implied by the action that her task was done.

"Is nothing more to be seen?" asked Gruelthorpe, laying a half-crown in the hand of his instructress. "Nothing more?"

"There is Becket's shrine," answered the guide, "and the Black Prince, both the property of another woman."

"Property!" exclaimed John.

"She shows 'em," answered the matron, hobbling hastily away in search of new comers.

"Wonderful thing! this, Sir," said John, raising his eyes to the roof with a feeling of awe. "I don't know how it is, Sir; but whenever I come into a place like this, I feel myself now as small and as mean as a fly, and now as big and as mighty as a giant."

Benjamin Gruelthorpe, with his cane in his mouth, nodded.

"And then, Sir, to hear the organ in a church like this! I declare, Sir, it seems to me as if a river of blood flowed from it."

"Blood!" said Gruelthorpe, with a hazy look. "'Straordinary!"

"I don't mean that, Sir; I mean, that when I hear

the organ peal, every little vein in my body seems filling and filling from it, and my heart grows as great as a drum, and I shoot up fifty feet high, and I seem as if, big as the church may be, it isn't big enough for me; and I could cry and fight, and pray and kneel, and I still seem to get higher and higher, and bigger and bigger."

"'Straordinary!" repeated Gruelthorpe.

"It's true, Sir: quite true. When the organ plays in such a place as this, it seems like a — a — I don't know what to call it — a river emptying itself into me."

"An organ a river? Humph?" and Gruelthorpe sucked his cane.

"There's magic in it, Sir — I mean, lawful magic, or something like it. For when it plays, I've seen, or I've thought I've seen, the faces upon the monuments almost smile."

"'Straordinary!" cried Benjamin.

"Ha! Sir — it is very strange, very strange, indeed; but I want to ask you one question. I hope it's not an improper one?"

"I hope not," said Mr. Gruelthorpe with an air of dignity. "I hope not."

"I want to ask you, Sir, if — now, I hope I'm not asking anything that anybody would think wrong?" and John hesitated.

"I trust not," said Benjamin; "only don't presume on my good-nature, John: in what you may be about

to ask, you will, I trust, be pleased to recollect that you are my servant, I am your master."

"Oh! Sir, never fear: I only want to ask you something about a church organ," said Applejohn.

"Very well — go on," observed Gruelthorpe, somewhat relieved; for he feared some delicate family question on the part of his domestic. "Well — what about the organ?"

"Why, Sir, hav'n't you thought, when you 've heard it in full play, that the organ was really and truly" — and John paused.

"Really and truly, what?"

"Really and truly — a — a bit of the next world?" and John looked anxiously in the face of his master.

Benjamin Gruelthorpe took his cane from his mouth, ran his fingers through his hair, and making answer, said — "I — I can't say."

"Depend upon it, Sir, it is; and nothing else," said Applejohn. "Ha! Sir — this is a terrible place," and John raised his arms in wonder and veneration. "A terrible place!"

"I see nothing terrible in it — very fine," said Gruelthorpe.

"Why, it is fine, Sir — but to me, it 's more terrible than fine. And yet I think better of myself, when I think that men, perhaps, as weak and as mean as I am, helped to make it," said John.

"Very possible," observed John's master.

"And doesn't it make you prouder, Sir, that you're a man?" asked Applejohn.

"I hope, I have something better to be proud of," replied Benjamin Gruelthorpe.

"You see, Sir, though I 'm a poor, ignorant fellow myself, it does my heart good, puts hope into me, when I think of the wonderful things done by creatures, who with all their wisdom, were only men. The very thought of it gives me a lift with myself, Sir."

"'Straordinary!" remarked Gruelthorpe, gazing about him. "To be sure," said Benjamin, scarcely knowing what he said, "a solemn place like this — that 's a sweet pretty figure in the pink gown — a solemn place like this is likely to make us think of to-morrow."

"Oh! yes, Sir, and of yesterday," replied John. "I 'm sure I could stay among some of these figures until I should feel that I quite knew 'em; it makes us older to think of 'em; hundreds of years older, Sir. I wonder, where you and I were, Sir, five hundred years ago?"

"Very 'straordinary," observed Gruelthorpe, somewhat tickled by the solemn speculations of his servant.

"You know, we must have been somewhere, Sir," said Applejohn.

"Why — I — I should say, John, it 's a — that is — it 's a long time back, John."

"And only to think that — that — I don't know what I was going to say, Sir," was the candid avowal of our hero, who felt himself getting fast out of his depth. "I know no more what I was going to say,

Sir, than, saving the presence of the tombs about me, than a jackass."

"'Straordinary!" exclaimed John's master at the coarse comparison of his servant. The truth is, in any other place John would have compared himself to a ninny, a blockhead, a goose; but a deep sense of his forlorn ignorance took the strongest image, and he could away with nothing less than a jackass.

"As you have said, Sir," remarked John, after a pause, and desirous of renewing the theme — "that's a beautiful window."

"Splendid colours," said Benjamin.

"I suppose there's some meaning in all those figures, and in that white stag, Sir, and the dog? They ar'n't there for nothing?"

"By no means," answered Gruelthorpe. "No doubt, they're portraits. Some of 'em beautiful faces; never saw any more beautiful, never. 'Straordinary!"

"Ha! Sir," exclaimed John with a groan, and still gazing at the heads in the painted window. "Ha! Sir."

"What the — I mean, what's the matter?" asked Benjamin.

"You talked of beautiful faces, Sir? I'm afraid it's sinful; but there's a face in that window that's as like as" — and then John turned to his master, and with pathetic earnestness observed, — "but you never saw Sarah Twopenny?"

"Perhaps, you would like to see the cathedral?" asked another old woman, coming up to Gruelthorpe,

and without waiting for a reply, adding — "this way, Sir, to the shrine." Benjamin obediently followed the woman, and John, tearing himself from the painted window, walked after his master.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the female, addressing a party already awaiting her lecture, "this is the monument of the famous Edward, known as the Black Prince, in consequence of his wearing armour of that colour. He died at Canterbury, at the palace of the archbishop, a prelate celebrated for his hospitality. You will observe that the monument is in excellent preservation, being as good as new. That is the figure of his Royal Highness, double gilt. There you see, hanging above the monument, is his Royal Highness's gauntlet or glove worn in those days. You also see his scabbard, being a remarkably small one for so great a hero."

"Pray, pardonnez moy, but — my good woman — if that ere is the scabbard, what is, scusez moi, become of the sword?"

This question was put in a remarkably small voice, by a little, dapper person, who, at every word patted his head, as if to assist him in the delivery of English. He wore a moustache not unlike a very old tooth-brush.

"An illustrious foreigner, no doubt," thought young Gruelthorpe.

"The sword," replied the woman, "was feloniously stolen by Oliver Cromwell, and never returned. That

is his Royal Highness's surcoat, which he wore against the Frenchmen, beautifully quilted."

"'Straordinary!" said Gruelthorpe.

"It is not so sure that he licked the François," said the man with the moustache, patting his head.

"People are left to their own opinion," said the severely precise guide, looking sourly at the doubter — "'specially foreigners."

"And pray, what tomb is that?" asked a pretty country girl, whose figure in a pink gown had received the praises of the critical Gruelthorpe.

"That, my young lady, is the tomb of Archbishop Courtney, who died in 1396. The censorious have called it a cenotaph," said the guide.

"'Straordinary," cried Gruelthorpe.

"Shameful!" exclaimed the foreigner.

"My good woman, what do you call a — a — what you called just now — what is it?" was the inquiry of a visitor, and Gruelthorpe and his man John listened attentively for the interpretation.

"A cenotaph," replied the woman with considerable dignity, "a cenotaph has nobody in it."

"A tomb to let," concluded John.

"The idle and malicious assert that the archbishop is buried at Maidstone; but it is no such thing. We warrant all his mortal remains to be here. That is the monument of Dean Wootton, the first protestant dean: you perceive that he is in the attitude of kneeling. The sculpture is much admired: the head particularly,

which the dean himself had cut upon his travels, expressly for the present occasion."

"Ha! a dean particularly should always be prepared," said John, with much simplicity.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, you see the very spot where you might once have seen the very shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. He was buried in a coffin of gold, mounted with precious stones, the smallest of which was larger than the largest known egg of the largest known goose."

"And what became of 'em?" asked the suspected foreigner.

"They were stolen by the authority of his blessed Majesty, Henry the Eighth," answered the guide. "The face of the martyr was shown in" —

"Granny," cried a little boy, who had run to the woman, and kept pulling at her skirts, — "granny, dumplings is done."

"The face of the martyr," repeated the woman, putting aside the boy, "was set in gold, and adorned with jewels, and whatever you please, ladies and gentlemen, to bestow upon the guide will be received as a token of your liberality."

"Those fellows played pretty tricks, then, Sir," said Gruelthorpe, making up to the man with the moustache.

"Ye — yes," said the foreigner. "Dat is, — wee."

"Capital jugglers, Sir," said Benjamin, and to his astonishment, the foreigner abruptly turned away.

"Humph! I see — shocked his religious prejudices," said Gruelthorpe; and with his eyes bent upon the pretty figure in the pink gown, Benjamin quitted the cathedral.

CHAPTER IX.

"This is very dull work, John," said Gruelthorpe, who, having dined and drunk his bottle and a half, sat with stretched legs before the tavern fire. "What's to be done, John?"

"Shall I try and borrow you a book, Sir? Bless me! there's one upon that table," and John gave the volume to his master.

"What's this? 'The London Directory'" and with not another word, Gruelthorpe flung the book upon the floor.

There are men, who left to themselves in an inn at Canterbury, might have found matter for curious thoughts even in "The London Directory." For is it not a register of the social triumphs of man — the *libro d'oro* of civilisation? Pleasant, with the rain pattering at the window, the coals burning briskly, with ease and snugness for our fire-side gods, to glance down the page of "The London Directory." After all, are the leaves so barren? Now, we read the names of living pin-makers, and now, we think of the mitred abbots of the olden day. Now, look we down a long line of traders, workmen, all ministrant to a kingdom's comfort, — and now, look we to the olden time, when

the comforts of a nation's hearth were the luxuries only of the rich. A few worked tapestry for barons and knights — our "Directory" gives us hundreds of paper-hangers for the walls of shop-keepers. An earl's floor was strewed with rushes; now, have we carpet-makers for artisans. The light of heaven struggled through holes in cabin walls; now — see our "Directory" — it comes flooding through unwrinkled glass. Even the substantial man must have adjusted his beard at some clear brook; now, may the cobbler shave in a mirror. The riches of India — the spices of the Molucca's — blaze and are fragrant in the pages of the "Directory." When Ethelbert talked with good Augustine, where did the Kentish ladies get their ivory fans — where did housewives buy their cloves and ginger — where, where did the little boys of Canterbury get their pennyworths of figs? The "Directory" awakens in us recollections of bold discoverers — hardy enterprise — cunning invention — patient toil; and all for the wide family of England, not for the tyrannous and haughty few, made tyrannous by the sense of exclusive enjoyment. The "forked animal" man, cons the page of the "Directory," and sees a thousand merchants offering ten thousand triumphs won by the ingenuity, the skill, the labour, and daring of his kind. He reads the name and abode of a dealer in oil, and he thinks of the bold mariner harpooning the leviathan amidst Polar ice. A "grocer" in the next line sends his thoughts far, far away among the mandarins. A "tallow-chandler,"

— and he is riding in the Baltic, that the good folks at home may not go to bed without a candle. Canterbury had its pilgrims — its picturesque processions of shirtless monks, bully knights, and beardless squires; but they are gone, — and seated in the parlour of our host, for the bridle of the churchman,

> "Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere
> And eke, as loud as doth a chapel bell," —

we hearken to the horn of the London mail — and for "The Golden Legend," we have "The London Directory."

"What will you do, Sir?" asked Applejohn, anxious for the amusement of his master.

"I 'spose there 's no company to be had, John?" inquired Gruelthorpe despairingly. "I should like to cut the throat of an hour or two with cards. I 'spose there 's no gentlemen in the house?"

"Shall I go, Sir, and" —

"Go to the devil," replied Gruelthorpe, yawning and flinging himself upon the sofa.

John quitted the apartment; yet, pausing on the outside, he stood considering the means of catering for the pleasures of his master. Never, never did servant cogitate with better intentions. It was in vain; John could decide upon nothing; he therefore descended the stairs, determining to sally forth into the city, to give loose to his fancy, already filled with abbots and abbesses, noble ladies and mailed knights.

On his way to the street-door John unhappily passed a room, wherein he beheld the foreigner he

had that morning met in the cathedral, seated with two persons of a somewhat mean appearance, though apparently in familiar intercourse with the great man himself. There was, however, this marked distinction — the meaner men smoked pipes, the illustrious foreigner whiffed a cigar.

"I — I wisits one of the canons to-morrow; so, Gobye, mind you keep sober," said the foreigner.

"Sober as the town-pump," said Gobye.

"And be wery particklar, Tipit, with that ere wine. You know, when we was last at the duke's" —

At this moment, the door closed, and John Applejohn did not hear what occurred at the duke's. He had, however, heard sufficient, and ran back to his master.

"What does the savage want?" cried Gruelthorpe, as his servant broke upon him.

"If you please, Sir, there are some gentlemen down stairs, who I have no doubt will be very happy to join you."

"Are you sure they 're gentlemen?" asked the cautious Gruelthorpe.

"Sure of one of 'em; for he wears moustachios, a gold chain, and six rings. But you 've seen him, Sir; he was at the Black Prince."

"What! the foreigner?" and the eyes of Benjamin glistened.

"The very person, Sir; and I 'm sure he 's a gentleman, Sir — for I heard him just now speak of visiting a duke."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Benjamin, and he rose, and approaching the glass, adjusted his scattered curls.

"Shall I say, you'd like his company, Sir?" inquired John.

"Stay. I'm afraid you can't speak French enough to be understood by him, — for he's evidently from Paris; I'm sure of the accent," said the acute Gruelthorpe.

"I think I can make myself understood, Sir, in English; for he talks a good deal better than when we heard him," and John, interpreting a nod from his master as consent, ran down stairs, and made his way into the presence of the illustrious foreigner, who, with his friends, John invited in the name of Mr. Benjamin Gruelthorpe, to help over a dull hour with the vivacity and intelligence of their society.

"Shall be too much proud," said the foreigner, tapping his forehead with his fingers.

"Werry 'appy, indeed, to drink a glass o' vine with any gem'man," declared Gobye.

"Is he at de top of de stairs?" inquired the exotic visitor.

"The first floor, Sir; I'll conduct you to him," and John quickly advancing, heard not the friendly warning bestowed by the foreigner upon his two companions.

"Now lads," said the Frenchman, with a pure Parisian accent, "be wide awake, and no gammon."

"I hope, gentlemen, that — 'straordinary!" — exclaimed Gruelthorpe, and he stared at the scurvy

companions of the foreigner as they swaggered into the apartment.

"My good friends — my varee good friends — my *bones amies*," said the foreigner, introducing Gobye and Tipit.

Gruelthorpe bowed, and proceeded. "I hope, Sir, that you will excuse the liberty of a stranger, who finding himself alone in a dull town" —

"'Tis varee dull — varee dull, indeed, to stranger; but to me who know avery bodie upward and downward," — said the foreigner —

"'Straordinary!" exclaimed Benjamin, and showed his teeth. "You possibly visit the heads of the clergy here?"

"Oh! all of de heads of de church — from de dromedaries" —

"Dromedaries!" cried Gruelthorpe — "'straordinary!"

"Ha! ha! I mean de — de — humph! — de" — and the illustrious foreigner with a desolate look at Gobye and Tipit, continued to tap his forehead.

"Dromedaries," said Mr. Gobye, "you mean prebendairys."

"Ha! ha! 'tis all as one — prebendayries: but you see, I am foreigner."

"A Frenchman, I presume," asked Benjamin.

"Do you parley French?" inquired the foreigner, staring at Gruelthorpe.

"Not — I — that is — not in the slightest," said Benjamin.

"'T is great pity, for I am French," said the foreigner.

"May I inquire your name?" asked Benjamin.

"My name, sare, is Signor Smugcard, at your service *a jammy.*"

"You may go, John; I shall not want you this hour or two: pray be seated, gentlemen. Oh! John, send the waiter to me."

CHAPTER X.

JOHN wandered through the streets of Canterbury; he knew not, cared not, whither. Thinking of Sarah Twopenny, of the roaring sea that might for ever divide him from her — for Mr. Gruelthorpe had resolved to take ship from Dover the next day — of the malicious tongues that had killed his innocent fame, John, unconscious of the distance, strolled far from the inn; and had made nearly a circuit of the city, when he paused at a monastic ruin. All about him was dark, silent, and desolate. Now John, albeit he had never owned the failing — nay, was hopeful to keep the weakness a secret even from himself — was somewhat superstitious. Again, it might not be impossible that ghosts should walk; and, granting the possibility, he thought Canterbury a very likely place to meet with them. For all he knew, the Black Prince might wander restlessly abroad in search of his stolen blade; Margaret, the Earl of Kent's sister, might take a walk arm-in-arm with her noble husbands, Somer-

set and Clarence; nay, the shadow of Thomas à Becket himself might roam about the city, gibbering for his golden coffin. As these thoughts stirred in John, the soles of his feet seemed to grow into the earth — the crown of his head became ice — and scarcely breathing, he slowly turned his head from side to side. At this instant, a light blazed through a casement of an isolated part of the ruin. John started at the light, and almost fell to the earth. He then crept close to the window, hearing voices within.

"I tell 'ee; he 's the devil himsel — or his sarvin' man, surelye. I seed un do things, that I thought the floor would ha' opened, and swallowed un clean," said one.

"What did he do?" asked another.

"Do! The Lord ha' mercy on us! I seed un make a half-crown dance like mad in a sugar-basin, and nobody by. More than that, he made port wine run under the ground fro' one pot to 'nother, and not a drop wasted. Then he borrowed a real gold weddin' ring and fired it off with gunpowder; then he biled a egg in a sarcepan, and broke the egg, and took out of it a bird —"

"What! biled?" exclaimed a shrill, female voice.

"No! as raw and as live as any chicken; and who 'd think it? — there was the ring 'bout bird's neck! Well, he gives the ring to the lady, and she looks at it, and puts it on her finger, and smiles at her husband sittin beside her, as much as to say, my love, 'a as right and as tight as ever."

"And did he do nothin' else?" asked one of the company.

"Nothin' else! If I was to tell 'ee what he did, ye'd all say I was the greatest liar on two legs," cried the narrator.

"No — no — no! Tell us," exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"Well, then, — but mind 't is all true. A good while arter this — and you should ha' seen un make any card o' the pack come strait to him!"

"Come to him," cried one of the listeners. "What! without touching it?"

"Without touching it! Why, he laid the pack down — and walked away, and then whistled — phewgh! — just so; and may I die this minute, nay worse than that, may I never taste another drop o' ale, if the Jack of Clubs didn't jump out o' the pack, and follow un about the place for all the world like any dog."

"The Lord ha' mercy on his poor soul!" said a pitying female voice.

"Soul!" exclaimed one of the party — "he ha'n't as much soul as ye could lay on a sixpence. Such folks never have. But go on — arter that?"

"Arter that, he brings out a — a bladder full of magic; and, just as if he was askin' a neighbour to take a sup o' malt, he puts his hand on his breast, and begs to know if any lady or gen'lman would ha' a little? He stood and stared at me; but I gi' un sich a look, I could see it went right through his back-

bone. Well, only to think o' the fools of this world! There was Shankton, the button-maker, near Northgate; he goes up to un, and takes one bladder, and Bill Mousebite, the cheesemonger, that married his daughter, goes and takes t'other. Shankton sucks at the bladder, and then stands still and stares, and then he bursts out into a laugh, quite scandalous. There he stood, laughin' away, some folks cryin' shame on un, for he ha' n't buried his wife a month, and it warn't decent. Still he stands, laughin' like a cat. Well, Mousebite his son had sucked another bladder, and looked quite fierce to see his own father-in-law grinnin' there like any cow-boy through a collar. Then Mousebite says nothin', but runs straight up to un, and gi's Shankton, wi' his double fist, sich a smash upon the nose, the blood spirted from it like water from a flower-pot! Down falls Shankton like a bull, — but, would you believe it, wi' the blood pourin' into his open mouth, he kept grinnin' and rollin' with pleasure, whilst Mousebite, lookin' fiercer and fiercer, slid about, and worked his arms like a windmill, and knocked down six men that tried to hold un?"

"All the black art," said one of the hearers.

"Black enough for Mousebite; for no sooner does Shankton come to his senses, than he rubs his nose and looks quite penitent, and wants to gi' his son-in-law to a constable for the 'sault. Then the chap that conjured wanted to persuade un 't was all the magic, — but Shankton buttons his coat in a passion, runs home, takes out his will — he had left every thing to

Mousebite and his wife — flings it in fire, smokes sixteen pipes in his rage, and afore he goes to bed, orders his maid to dress and clean hersel' the first thing, for he 'll marry her the next mornin'."

"But he didn't marry her?" cried a woman.

"No; 'cause why? he was ashamed when he woke to show his nose to the parson. While it was gettin' well, he 'd time to listen to sense; but for Mousebite — he 's cut un off with a half-penny."

"But warn't the blow all through the conjuror?" inquired a hearer.

"That 's what they say to Shankton, but he won't believe it; he swears his son must ha' had his wits about un, or he wouldn't ha' hit so plaguy hard."

"Now, isn't it a shame, that the mayor lets men like the conjuror?" — observed one of the party, who was abruptly stopt by the historian of the magician.

"Men! He 's not a man. He 's the devil himsel — I 'm sure o' it. I could swear it: there 's something about un not like a common conjuror. I ha' seen 'em chew fire, and take pison at fairs — but none like this chap: no, no, — there 's a somethin' about un, that — oh, yes! it 's plain he 's the devil himsel, he 's so much o' the gen'lman."

"Here, Deborah — another mug of ale," cried one of the company, and the words of the speaker went to the heart of John Applejohn, and warmed it.

John, though at first considerably alarmed, had at length listened with more curiosity than fear, becoming assured that the narrator of the works of the wizard,

dwelt upon the tricks of some wandering mountebank. The words "a mug of ale" still trembled at John's heartstrings: he feld satisfied that for money there was liquor to be had within; and, as rain began to fall, John Applejohn entered the only habitable portion left by time and fate of the Abbey of St. Augustine, and now made sacred by the destinies to the sale of malt and hops.

John immediately found himself among the company assembled in the ruin; and, ere his ale could be brought him, was tempted to conversation by an elderly man, who, from his voice, John immediately recognised as the person who had so long and so eloquently descanted on the exploits of the conjuror. "'T will be a wet night, Sir," said the man; and John replied that the rain had driven him into the house.

"Ha! that's the stuff against cold and wet, and wind," observed a lean, thin old man, with a sharp face and bright eye; and he bustled about the fire, and rubbed his hands, as though, like John, he had just sought shelter from the night. "Deborah, girl," he cried, "a mug of ale; and mind, the abbot. I hope, Sir," and the man approached John, and looked inquisitively at his liquor, "I hope, Sir, as you're a stranger," —

"I am a stranger," said John.

"I hope, Sir, that you have the abbot there?" and the man pointed his fore-finger to John's mug. "Nothing less, as a stranger?"

"It's very good, Sir," and John tasted the ale, and smacked his lips. "Very good."

"But not the abbot, I can see," said the old man, and to the surprise of John, he took away the mug, and calling Deborah, began with serious looks and in angry tones to take her to task for the slight put upon a stranger.

"The ale will do very well — very well, indeed, Sir," said John, putting out his hand for the mug.

"Excuse me, Sir, as a citizen of Canterbury, I have its reputation at heart, Sir; I cannot permit a stranger to be deceived in his ale. Perhaps, you will allow me, Sir?" and the man inclined the edge of the mug to his mouth, as if awaiting the consent of John to taste the liquor. Then instantly taking a draught, and making a wry face, he seemed to shudder, and gave the half-empty vessel to the girl, telling her in an authoritative tone to take it away, and not in future to impose upon a stranger. The rest of the company remained silent, eyeing Applejohn and his new and disinterested friend.

"Ha! this will do — ha! ha! this is the abbot, Sir," said the man, as he poured from the replenished mug of Applejohn. "Look, Sir — look," — and the man held up the glass to the light — "don't you see him, Sir?"

"The ale looks very bright," said Applejohn.

"But don't you see the abbot, Sir? — look! There, Sir — look at his broad, bright, fat face! I can see every feature of him — his cheeks, nose, chin; his

winking eyes, look!" and the man held the glass, an gazed upon it, as though really rapt by the vision a fat monk. "Can't you see him in the ale, Si What dimples the jolly old fellow has! Ha! ha! loo how he shuts one eye and chuckles at us."

Applejohn stared suspiciously at the man — w he a lunatic? "I — I can see nothing," said Joh having stared at the ale, whilst unseen by him the v sitors winked and nodded at each other. "Upon m life, Sir, I can see nothing," and John put down h glass.

"Ha! Sir, that's because you're a stranger to Can terbury. Notwithstanding, my service to you," an the man pledged him. "Perhaps, you never heard th story?"

"Never. It must be something odd?" surmise Applejohn.

"Not so odd, as true, Sir. Deborah, another mu of ale, for this gentleman. Sir, I have five minute to spare, and I 'll tell you the story."

"Has it a name, Sir?" asked John. "Wha story?"

"It has a name, Sir;" and the speaker, having softened his throat with another draught of ale, began the legend of — "THE ABBOT OF THE ALE-CASK."

"Many hundred years ago, the good King Ethel bert, moved by the pious prayers of the saintly Augustine, built him this monastery for the blac monks. And in this very place they lived a revelled, prayed and drank, confessed and carv

until the stormy times of Henry the Eighth, who sent hither his commissioners to take an honest account of the revenue of the abbey, and then to turn the monks out of house and home. In Anno Domini, 1539, their revenues were found to be one thousand, four hundred and thirteen pounds, four shillings — tell me, if I 'm wrong, neighbour Stot," said the speaker to the man who had discoursed of the conjuror, and who nodded his willingness to assist the narrator should he stumble — "four shillings and eleven pence halfpenny."

"'T was a close reckoning," said Applejohn.

"Sir, they were men of conscience, and didn't miss a farthing; men of conscience, Sir — Deborah, fill again. They sent the monks packing, as in duty bound. Now, the abbot of that day was called Hilary, the Malster; an excellent churchman, and a pious lover of good ale. It was a sight to behold his resignation when the officers came to drive him and his brethren hence. 'At least, my lord' — it was a lord, wasn't it, Stot, though I forget his name?" — Stot took his pipe from his mouth, and nodded — "'at least, my lord,' said the abbot, 'you will suffer us, if we must leave our darling abbey behind, at least you will permit us to carry away our ale?' And big tears ran down the abbot's cheeks as he looked in the relenting face of the commissioner; who not at all ntl d by the sorrows of the churchman, said, 'the ac a drop,' and the abbot and all the monks shud- a d when his lordship swore. — 'The devil a drop,'

cried his lordship, and the wicked soldiery with their halberds drove the abbot and the brotherhood from the gates; and the good Hilary went beyond the seas, and died of a broken heart, brought on by small wine."

"Is it true, think ye?" asked Applejohn.

"There 's more to come, Sir. Deborah, another jug — more to come, Sir; isn't there, Stot?" Stot nodded. "The body of the good Hilary — of Hilary the Malster, lies at Cologne; they show you his tomb, Sir, shaped like a hooped tankard, and curiously wreathed with hops cut in white marble. The tomb is shown in the church of — of — but that is no matter; the body of the abbot was buried at Cologne, but his unlaid ghost haunted the abbey of St. Augustine. Don't be alarmed, Sir, but drink;" said the narrator, as Applejohn, shifted on his seat, "drink, Sir; for the abbot is the jolliest of spectres."

"And does the abbot still walk?" inquired John.

"Not if the ale be of the true quality — but, you shall hear, Sir. I said, his spirit haunted the abbey; it is true. When Queen Elizabeth, on a progress, in the fifteenth year of her reign, slept up stairs" —

"Up stairs!" exclaimed Applejohn.

"That virgin sovereign did not close her eyes for two nights: and what, Sir — what think ye kept her gracious majesty wide awake?"

John considered a minute, and then answered — "Perhaps, the fleas."

"No, Sir; the affair was hushed up by the privy

council, but the ghost of Hilary, the abbot, danced a saraband in the queen's chamber, with a hooped flagon in his hand, and a cask upon his head, crying aloud the while, 'hops! — your highness, — hops!'"

"Is it true, d'ye think?" again asked John.

"A maid of honour confessed the story on her death-bed. Nay, more; when Charles the First and his bride Henrietta lay in the same chamber, the abbot wouldn't let 'em have a bit of quiet, but flourished his flagon, and danced, and still shouted — 'hops! your blessed majesties, — hops!'"

"And did they ever get rid of the abbot, or does he still dance?" questioned the credulous Applejohn.

"At length, a brewer took the monastery — an honest man," answered the story-teller. "'T is said, the first night his mash-tubs and his boilers were brought in, there was heard solemn chaunting at midnight in the vaults."

"But did the abbot never appear again — did he never more cry 'hops?'" asked John.

"He did — and would this very night, if the brewer gave him cause," said he of the legend.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Applejohn, "what cause?"

"Once, 't is now ten years ago, there had been a great brewing, and either 't was the dishonesty or the carelessness of the men, but the liquor was marvellously bad. Well, the poor brewer suffered for it; for, at midnight, in came the abbot, and this time with all his monks; and they dragged the poor

brewer from his wife clean out of bed, beat him mercilessly with their flagons, and screamed, and shouted, and halloed, 'hops! you rogue — hops! — hops! — hops!'"

"And — and what — what — when the abbot is pleased, does he appear then?" asked John.

"Then," answered the man, "then is he to be seen at midnight sitting astride a barrel of the best ale, with a full flagon in his hand. Should the brewer appear, then does the abbot smile with benignant drunkenness upon him."

"And all this is true?" again inquired Applejohn.

"True as death: and, my friend," added the man, very solemnly, "it teaches us this valuable moral."

"I don't see," said John — "what moral?"

"The moral is as plain as your nose; and tells you, if you would sleep soundly of nights, — never — never to stint your hops."

"What! is the gentleman gone?" said Applejohn, surprised at the sudden disappearance of the narrator.

"Yes; he always goes, when he 's told that tale; and he always does tell it to a stranger," said Stot, grinning.

"A very entertaining man," said Applejohn.

"Aye," answered Stot, "very; and was once the most thrivin' cooper in Kent — a scholard, *too*; only, you see, he thought anything o' the barrel but making it."

"Does he often come here?" inquired John.

"Yes; he commonly drops in, to look out for visitors; but he do'n't always score so much for 'em as to-night."

"What 's to pay?" asked Applejohn resignedly of Deborah, who on giving in the reckoning did not forget the accompt of the communicative cooper. "A very entertaining man," repeated John, as he discharged the joint bills. "Pray, gentlemen, as I 'm quite a stranger here, which is the direct way to —?" and John named the inn where his master sojourned.

"I 'm going by the house; will be proud to show you," said a middle-aged man, who from his sleek, plain appearance, John took for a small trader. "Good night, gentlemen," said the man, immediately laying down his pipe, and taking his hat.

"Good night," said John, and he followed the civil stranger from the house. As he crossed the threshold, a volley of laughter burst from the company, whilst more than one of the party cried, "hops! you rogue — hops! — hops!"

"Very agreeable company frequent that house, Sir," said our simple hero.

"The only really honest folks in Canterbury," replied his companion, and with the familiarity of an old friend, he took the arm of Applejohn, and walked with him to the door of his inn.

"Your master has been asking for you," said the waiter, as Applejohn entered the house; and, without a moment's delay, John hurried to young Gruelthorpe.

"So! Mr. Applejohn," said Benjamin, "I find you have friends in Canterbury?"

"Friends! Sir — not that I know of," answered John. "Bless me!" and he looked round the apartment — "is the company gone, Sir?"

"Oh! you 'll see them again, no doubt. So, Sir, I find you know this conjuror?"

"I — I have heard a good deal of his tricks, to-night. An extraordinary man, Sir! I don't much believe in bargains of the sort — but — I hope there 's no understanding between him and Beelzebub," observed John, conceiving that his master alluded to the magician of whose necromancy John himself had that night heard such wonders. "I hope not," repeated John.

"Perhaps, you 've reason — no doubt, you have; because the bargain may include some of his friends, eh? You have doubtless good reason for your wish."

"None in particular, Sir; I only speak as a Christian," said Applejohn.

"There, fellow," and Gruelthorpe flung five sovereigns on the floor — "pick 'em up."

"Certainly, Sir," replied the obedient domestic, and immediately gathered the coin from the carpet, and held the money towards his master.

"Take it for your wages, and" —

"I thank ye, Sir," interrupted John, "they 're not due yet, and with your leave, I wouldn't draw any beforehand."

"You 're no longer my servant, fellow," said Gruelthorpe.

"God bless me!" said Applejohn.

"I thought you an honest man, but — but now I know your character — I 've found you out."

As Gruelthorpe uttered these words, Applejohn saw himself upon his knees, with the crooked nail in his hand, and old Zweifler gnashing his teeth above him. Yes — it was plain to John that some enemy had recognised him, and informed Mr. Gruelthorpe of the accident in the house of the tailor, whence, a victim to his good intentions, John had been thrust forth, a detected housebreaker.

"Upon my soul, Sir!" said John, almost bursting into tears, "what I did, Sir, I did for the best; don't, don't cast me off, Sir, because of appearances, Sir; for, upon my soul and body, Sir, I — I meant well."

"Meant well! Never tell me — 't was a regular scheme of robbery," said Gruelthorpe.

"It wasn't, indeed — I know the crooked nail was against me, but for all that" —

"Crooked nail! I" — and as Gruelthorpe spoke, new lights seemed to break upon him — "I shouldn't wonder if in your time you 've been tried for burglary."

"No — never — never tried! As I'm a living sinner, and an honest man, — never tried!" exclaimed John.

"Well, well, you might have cost me more money

— the first loss is the best," said Gruelthorpe, with resignation.

"And have you, indeed, lost anything?" inquired Applejohn with real interest.

"Have I lost anything? I think you took care of that by the company you brought me. You say, Sir, you know the conjuror who is here?"

"I heard of him to-night," said Applejohn, ingenuously.

"No doubt — no doubt," answered the sarcastic Gruelthorpe — "and do you recollect a few of his tricks?"

"One especially. I hear he can make the Jack of Clubs walk out of the pack, and follow him about the room like a dog," said John.

"Why, you impudent scoundrel!" shouted Gruelthorpe, "it ins't enough that you bring a mountebank here to rob me, but you must laugh at me afterwards. Begone fellow."

"I bring a mountebank — I rob!" cried Applejohn, and he stared vacantly at his master. "A mountebank!"

"I suppose you can read?" asked the satirical Gruelthorpe.

"Write and cypher," answered the innocent Applejohn.

"Then read that — left by your friend; the friend you brought me, that I mightn't feel lonely. Well, if ever I believe in a foolish face again!" and young Gruelthorpe flung himself upon the sofa. "Read, scoundrel! if your blushes will let you;" and John's master pointed

to a piece of paper, lying, with the cards, upon the table.

John took up the paper, and read as follows: —

" 'SIGNOR SMUGCARD, ILLUSIONIST,
(" ' *From all the cities of Europe, and from London in particular,*)
" ' *Presents his profound and heartfelt respects to the nobility, gentry, and*
" ' *public of*
" 'THE ANCIENT CITY OF CANTERBURY,
" ' *And begs to state that he will have the honour of exhibiting, for*
" ' *three nights only, his hitherto*
" 'UNRIVALLED TRICKS!' "

"D — n him!" exclaimed Gruelthorpe; "read on! I — I wonder at your audacity:" and the master stared at the self-possession of his innocent servant.

"'Unrivalled tricks,'" repeated Applejohn.

"Go on, Sir!" roared Gruelthorpe — and John obeyed.

" ' *He will pick the pocket of any gentleman of the company, and he shall*
" ' *never know it.*' "

Gruelthorpe rolled to and fro upon the sofa.

"Bless me! Ar'n't you well, Sir?" asked John, approaching his master.

"Read on, Sir!" bellowed Gruelthorpe.

" ' *He will blow any lady's wedding ring into a million countless pieces,*
" ' *and afterwards*
" 'TRIUMPHANTLY RESTORE THE FRAGMENTS!
" ' *He will put the current half-crown of the realm into a Glass Vase,*
" ' *and make it*
" 'DANCE ITSELF INTO LITTLE SIXPENCES!
" ' *He will tell any lady's thoughts!*
" 'BUT, —
" ' *Upon the honour of a gentleman,*
" ' *Pledges himself that they shall be eternally buried with him*
" 'IF AT ALL DELICATE!'

"No man could do less," said Applejohn.

"I wonder at your assurance," cried Gruelthorpe, "but go on."

" 'The Signor will call any card from the pack into his hand, at any
" 'distance, and from anybody?' "

"Oh! you scoundrel," exclaimed Gruelthorpe; "but finish it."

" 'SIGNOR SMUGCARD might set forth a thousand illusions performed by
" 'him; but it is trusted that it will be an overwhelming testimony
" 'of his extraordinary powers, when he states that his
" 'Sleight of hand, and tricks of Legerdemain
" 'Have obtained for him the approbation of the best judges; among whom
" 'he is proud to number
" 'ALL THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE!
" 'SIGNOR SMUGCARD *will administer the Laughing Gas to the curious*
" 'in risibility.
" 'Lessons in Sleight of Hand and Tricks in general, given by the Signor.
" Gentlemen of the Church and the Bar attended in private.
" 'N. B. — No Dissenter need apply.' "

John, having finished a perusal of the bill, looked wonderingly in the face of his master. "Has the conjuror been here, Sir?"

Ere John had put the whole question, his master leapt from the couch — "Why," he exclaimed, "you — you brazen rascal!"

"What's the matter? What have I done?" asked John.

"Done! didn't you bring that scoundrel and his accomplices here?"

"You were alone and dull Sir, and wanted company, and I thought the foreign gentleman," —

"Foreign gentleman! a conjuror from Shoreditch! — Look there!" and Gruelthorpe pointed to a pack of cards scattered about the floor.

"What! did he get you to play at cards, Sir?" inquired John.

"A little loo — only a little loo," muttered Gruelthorpe, biting his fingers.

"Loo! What! loo with a conjuror, if he is a conjuror? But I took him for a count at least. Loo with him? Why, Sir, you see he can bring any card from the pack. Play at loo with a man who can make the Jack of Clubs follow him like a dog? Play at" —

John was proceeding in his oblique censure of his master, when Gruelthorpe suddenly caught him by the shoulders, swung him round, and with arms and foot thrust him out at the door.

"There must be something wrong," thought John, "perhaps, he has lost a large sum of money; still, when his passion is over, he can't blame me — no, that's impossible: because, whatever has happened, I did all for the best. However badly things may have fallen out, I meant well," and with this barren consolation John crept to his room, resolving not again to appear before his master until summoned. "He'll forget it in the morning," was the belief of John, who, having waited up until midnight went, tranquil in his sense of innocence, to bed.

Long ere John was wrapt in sleep, his unforgiving master was travelling post to Dover.

We, however, should do injustice to the generous spirit of Signor Smugcard, if we concluded this chapter without registering his act of courtesy towards Gruelthorpe. That gentleman had in the best possible temper lost a hundred and fifty pounds to the Signor and his friends, and was still in ignorance of the professional abilities of his antagonists.

"There, I think that will do, gentlemen," said Gruelthorpe, flinging down the cards.

"You vill play not no more at all?" asked the Signor, with truly a winning smile.

"No — not to night; I don't care much for cards, but they help over a dull hour," remarked Benjamin.

"You are tout certain, varie quite sure you vill play not no more?" inquired the Signor for the second time.

"No — no — another time, should we meet, I may be very happy."

"Ha! sare," and the Signor heaved a sigh, and looked with melting eyes upon Benjamin Gruelthorpe — "dis vorld is so fool, so entire fool of tings dat are no sure, maybe we sall nayvere meet agane."

"May be," said Benjamin, with proper resignation.

"In dat case, are you tout certain, varie quite sure you vill play not no more?" asked the Signor for the third time.

"Not to-night," said Gruelthorpe firmly, "not to-night."

"Den, sare, I vish you much good-night; I have been much delight vid your company; and I should

tink varie littel of meself, if I did not offer you a place for my illusions."

"Illusions!" exclaimed Gruelthorpe. "What illusions?"

"Gobye," said the Signor, "give an annonce — a bill;" — and Mr. Gobye took a roll of at least two hundred of those documents from his coat-pocket, and carefully blowing the edges to separate them, put into the hand of Gruelthorpe a bill of entertaiment, of which we have already given a copy. At the same moment, Signor Smugcard approached Gruelthorpe, and bowing low, presentend him with two free tickets for the exhibition, — saying — "One for yourself — and one for ladie." The tickets delivered into the paralysed hand of Gruelthorpe, the Signor Smugcard walked across the carpet to the door as if he trod upon the thinnest sheet of ice, and then, making his lowest bow, disappeared, followed by his companions — for he disavowed all accessaries — Gobye and Tipit.

Benjamin Gruelthorpe glanced at the bill, and then at the tickets — he had played at loo with a conjuror! He rang the bell with his best violence, and inquired for his servant. At that moment John Applejohn entered the house, and in a few seconds stood in the presence of his enraged master, when the scene we have already described, was acted between them.

CHAPTER XI.

"DEPEND upon it, there must be some mistake," said Applejohn in the morning, when informed of the departure of his master by the waiter. "He can't have left me behind!"

"That 's for you to settle with yourself — here, it seems, you are," said the waiter.

"I did all for the best," said John, "I meant well — time will show, I meant well;" and thus, satisfied with his good intentions, John sat down to breakfast. "If I starve for it, I can't help it," talked John to himself, cutting at a large flank of beef; "I meant well — and good intentions" — here John buttered his roll inch-thick, — "good intentions will sweeten dry bread."

"I suppose, my man, your master will give you a character?" asked the waiter of John, whilst yet at his breakfast.

"He couldn't do less," said our hero, "I 've done nothing wrong — I wasn't to tell a conjuror from another man — I meant well."

"There 's a gentleman put up here last night from Dover; he 's been speaking to master; he wants a servant."

John rose from the table, "where is he?"

After some words with the landlord, upon whom the simplicity of our hero had had a very favourable effect, John was ordered to the presence.

The gentleman was a thin, tall, sallow young man, with a sharp face buried in a profusion of black hair, whilst his cheeks and throat were fairly bandaged with whiskers. He was in a morning-gown of bright blue damask, tied about the girdle with gold cords, enriched with heavy tassels of the same material. His shirt collar was thrown back; and in his whole air and manner there was to John something inexpressibly impressive and elegant.

"Oh! ha!" said the gentleman, and he picked his teeth and looked at our hero.

"I — I've understood, Sir, that you — you want a servant?" ventured John.

"Well? what then?" drawled the man in damask.

"I — I want a master," said Applejohn.

"Well — ha! — yes — you may follow me to London. I hav'n't time just now to look into your character — and by the way, I think character altogether a d—d imposition. I suppose any rascal can get one for half-a-crown? Eh?"

"I don't know the price, Sir — I never went to market," said John.

"Oh, yes — yes; as for character, any scoundrel can give a brother scoundrel a lift. I had a fellow, a groom, Mr. Rummer," and the young gentleman addressed the landlord, who had introduced John, "yes, a groom; well, he had a character signed I do believe by half the bench of bishops: would you believe it, — the fellow broke open my dressing-case,

stole five hundred pounds in bank-notes, besides a miniature set with the superbest diamonds?"

"Dear me! Sir," said Mr. Rummer, "a very heavy loss."

"Oh! d—n the money; 't was the miniature that — by the way, Mr. Rummer, you remember that separation in high life?"

"I — I think I" — stammered Rummer.

"Oh yes! you must recollect it; all brought on by that confounded miniature. The thief was taken, the portrait was recognised, the exposure was inevitable: there was a meeting of the families, and — ah! poor thing, she 's now in Wales."

"And didn't you punish the thief, Sir?" inquired the landlord — "didn't you make an example?"

"D — n examples! There again 's the greatest mistake — as if any body was ever the better for example! Though certainly, I think I should have had the fellow hanged, only as the affair happened just before I started for the county," —

"Started for the county! I hope you succeeded?" said the landlord.

"No, Mr. Rummer, no: bribery and threats, Sir; bribery and threats. I lost the election, Sir; so you see I might as well have hanged the scoundrel after all."

"It was very liberal of you."

"D—n liberality!" said the fine young man — "in fact, Mr. Rummer, d—n every thing."

"To be sure, Sir," assented Mr. Rummer.

"Servants," exclaimed the young gentleman, fixing his eyes upon Applejohn, "are the greatest villains that ever chewed. I 've been ruined by 'em, Mr. Rummer; that is, if I could have been ruined. You recollect that I was about to be married to Lady Barbara?"

"I — I — oh, yes! I heard something of it," said the obliging landlord.

"Something of it! Settlement and every thing signed. Well, I had written a little poem; I'm afraid it has somehow or the other got into print — it's a trifle. I flung it off at the opera, standing one night in Fop's Alley, looking at Lady Barbara opposite; we'd had a little tiff that morning. I dare say, you never met with the poem? it begins — tut! I never — no I never can remember my own lines. Yes, I have it — it begins —

'Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well.' "

"I think, Sir, I can show you where those lines are in print," said the well-meaning Applejohn.

"When I need you for my librarian, I 'll inform you," said the young gentleman, darting a withering look at John.

"But about Lady Barbara, Sir?" said Mr. Rummer, who seemed to pay the greatest deference to his guest.

"Well, lovers' quarrels, you know, Mr. Rummer, — there 's a proverb, I forget it, about 'em. Lady Barbara insisted upon my writing the lines in her album

— d—n writing!" — and here the young gentleman raised his voice, and spoke with considerable fervour — "and oh! particularly d—n all albums!"

"My daughter has one," said Mr. Rummer.

"So had Betty, our housemaid," observed Applejohn; who, but for his modesty, might have stated that he had himself, ere his expulsion from the house of Mr. Zweifler, contributed to the volume.

The young gentleman flung another look upon John — "Lady Barbara insisted: I gave the album to my other scoundrel of a servant to take to my hotel. The ruffian went to some low pot-house; was, for the basest purposes, made infamously drunk, and the album of Lady Barbara — a volume which the greatest names of Europe had adorned, a book in which the greatest authors had writ, in which the finest painters, nay, in which my dear friend, Mr. Dolce" —

"Does he know Mr. Dolce?" asked John of himself, and again he thought of the crooked nail.

"You have heard of Mr. Dolce, the artist, eh, Rummer?" asked the young gentleman.

"His name hasn't yet travelled into these parts," said the innkeeper.

"Wonderful artist! has the best cut coat in London;" said the young gentleman. "Well, my ruffian of a servant — d—n all servants! — left the book at the pot-house, while he himself was brought to my hotel in a beastly state of inebriety."

"His stomach out of order, perhaps?" suggested the charitable Applejohn.

Again the young gentleman frowned. "But, Sir, what became of the book?" asked the landlord.

"Unfortunately," said the man in damask, "Lady Barbara's name was in it. Well, the next day 't was sent to her mansion, contributed to by all the atrocious miscreants, the hackney-coachmen and link-boys, the previous night assembled at the Bag o' Nails. To be brief, Mr. Rummer; her lady mother, the Duchess — (and by the way, that excellent woman had the strangest questions put to her by the new contributors to the album,) — forbade me the house, and — and it 's a long story, but — oh! d—n all servants — and certainly d—n all albums!"

"I hope, Sir," said Applejohn, "if you think well enough of me to give me a trial, I shall be found honest and diligent? One thing, I will answer for, Sir; you may be always sure that I shall mean well."

"I think you may venture upon him, Sir," said the landlord, resolved to assist John.

"Well, you may come with me to London — d—n London! — must go back to it, though — ha! Paris is the only place for a gentleman. Well," and the hero in damask stared at John, "as Mr. Rummer seems your friend, you may consider yourself my animal."

"Thank you, Sir. You shall find me everything you wish — thank you, Sir," and the delighted Applejohn bowed himself from the apartment, followed by the landlord. "Pray, what 's my master's name?" asked John.

"Cramlington," answered Mr. Rummer; "he's an excellent customer of mine, and so I keep friends with him; that is, I listen to him. I believe he sees the first company in town. You're in luck, I can tell you."

To say the truth, John was in no way displeased at the accident which had prevented his expatriation. In quitting England, he felt that he should have left Sarah Twopenny for ever: returning to London, hope whispered him that the mistake under which he had suffered might be cleared up, that he who was the most temperate of the sons of men would not continue to carry about with him the punishment of a drunkard, that — that — and then the incident of the crooked nail made him despair anew!

The next day, John attended his master to town. Mr. Cramlington inhabited chambers in, it is enough to say, the most fashionable part of the metropolis. The duties of John were particularly easy, inasmuch as he was left to himself the greater part of the day, his master generally quitting home early in the morning, and not returning until the evening, when he usually dressed for a dinner-party or the opera. Mr. Cramlington was really an eccentric person. In the morning he quitted his chambers attired in the sober suit of a merchant: gold chains, rings, brooches, all set aside; nay, his superb head of black hair, together with his voluminous jetty whiskers, reposed upon his dressing-table until night, their owner sallying forth in a light, natural crop, with his cheeks as bare as his palm. No two persons could be

more dissimilar than Henry Cramlington in the morning and Henry Cramlington at night.

"The fact is, you see, John," said Cramlington, "I wore this wig and these whiskers for a frolic at a masquerade; and, as there I happened to fascinate a certain lady, who may one day be your mistress, John, I am fearful that a change to a state of nature on my part, might injure me in her good opinion."

John felt particularly flattered by this proof of his master's confidence; and thereupon ventured to observe that he thought Mr. Cramlington's fears entirely groundless.

"No — no — John; I know more of these things than you can possibly do: I shall keep the secret until I 'm married."

"Why, Sir," said the conscientious Applejohn, "you 'd never enter into the holy state of matrimony under false appearances? Lead a woman with sham hair and whiskers to the altar, and she not know it! Pardon me, Sir, but I don't like deceit in wedlock."

"Pooh! pooh! it 's done every day, John. I wouldn't divulge before marriage for the world," said Cramlington, with emphasis.

"I think, Sir — I must say it — providing that the lady really and truly loves you, I think you wrong your other good gifts, Sir, to rely too much upon the wig and whiskers."

"Not at all: you know nothing about it, John;

d—n me! you have no notion of the women who have fallen victims to the curling-irons."

"Well, Sir, to be sure," and John scarcely suppressed a sigh as he thought of Sarah Twopenny, "to be sure, they are strange animals. One doesn't know what will please 'em. And yet, Sir, I must say it — it 's too bad to use deceit, when nature 's made us the strongest."

"Strongest! Why, we 're fools to 'em — babies — nincompoops — d—n me!" said Cramlington.

"You don't say it, Sir?" cried Applejohn. "What! all women? — All?"

"All. They all love — d—n me! — to cheat, trick, and perplex us. Ha! that sentiment brings to my mind a poem I once wrote upon the sex. There were two rather good lines in it — let me see — d—n it! never can recollect my own poetry. Now, I have it: —

" 'Some men to bus'ness — some to pleasure take,
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake.' "

"That 's hitting 'em hard, Sir," said Cramlington's compassionate valet.

"Hang 'em!" cried the merciless poet, "we can't hit 'em too hard."

"And yet, Sir, abuse 'em as we may," said Applejohn, "for all their tricks, Sir, there 's a time when there 's nothing like 'em. When sickness comes, Sir, trouble, or" —

"Very true, John; I hope I 'm not insensible to the good they have. No! though I have, in my time,

told the baggages some hard truths, I trust, as I've shown in another poem — I wrote it after a fever brought on by pine-apples — I trust, as I've said in that little poem, I" —

"What did you say, Sir — if I may be so bold, Sir — what?" asked John impatiently.

"No matter — I've quite forgot it. I never can remember my own lines: other men's verse sticks to my brains like birdlime, but I never — d—n me! — can remember my own. Yes — now I apprehend; my poem begins somehow thus —

> "'Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> But when pale sickness wrings the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!'"

"Beautiful!" cried John — "beautiful!"

"There's a good deal more of it," observed Cramlington, "but I've told you, I never — d—n me! — can remember my own lines."

From the foregoing dialogue the reader must be aware of the courteous familiarity vouchsafed by the master to the man. Indeed, there was scarcely a day, that Cramlington would not, for the especial delight and improvement of his servant, illustrate the most common topic by short quotations from long poems, written by the speaker, as he would sigh and say, in happier hours. Nay, such an opinion had Cramlington of the natural taste of Applejohn, that he would condescend to sing to him *Vivi tu*, and then gather the judgment of his valet on the performance.

"That's precisely," Cramlington would say, when

he had howled the melody, "that 's precisely as my friend Ivanoff does it."

"And does he get money by it?" asked Applejohn wonderingly.

"Money! thousands," said Cramlington. "Money! D—n me!"

"God bless me!" said Applejohn; "well, lottery luck is nothing to the luck of some people."

"All men have luck, John, if they have but sense enough to make use of it. Egad! that reminds me of a sentiment, tolerably expressed I think in a little sketchy drama I once wrote."

"What! a play, Sir?" asked John.

"Yes — but I never would consent to have it acted. The lines are, I think — yes, they run thus: —

"'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.'

I forget the rest — but 't was all in the same strain, only a good deal better."

One morning, Mr. Cramlington was more than usually familiar with his domestic. As he sat late at breakfast — he had been at four parties the previous evening, and had not returned home until daylight — he astonished and gratified John by narrating the many conquests he had made within the last eighteen hours; never did master paint himself so great a hero to his valet.

"But, hang it! it 's no use, John — I feel my time is come," said the victorious Cramlington. "Quite sure — d—n me!"

"La! Sir," said the simple Applejohn, "I never saw you look better."

"He! he! I mean — plague on't! why wasn't I born a Turk? — I can only marry one, and — but what I was about to say, John, is this; as I may leave town at five minutes' notice, have every thing in readiness for my journey."

"Certainly, Sir. Shall you go far?" asked John.

"To Scotland, of course," said Cramlington. "Scotland, — d—n me!"

"May I be so bold as to ask, Sir — is it pressing business, Sir?" inquired John.

"Business and pleasure combined," replied the master, "I — I run off with an heiress, John, — d—n me!"

"Run off? What! relations won't consent, Sir?"

"Sha'n't ask 'em — sha'n't ask 'em, John; there's always some difficulty — d—n me! — with relations; as I said in one of my early verses, —

" 'The course of true love never did run smooth.' "

"You never said a truer thing, Sir," remarked Applejohn, heaving a deep sigh. "I don't know how it is, Sir, but we no sooner love any thing, or get any thing to love us, than something always happens."

"Hallo! John, — d—n me! — you 've been reading my new manuscript poem — I didn't know I had left it about."

"Not I, indeed, Sir," asseverated John, "I wouldn't be guilty of such a thing, Sir."

"Oh! I'm not angry; but you must have read it — for I have the very same thought, rather prettily turned too. As I only put it to paper last week, I recollect it very well. It begins —

"'I never reared a young gazelle,'"

"What's a gazelle, Sir?" asked John.

"A *species* of goat, John," answered Cramlington, and proceeded —

"'I never reared a young gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it knew and loved me well,
Was sure to die.'"

"It always happened to my father with his bullfinches, Sir," said Applejohn, "the best piper was always the shortest liver."

"Too often the fate of us young poets, d—n me!" cried Cramlington. "However, help me to dress, John — for I've much to do abroad; and mind, in case I may want them, have my trunks ready at a minute's notice.

Mr. Cramlington was assisted by his valet into his sober suit, and in his own light hair and with his natural, naked cheeks, sallied from his chambers, secure in his present appearance from recognition by any of the five hundred individuals among whom he the last night lounged and tittered. "I shall be home at seven to dress, John," were the departing words of the master.

"He's a very agreeable man, and then, so very clever," thought John, "who'd have thought he could

do such pretty verses?" And Applejohn, musing on the many virtues and talents of his master, set himself to arrange the sumptuous decorations for the night. In this important pursuit, the raven wig and whiskers of the beau Cramlington fell into the hands of Applejohn, who thereupon began to reflect on the uncertain and curious dispositions of the sex, thinking many deep things, too deep we presume, for expression; for with the wig and whiskers in his hand, he looked as gravely as Hamlet gazing on the skull, yet said nothing. John turned his head, and saw his features in a glass: we know not what process of thought tempted him to the trial, or whether indeed he thought at all of the matter, but in a second he had placed the wig upon his head, the whiskers at his cheeks, and stood and gazed in the mirror an altered man. He was so changed, his dearest creditor, had he had one, would not have known him.

John sat in his master's easy chair, and with his head in his hand, first fell into profound meditation, and then sank into deep sleep. He had for three nights sat up late for Mr. Cramlington, and was worn with the service. John had sweetly snored away an hour, when he was awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door. Forgetful of the borrowed wig and whiskers, John yawned, stretched himself, and slowly rose to attend the summons. He opened the door, and almost fell prostrate when he beheld the terrible countenance of his late master, Karl Zweifler, the tailor. The old man, without the slightest ceremony,

walked into the centre of the apartment, and turning himself round, surveyed at his leisure the appointments about him. John, tongue-tied with fear and shame, spoke not a syllable.

"Vere is your master, eh?" asked old Zweifler.

"Out," answered John, "quite out, Sir."

"The tailor turned fiercely round upon John, and exclaiming "teef," "liar," stalked into the bed-chamber of Mr. Cramlington. Having opened the bed-curtains, and looked in every corner of the apartment, Zweifler grinned in the face of John, and said — "You vill please to tell me de name of the pig villain."

"The name of my master, Sir?" inquired John; and the old man grunted an affirmative. "Cramlington, Sir."

"Oh! mein Gott!" groaned old Zweifler, "Gramlindon!"

"No, Sir; Cramlington," was the correction of John; "Cramlington."

"Damn villain!" shouted old Zweifler, "I said Gramlindon. Now, you will blease to write me dat ubon a pit of baper — write me down de name of dat teef your master — write Gramlindon."

"I write it, Sir? — I — the truth is, Sir," and John was about to excuse himself, when old Zweifler seized him by the collar; again did the knuckles of the tailor, fixed in John's jugular, send an indescribable coldness to his heart. John resigned himself to the old man, who led him to a table, whereon lay pen, ink, and paper. "If you blease," said Zweifler, presenting the

pen to John, and addressing him with the most ferocious politeness, "if you blease, you damn villain, to write de name of dat pig teef, your master. Gramlindon! Mein Gott! — Gramlindon," the old man ejaculated in astonishment and horror. "Write," Zweifler bellowed: and in his best round hand, considering the circumstances of intimidation, John penned "Cramlington."

The old man took up the paper, and gnashing his teeth, shouted — "Mein Gott! it is Gramlindon."

At this moment, a smart, quick knock was heard at the door, and the old man threw his hands above his head, and roared "Ha! ha! berhaps dis is Gramlindon. Open — you teef, open," he exclaimed to John, who mutely obeyed the order, when a man in a rough coat and low glazed hat, walked in.

"All right, isn't it," asked the man, "Mister Cramlington's?"

"Yes," answered John, and "quite right," said old Zweifler, making a great effort to maintain his composure.

"Have you any business with my master?" asked John.

"I believe you — I've brought him a reg'lar jewel," said the man, and he seated himself with an air of conscious importance.

"He puys jewels!" exclaimed Zweifler, with a groan. "Berhaps, diamonds. Is it baid for?" he inquired o the newcomer.

"That's not my affair," said the man, "but I should

think my master knows his customer or he wouldn't trust. him with such an article. Old fellow," and the stranger addressed himself to John, "have you anything to drink?"

"Nothing," said John.

"Worse than an uninhabited island, for all it's so fine then," said the man, looking round the room.

"But what have you brought my master?" asked John, old Zweifler staring silently at the newcomer.

"'T isn't to be matched in all the town, I can tell ye, old chap," replied the man, "if it is, my name's not Bub. I say, your master's going to be married, isn't he?" — Zweifler groaned — "what's the matter, old un?"

"But is that your business?" inquired John, "what can you have to do with my master's marriage?"

"You wouldn't ask that, if you know'd what was in my pocket," replied Mr. Bub, with a nod and a wink.

"Berhaps," said Zweifler, trying hard to be polite, "berhaps, Sir, it's the marriage zettlement?"

"I should think so; 'nough to bind any woman to a man for life. I tell 'ee, there isn't the fellow to't in the wide world; and I ought to know something, for I've been in the trade since I could stand upon one leg," asserted Mr. Bub. "Yes, I'm sure when gen'lmen does as Mr. Cramlington does, they means marriage downright, and no inweigling. She's such a beautiful creature!"

"Is she?" asked Zweifler, "you're sure, eh? — beautiful?"

"Beautiful! your whiskers black as they are," said Bub, slapping John on the shoulder, "your whiskers"—

"My whiskers!" exclaimed John, and catching his features in the glass, he saw his master's property upon his own face, and felt deep gratitude for the accident that had disguised him from the eyes of old Zweifler.

"Black as they are, your whiskers are white to her," said Bub.

"Black!" exclaimed Zweifler.

"And ears," said Mr. Bub, measuring about eight inches from his fingers, "ears that long."

"Mein Gott!" said Zweifler. "Where does she come from?"

"Purest breed in the world; takes the water like a duck," avowed Bub.

"Mein friend," exclaimed Zweifler, "you are a teef — a damn teef."

"Did a little once in that way when young, and not ashamed to own it," said the ingenuous Bub, "but we don't call it stealing, we don't: to pick a pocket 's a robbery if you like; but to steal a dog is only too much humanity for animals."

"A dog! what — what do you mean?" exclaimed Applejohn.

"Mean! why, look here; that 's what I mean," and Mr. Bub, with a triumphant countenance, drew from his coat-pocket a very diminutive and very beautiful black-and-tan spaniel bitch. "There — look at 'em,"

he cried, displaying her ears. "Worth fifty pounds apiece, the ears alone," said Mr. Bub.

"You seem to make very much of the beast," remarked Applejohn.

"Make much? Why there 's repitation for all trades," answered Mr. Bub. "I tell 'ee, I 'm almost as fond of that little spannel bitch, as if she was my own flesh and blood."

"Gott forgive ye," cried old Zweifler, "you damn teef!"

"La! bless your heart, if you was to see what I see with these little things and them as owns 'em, you'd think something better of your fellow creaturs for their kindness. Why, there 's many an old lady as I know, as treats her dogs and her birds as if they was the best of her."

"Oh lord!" groaned Zweifler.

"Bless you! I can feel all their pulses through their animals," said Mr. Bub. "You see, they comes to the Gardens," by this, it was evident that the speaker was attached to some great menagerie, "they comes to the gardens, and sometimes they just gives me a nod and nothing more, and then I know all 's well at home. But when a dowager comes smiling up to me, and says 'Good day, Mr. Bub,' why then, 'Oh, oh!' I cries to myself, for I know right well her spannel 's caught the 'stemper, or parrot 's got the pip. Bless your hearts! people in our line o' life see a good deal o' human natur," said Mr. Bub.

"And very odd parts of it too," said Applejohn, interested by the manner and matter of the speaker.

"I believe ye," said Bub, "animals, the lower animals, as we people of science call 'em, does away with all distinctions. For instance, when a duke takes to stuffing," —

"What do you mean by stuffing?" asked Applejohn.

"Stuffing skins of birds and beasts," said Bub, "to make 'em look like life; why then, in that case, he 's no more than a common man. There 's two or three dukes of my acquaintance think they knows a good deal of stuffing, that 's what I call the practical science of the matter: they knows nothing about it, though sometimes I humour 'em."

"You find it to your advantage, no doubt?" observed John.

"Yes; it tells in for a man better than always speaking the dry truth: but sometimes I can't help having a fling. Why, there 's the duke of —, but I won't mention his name, 'cause I promised him I wouldn't. Well, I went on an invite to his place to see a sick ostrich of his; a carpenter had left his basket of tools in the way, and there was a hammer and six chisels missing, and the bird getting melancholy, suspicions fell upon him. To make short, we recovered the tools and the ostrich too. But I was going to say, that his grace takes me all round his museum — *his* museum, after ours! — and, proud as a peacock with two tails, he would show me all the birds stuffed and set up with his own hands. In a man's own house, you know, it 's only polite to humour him a bit; so whenever he asked, 'What do you

think o' that flamingo, Mr. Bub?' I says, 'Very well stuffed, your grace;' and 'What do you think of that Solan goose, Mr. Bub?' I answers, 'You stuff a goose better than any man in the kingdom, my lord duke;' and so on, he being as I could see, mightily tickled with my good word. Well, we went round fifty specimens, and as he was only a duke, and not a bird-stuffer by birth, I did all I could to encourage him. Why should we feel envy at any body? However, one can't always go against one's conscience; so when we had been nearly all round the museum, his grace stops sudden before a bird — did you ever see a cockatoo?"

"Yes," answered Applejohn. "Well, his grace stops?"

"His grace stops, and looking hard at me, he says, 'There, Mr. Bub — I think that's natur itself. It looks alive — hopping on the twig, eh, Mr. Bub?' Now, I'd do anything for his grace, but I see he was getting too conceited. It was no more like the shape or action of a cockatoo, than — however, I looks at the bird, and I shakes my head. 'What!' says his grace, 'what's the matter?' Then I looks very steadily at him, and I says, 'My lord duke, you'll pardon what I'm going to say?' and he says, 'Certainly.' 'Well then, my lord duke,' says I, 'don't you in the house of lords — you'll forgive me what I'm going to say — don't you in the house of lords sometimes vote by proxy?' 'I do,' says the duke. 'Then, your grace,' says I, 'for the time to come, I'd advise you to stuff cockatoos by proxy too.'"

"But, mein freind," said Zweifler, who had for some minutes employed himself in the minute inspection of the costly articles to be found in the chamber, "mein freind — how much vill dat damn buppy cost?"

"Cheap at eighty guineas, Sir; cheap at" — Mr. Bub was suddenly interrupted by the violence of the old man; for he gave utterance to a yell — raised his arms — clenched his fists at the unconscious spaniel, and, incapable of words, rushed from the place. Mr. Bub, after a moment's pause, indulged himself with a long whistle.

"He doesn't know what he 's about," cried Applejohn, considerably relieved by Zweifler's disappearance. "The fact is, I — I think he 's my master's tailor."

"That 's enough," observed the sagacious Bub; "no wonder, poor gentleman, that it makes him mad to see so much money wasted upon puppies, when he, perhaps, gets so little himself, eh?"

"But do you really think the dog will cost eighty guineas?" inquired John.

"I know that Lady Lucina — ah! she 's dead now, she was the woman for science — although her ladyship was one of the oldest fellows," —

"Her ladyship, a fellow!" exclaimed Applejohn.

"A fellow of our society — she paid eighty-five for a spannel with a tail that had nothing of the promise of a tail about it that this has. Ha! she was the woman for science. She took as much interest in the monkies as if they was her own family. I may say, she quite lived in the Gardens. There wasn't a Mus-

covy duck hatched that she didn't book it; kept the young emews' birth-days; and when the first kangaroo was born, why, in honour of science, she give a grand dinner-party to all the fellows. She *was* a woman."

"And dead, eh?" said John.

"Caught her death, watching the sick lion without clogs last hard winter. I give her a hint what would happen, but there was no getting her from the den; she insisted, as she said, upon seeing the last of what she called 'the lordly brute.' But I say, isn't this dry work?" asked Mr. Bub.

"I'm not thirsty, myself," said Applejohn, "but I should very much like us to meet again," observed Applejohn, anxious to extend an enlightened connexion.

"First business, then pleasure," said Mr. Bub. "Come, give me your fist to this," and Bub wrote the following receipt for the signature of John: — *Reseaved of mr. Bub a Spannel Bittch*," to which John subjoined, "JOHN APPLEJOHN."

"John Applejohn," and Bub paused when he had read the signature. "If I was you, I should never think of changing that name — you 'll never get such a droll one again."

"I'm the last of the family," said John; "the Applejohns go out with me."

"But I shouldn't let 'em, you know — I should graft," said Bub.

"What do you mean?" asked our simple hero; and then the metaphor of Bub revealed itself to John, who sighed as he thought of Sarah Twopenny. "No; that's

impossible," he said; "but I really should like us to meet again."

"Then come to the Gardens to-night at eight; and, as you seem a decent fellow, I'll take you to my society," said Bub.

Applejohn seïzed the speaker by the hand, and promised punctuality.

"Clever fellows there, — men who know life and science; all of 'em first-rate chaps. I 'm the clairman. Mind, eight, and no mistake," and Mr. Bub, carefully depositing the receipt for the spaniel in his waistcoat pocket, took his leave.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY in the evening, Mr. Cramlington came home to dress. He was absorbed in admiration of the spaniel, destined that night to become the property of a lady who will in due time appear upon our page, when he was disturbed by a hurried knocking at the door. "John, my wig!" exclaimed Cramlington, and rushed into the inner room to seize that elegant disguiser, John, after a necessary delay, attending the clamorous summons. "Master's at home," cried a gentleman, very confidently, and dashed into the room; almost at the same instant, Cramlington issued from the inner chamber, in his satin morning-gown, and with hair and whiskers black as death.

"Ha! ha! my dear lord Slap, how are you? Eh!

what's the matter?" asked Cramlington, seeing his lordship's arm in a sling.

"Nothing — smashed my arm last night, but had capital fun. Ha! ha!" and his lordship flung himself down in the easy chair of his host. He was, however, no sooner down than up again — the spaniel with swollen eye-balls and angry teeth snapping at the offending part of his lordship, which falling heavily upon the fragile creature lying in the chair, had almost rendered it a fit subject for the museum of the nameless duke, distinguished by the praise of Mr. Bub.

"Gracious heavens! Slap," exclaimed Cramlington, rushing with open arms to the flattened spaniel.

"D—n the dog! Why, the devil do you litter in your chairs?" cried his lordship, and catching the dog by its tail of great promise, the young peer flung the animal to the other end of the room, Applejohn providentially catching the beast as it was in full speed towards a mirror.

"My dear lord," cried Cramlington, and then added, but very deferentially — "d—n me!"

"Suppose I was bit, eh? Good joke for the newspapers, eh?" — cried his lordship.

"I hope, my dear Slap, you're not hurt; it is but a pup, Slap," said Cramlington.

"Nothing hurts me," exclaimed his lordship, "blood — true blood will stand anything."

"But what's the matter with your arm?" inquired Cramlington, with great concern.

"Such rare fun last night — never had such glo-

rious fun! Why, wer'n't you with us? Ha! ha! such fun!" and his lordship flung himself back in the chair, and shouted with laughter.

Cramlington, staring with astonishment at the opened and injured jaws of nobility, exclaimed — "My dear Slap — what's the matter with your teeth?"

"Had three knocked out last night — here they are though," and his lordship produced three teeth, two single and one double, from his waistcoat-pocket: "brought 'em off safe out of the gutter, and, more than that, left the field with the pump-handle — such fun!"

"Pump-handle!" exclaimed Cramlington — "what! another?"

"Yes — swore I'd have it; carried off St. George's last night — that makes ten pump-handles at my chambers. Glorious fun! must have a dozen, though," said the peer. "However, you must come with us to-night."

"You know, my dear lord Slap, that I'm yours entirely, but to-night," and Cramlington sought to excuse himself.

"Must come; such sport in hand — the crowning joke, d—n me! — the crowning joke, ha! ha! I've hired a stable ready to receive him," said his lordship.

"Him! whom?" asked Cramlington.

"Billy Pitt. Carry him off to-night! Ha! ha! how I shall make those damned editors cackle! Talking of editors, have you seen what that scoundrel, the editor of — what's the paper — said of me? I'll give his

ears to my terrier, by — but, however, I 've condescended to answer him. Read that, Cram — read that," and his lordship flung a letter on the table, which Cramlington opened and read. The contents were as follow: —

"'*TO THE EDITOR OF* —

"'*Sir*, — *In your paper of Thursday, the following base and contemptible paragraph has been kindly pointed out to me:* —

"LORD SLAP AGAIN. — On Tuesday morning, the shopman of Mr. Dobree, pawnbroker, of Charlotte Street, was considerably astonished and alarmed on discovering that the three balls suspended over the shop-door had been violently carried off during the night: information of the robbery was immediately given at the police-office. The most curious, and we must add, the most flagitious part of the mischief remains to be told: for on that very morning, what was the surprise of the footman of the Bishop of L—, to find the Lombardy arms, the property of Mr. Dobree, pawnbroker, fastened immediately over the door of the right reverend prelate! His lordship, with that kindliness of disposition which has endeared him to his reverend brethren, immediately gave orders for the return of the property to Mr. Dobree: the balls have been restored to their pristine station. It is almost needless to add, that Lord Slap and his friends have been implicated in the transaction. When will this eccentric nobleman have sown his wild oats?"

'*Now, Sir, permit me very briefly to remark on this paragraph, in which it is very difficult to separate the falsehood from the malice. Your readers will henceforth know what amount of belief to award to your fanciful lucubrations, when I distinctly and solemnly state, that the three balls — the 'Lombardy arms' as you are pleased learnedly to designate them — belonging to Mr. Dobree, never were removed to the house of the Bishop of L—. No, Sir; it is a duty I owe to the public and myself to state, that it was the mansion of the Bishop of E— that on*

Tuesday morning last was found decorated with the insignia of the pawnbroker. You will, I trust, in future, abstain from coupling my name with circumstances of the truth of which you appear alike ignorant and unmindful.

'I remain, yours,

'SLAP.

'P. S. You are pleased to ask, when will my wild oats be sown? To this I make answer, — about the time that your hemp will be up.'"

"That *is* splendid!" exclaimed Cramlington, "he 'll not forget that, I think."

"The scoundrel!" cried Slap, "I 'll have his ears off — I 'll have his ears in spirits of wine to show my friends — I *will!*"

"Serve him right — serve him right, d—n me!" added Cramlington with some hesitation; for it almost seemed that he considered the oath as the exclusive property of his lordship, and therefore rarely indulged himself with it in the presence of the peer.

"But you must be with us to-night, Cram; such fun! Must carry off Billy Pitt," cried Slap.

"What Billy Pitt? Any rascally editor of that name, eh?" inquired Cramlington.

"Editor! D—n all editors! I mean, Billy Pitt, the minister, out of Hanover-square," answered his lordship.

"What! the statue — carry off the statue?" and Cramlington stared at the boldness of the idea.

"To be sure; tired of street-door knockers and pump-handles; they 're small game, d—n me! and make no noise now. But to carry off Billy Pitt — that will make something of a stir, I think," exclaimed Slap, big with the enterprise.

"But it can 't be done, my dear Slap," said Cramlington timidly.

"Can 't it! I 've engaged fifty fine fellows — such splendid rascals — and, ha! ha! I say, Cram, how the tabbies will stare when they get up in the morning and find Pitt walked away — discover the 'heaven-born minister' removed — oh! what glorious fun," and the senator was in ecstacies at his anticipated triumph. "Well, Cram, you must be one of us."

"My dear Slap, I should have no objection, but the fact is, the freak involves politics; you know, I swear by Pitt, and" —

"Oh, d—n it! there 's no politics in the business, none at all; I intend to prove that there 's no politics in the matter," said Slap.

"How, my dear Slap, can you disabuse the public mind of the prejudice? They 'll set down what you mean merely to be a joke, as a conspiracy of the disaffected," observed Cramlington, with more than his usual acuteness.

"I 've provided against that; and I tell you how. To-night we shall carry off Pitt from Hanover-square; well, to-morrow, we shall remove Canning from Palace Yard, and the night after, we intend to steal old Cart-

wright from Burton Crescent. Eh? Ha! ha!" and his lordship roared with delight.

"Why, you're not serious, my dear Slap?" asked Cramlington.

"Don t' you perceive," said the peer, "as we favour no party, we shall triumphantly assert our independence?"

"Carry off three statues! All London will be in an uproar. Three statues — and where will you put 'em?"

"All settled, I tell you: I've hired two stables and a cow-house to receive 'em. What fun, eh? Never was such fun!"

"But I'm very much afraid, my dear Slap, that — hang it! the authorities as they call themselves know nothing of real humour — that you may get yourself into an ugly scrape. It's one thing to run away with a cobbler's knocker, and another to make off with two prime ministers," said the cautious Cramlington.

"That's it," exclaimed Slap — "there's the fun. The thing has never yet been attempted; 't will be the greatest thing of the day. Tom Rumpus will be of the party, and Blow, he's only gone to Bath to bury his aunt, he 'll be back in time for the sport. You know my friendship for you, Cram? I wouldn't let you out of the party, no — d—n me! not for any money."

And Cramlington shook lord Slap's hand, swearing that he should never, to his dying day, forget the senator's kindness. "Really, my dear Slap, your con-

descension overpowers me! That I, a mere commoner, should be thus admitted to your most private recreations," —

"Don't mention it," cried his liberal lordship. "True genius levels all distinctions; and never — never can I forget the cool courage with which, while I tossed with the mutton-pie man, you laid the train of gunpowder under his very nose, and blew him" —

"Oh, a trifle — not worth naming, my dear lord — quite a trifle," cried the modest Cramlington.

"Trifles show the man, Cram," said the peer; "from that very night, I was convinced you were destined for great things, d—n me. Therefore, you must join us with the statues! Look at the glory — look at the fun! There 'll be a proclamation out — hundred pounds reward — oh, what real wit!

"A thought has struck me," exclaimed Cramlington, "a brilliant thought, my lord. The thing will make just as much noise, and isn't attended with half the danger; listen, my lord."

"Hum! d—n me! 'fraid there 's no fun in what you 're going to say; however, go on," said the peer.

"You know the statue of the venerable George the Third — the statue on horseback?" asked Cramlington.

"Cockspur-street — the old farmer with his hat off?" said lord Slap carelessly.

"The same, my lord. In meditating upon the statue of that good and great man" —

"That 's right," said Slap, interrupting his friend,

"I like a spirit of loyalty — too little of it in this d——d levelling age."

"In contemplating the statue," repeated Cramlington, pleased with the eulogy of the peer, "of that good, great, and temperate man — of that enlightened legislator, and staunch supporter of the established church, — has your lordship never been struck with his pig-tail?"

"Infant poker? — Yes."

"Well, then, my lord, I propose — at all events to begin with — that instead of carrying away William Pitt, we saw off by way of instalment the pig-tail of George the Third."

"No, no," cried lord Slap, "it's disrespectful; don't mind removing a minister or two into a cow-house, but d—n it! won't touch a copper hair of the pig-tail of sacred majesty. Like wit — but d—n disaffection!"

"I applaud your principles, my lord — they do honour to your heart and head," exclaimed Cramlington.

"Have sworn to defend the prerogative of the crown," cried lord Slap, kindling with generous ardour, "and look upon that pig-tail as one of the sacred institutions of my country. Like a harmless frolic, but d—n treason!" and lord Slap, to the astonishment of the commoner Cramlington, assumed all the severe dignity of an hereditary senator. "Cramlington," said lord Slap, with touching gravity, "if we are to remain friends, not a word, not a syllable on the removal of

that queue. I would shed the last drop of my best heart's blood in defence of that institutional pig-tail."

"No man can suspect my principles, my lord," said Cramlington, affected by the earnestness of the peer. "When I proposed to saw off the pig-tail of his majesty, I hope that you will do me the justice to believe that to the statue itself I intended nothing personal."

"I know that — never doubted your principles, Cram, but your wit, your capital keen wit," —

"My dear lord," simpered Cramlington.

"So apt to run away with you. However, come with me to my rooms — now, I'll not be denied — all the lads are there."

"I'll follow you — upon my honour," said Cramlington.

"Won't leave you — won't, d—n me!" cried the peer; and Cramlington, finding the nobleman determined, hurriedly dressed himself, and having given Applejohn the strictest orders to attend to the comforts of the spaniel, was about to depart with his lordship. "Oh!" cried Cramlington, "has any one been here, John?"

"Your tailor, Sir," said the domestic.

"My tailor! My tailor — impossible!" cried Cramlington, and he rolled his eyes.

"I beg your pardon then, Sir," said John, "he mayn't be your tradesman, but as I heard he is a tailor, I thought that perhaps, Mr. Zweifler," — .

"Who?" shouted Cramlington, turning pale as paper.

"Mr. Zweifler, Sir, he has been here, and" —

"What! do you employ that old German rascal?" asked lord Slap of his astonished friend.

"I — I have known him for — for," and Cramlington turned to his servant — "who — who did he ask for?"

"He asked for — for my master," replied John.

"Aye, for Mr. Cramlington?"

"Yes, Sir, I think he asked for you by name; but he seemed very odd and passionate, Sir," said Applejohn.

"Upon my soul, d—n me! I do wonder, Cramlington, that you employ such an old scoundrel; but if the miscreant's pressing, we must give him a hint to mend his behaviour: yes, we must set his house on fire, or play him some such practical joke," said lord Slap, and placing his sound arm in the arm of the confused Cramlington, the nobleman led the commoner away to meet a few of the midnight spirits of the age, to whom with little ceremony we introuduce the reader.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Slap and his friend were received with a shout by four gentlemen assembled at the lodgings of the peer, whose arrival was the signal to serve dinner. "Slap," cried one of the party, whose bold, handsome countenance was not entirely disfigured by a severe bruise, and several cuts, "Slap, my dear fellow, permit me to introduce my young friend Plucky, one of the

oldest families in Devonshire, — a gentleman who will be an honour to our society."

"The introduction of my dear friend Rumpus," said lord Slap, bowing to the new-comer, a sickly-looking boy of nineteen, "is a guarantee of all the amiable and excellent qualities of a gentleman."

"I trust, my lord," cried young Plucky, in a chirping voice, "that is, I hope to deserve the eulogies of my valuable friend, the Hon. Tom Rumpus."

"No doubt, Sir — no doubt, d—n me!" said Slap. — "Come lads; let us feed, and then to business."

"Ha! ha! my dear Slap — you are the most exquisite fellow — it is the best joke I ever heard," exclaimed Rumpus at the latter end of the meal.

"What, Rowdow? you 've let the cat out of the bag, eh? d—n it! couldn't keep the secret, eh?" and lord Slap shook his head reproachfully at lord Rowdow, who, seeming to taste every word ere he uttered it, slowly excused himself on the score that "he knew Slap wouldn't mind the affair being whispered to Tom Rumpus."

"Yes — yes — that's how a man's brightest ideas sometimes miss fire. We should look very small now, if we were to find Billy Pitt put under the protection of five hundred of the police," said Slap.

"'T would be devilish annoying," said Rumpus, "but there 's no fear of that. It is the best idea since the carrying off the three balls from the pawnbroker, and hanging them at" —

"By-the-bye, gentlemen, have you seen what that

scoundrel editor says of the transaction? Have you seen how the miscreant garbles the business?" asked lord Slap. "I 've written to the ragamuffin."

"Upon my life, you 're wrong — you are, indeed, Slap," said the Hon. Tom Rumpus; "I'd treat such vagabonds with silent contempt — or, if they came in my way, with a horsewhip."

"I shall be very happy," cried young Plucky, "very happy, indeed, my dear lord Slap, if you contemplate horsewhipping any body, to go and hold the door, while you lay into the ruffian."

"Sir — d — n me! — eternally obliged to you, Mr. Plucky. A little wine, Sir?" and lord Slap pledged his new friend.

"But, seriously, Slap," said Rowdow, "I would not write to the papers."

"No, after all," observed Cramlington, "it's low."

"It 's not only low," said Mr. Smasherton, the last of the four, "but it 's impolitic; it makes the scoundrels so devilish conceited; it makes them crow about — what do they call it? — yes public opinion, — I think that 's the slang phrase. Public opinion! ha! ha!"

"What is it made of?" asked young Plucky, "public opinion! how is it manufactured?"

"That' s a devilish droll question, Plucky. Yes, I should like to have it analysed; it wouldn't be bad sport to separate the component parts of public opinion," observed lord Slap, and all the party roared with laughter at the suggestion.

"Let's indulge in a little chemistry," said the Hon. Tom Rumpus, "let's analyse it; let us suppose this champagne so much public opinion, and all of us, chemists as we are, declare what we find in it."

"Bravo!" cried the party, and every man filled his glass. "Do you begin, professor Rumpus," said lord Slap.

"Aye, do," exclaimed Cramlington; "do, Tom, and as I have said, that is, as Mr. Pope has said —

'Catch the living sparkles as they rise.'

Now, Tom, what do you see?"

The Hon. Tom Rumpus, held a glass of champagne to his observing eye, and thus gravely characterised

"The beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

"Now, genlemen, this fluid is called public opinion — it has been denominated the wine of life, the thing by which we move, and breathe, and all that; there," and Tom looked closely at the air bubbles, — "there go a crew of shirtless editors — ha! — they're up and out, before you can count 'em."

"I see a mob of 'unwashed artificers,'" said Rowdow, looking steadily in his glass, "and now, where the devil are they?"

"There go my tailors!" exclaimed young Plucky, as the bubbles rose and burst.

"Yes, I should think your tailors break sooner than any other," said Smasherton, and the intended joke was loudly applauded.

"I think — I think," cried Cramlington, staring curiously at the glass, "yes, I'm almost sure I've caught hold of my washerwoman."

"And there's my bootmaker," exclaimed lord Slap — "and there's — eh? — how d — d muddy this wine is!"

"All public opinion, my dear fellow," cried Tom Rumpus; "the greatest part of it to be got only from the dregs: so, gentlemen, let us have done with our practical chemistry. We've analysed opinion, and find it composed of scoundrel editors — a man's own tradesmen — and muck in general."

"And now to business," exclaimed lord Slap. "I've hired the men — all the tackle's in order — and you are all determined upon the removal of the minister?"

"Have you secured him a retreat?" asked Rumpus. "Where is he to be laid by?"

"Never fear me, lads; I've hired a splendid shed for the prime minister. What glorious fun, eh? what sport 't will make! I say, boys, if there's a public meeting on the matter, we must all go and speak; we must all express our indignation at the miscreants, eh? ha! ha! what fun!" again cried lord Slap.

"Great pity you hav'n't room for the bronze in your museum, Slap," said Rumpus.

"Has lord Slap a museum?" inquired young Plucky.

"Have I a museum!" exclaimed lord Slap, "look about you Plucky — not such another collection in

the kingdom. But I'll show you a few of the specimens."

"Why the divil, Slap," observed Smasherton, "why don't you have a catalogue for visitors?"

"D—n it! I would, — but the fact is, I hate the trouble of literary composition."

"But what, my dear lord Slap," and young Plucky looked wonderingly about him, "what are the articles in your museum?"

"Look there; lot the first," and lord Slap pointed to a corner.

"Lot!" exclaimed Plucky, "why, my dear lord, they're pump-handles."

"Ten; brought away the tenth — St. George's — last night. Every thing in my collection, my dear Plucky, is the fruit of hard conquest; no d—d presentations. I only want two more handles to make the set complete. However, I have a weightier business in hand just now; I have first to secure two of the principal ministers, and the pump-handles will follow. Ha! Rumpus, do you see that one?" and lord Slap pointed to one of the ten hydraulic instruments. "That's St. Giles. Don't you recollect, — the scoundrel policeman had his bludgeon raised at my temple, when you bent that bit of iron over his skull, and we got off? Should have been killed but for that — never, never, my dear Rumpus, do I look at that pump-handle without thinking of you. Ten of 'em, Plucky! isn't it fun?"

"I had no idea," said Plucky — "capital."

"Look here — number two," said lord Slap, exhibiting a huge bronze knocker.

"Is that an interesting relic?" asked Plucky.

"Very; wouldn't take any money for it. This knocker was the property of the late William Wilberforce — had a great respect for the man; — watched three nights to wrench off his knocker."

"What is this?" inquired Plucky, reading a label attached to number three, "what is this — '*A trifle from Fulham?*'"

"That is," said lord Slap, "the bell-pull from the gate of the Bishop of London: and there you see number four — for I'm above bigotry of all kind — is the scraper of Doctor Chalmers. But there's nothing here; come into this room" — and lord Slap conducted Plucky into an inner chamber, filled with the richest and most curious midnight spoils. Rumpus, Cramlington, and others followed.

"What is this — a Highlander?" asked Plucky, staring at a painted image, the size of life.

"Yes; carried him off from the door of a snuff-shop. I say, Smasherton, you recollect that night — you'd two ribs snapped — capital fun, wasn't it?" cried lord Slap.

"A stout, stalwart fellow," exclaimed Plucky, admiring the kilted effigy.

"Said to be like Sir Luke Noodle, before he was breeched — that's why I keep it. Great respect for Sir Luke — talks more and says less than any man on the bench," observed Slap.

"And what are these, my dear Slap, — door-plates?" asked Plucky.

"Eight-and-thirty of 'em — only two more, you know, Rumpus, and I win my wager," said Slap.

"What wager is that, my dear lord?" inquired Cramlington.

"Why, I 've laid Slap a fifty that he doesn't carry off forty door-plates with the name of 'Smith' upon 'em in three months; and I 'm very much inclined to fear that I have made an ass of myself; to be sure, there 's only a fortnight left of the time," said Rumpus.

"Don't flatter yourself, Tom," cried lord Slap; "I 've already marked out six — but at present all my thoughts are absorbed by the prime minister. I say," and Slap pointed to half-a-dozen police lanterns, "do you recollect the night we fought for these? — what fun!"

"Wasn't that the night we sent seventy accoucheurs to the Lord Chancellor?" asked Rowdow.

"Yes" answered Smasherton, "and the monthly nurses to the Attorney-General. Glorious wit!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Plucky, "what — what have we here?"

"Ha! that *was* fun. Tom Rumpus was terribly drunk, when luckily we met some fellows carrying home this new coffin — we thrashed 'em soundly — such wit! — took away the commodity, brought Tom home in it, and here it is. The undertakers had to go back and manufacture another article. Great fun," cried Slap.

"By-the-bye," said Smasherton, "this reminds me of bad news. I forgot to tell you."

"What's the matter?" exclaimed two or three of the party.

"Blow can't be with us in our attack on the minister. He's at Bath, you know, and they won't bury his aunt until Wednesday."

"Shameful," cried Slap, "never mind — must do without him."

"What, my dear lord Slap, what is that collection of curious caps and —"

"Ha! Plucky — there isn't such another collection as that in the possession of any other nobleman in the world. What do you think they are? They are the hats, caps, bonnets, or call them what you will, of all the watchmen of Europe," answered his lordship.

"You don't mean it, Slap?" cried Plucky.

"Taken with my own hands, my dear Plucky — taken in hard fight. I intend to make another tour for the coats, — such fun! — I'll have the whole costume before I've done, from the common dress of an English policeman to the holiday suit of a janissary. That's what I call real fun — true humour — glorious wit."

"You *have* travelled then, my dear lord?" asked Plucky, deferentially.

"Have travelled! I'll show you that I have in a minute — here, never mind the rest of the museum now," and lord Slap quitted the room wherein were five hundred articles, among which might be found

knockers, scrapers, barbers' poles, black dolls, dairy-signs of cows, golden boots, and other domestic instruments, and familiar types of commerce. "You ask me if I have travelled, eh? Here, Mameluke," and Slap called to his servant, "hand me my nose-bag."

"Your nose-bag, my dear lord!" exclaimed the astonished Plucky. "A peer's nose-bag!"

"Here it is," cried the noble lord, as his servant handed to him a tolerably large velvet bag, crammed with apparently some weighty substance. "Now, Plucky, lad, you ask me if I have travelled? I 'll just trouble you to cast your eyes over these," and with a word the peer emptied the bag of its contents, which fell in a rattling shower upon the table.

"Stones!" shouted Plucky, jumping at the sound.

"Look at 'em; they are stones — but look at 'em," cried his lordship.

Young Plucky picked up the stones, one by one, and having minutely examined a dozen of them, exclaimed — "Good heavens! my lord — why, they 're noses."

"Every one of 'em — warrant 'em all noses," cried lord Slap; "noses of both genders and of all shapes, from the nose of Diana to the snout of Pan. That 's fun, if you like. A hundred noses! And now, I think, Plucky, you 'll not ask me again if I have travelled."

"Really, my lord, I 'm very dull — I don't apprehend; I don't see the connexion of your travels with these noses," said Plucky.

"Don't you? well then, permit me to illumine you, Mr. Plucky; and to assure you upon the honour of a nobleman, whose whole life he is proud to say has been spent in pursuit of the humorous, that these noses are from the most eminent galleries and gardens of the most superb cities of Europe."

"Copies?" asked Plucky.

"Copies be d—d! I chipped them all off the original statues, with my own fingers, my own hammer, and my own chisel," said the peer. "But now to business, I'm resolved to-night to pull down the minister."

"I think we had better wait for Blow," was the counsel of Smasherton, "you know Blow's a host. Now, our young friend, Plucky, has a motion."

"I have a motion, my lord," said young Plucky. "My lord, I observe in the public prints of this morning, that there are three remarkably fine tigers for sale, newly arrived in the East India Docks. Now my lord, as fun — glorious fun — is, as I understand, the object of this society, I humbly propose that these tigers be purchased, and on any evening that shall hereafter be determined upon, conveyed in a coach or caravan to the doors of the Opera-House, and there be suffered to escape among the people as they are about quietly to depart for their homes and their beds."

A burst of applause honoured the motion of young Mr. Plucky; and the epithets, "glorious fellow" —

"splendid wit" — "first-rate humourist" — were liberally bestowed upon him.

"D—n me!" exclaimed lord Slap, "there 's something in it. How many tigers — three?"

"Just the number," said Rowdow; "one for boxes — one for pit — and one for gallery. I shall vote for the tigers — decidedly."

"Still, I — I would suggest, as an amendment, that the experiment should not be made at the Opera-House — no — some of us may have friends and relations there, and — no; it might not be considered gentlemanly. I would suggest that the tigers should be taken on a holiday-night to some low play-house, and at a lucky minute let loose among the mob." Thus spoke lord Slap.

"That 's better, very considerably better," cried Smasherton.

"I am quite in your lordship's hands," said young Plucky, with commendable modesty.

"Will your lordship, then, be good enough to put the tigers?" asked the Hon. Tom Rumpus.

"A show of hands, gentlemen, for the tigers," was the order of lord Slap, and every hand was uplifted in favour of the animals.

"Now, when are the tigers to be tried?" inquired Rowdow, anxious for the sport.

"Why not to-morrow?" asked Rumpus.

"Certainly not," said lord Slap, "how do we know what condition they 're in?"

"Oh! they 're in capital health — at least so said the paper," remarked Plucky.

"Health! D—n health! don't you perceive," said Slap, "if the tigers have been well-fed, they 'll afford no sport? They 'll be no more than Newfoundland pups let loose in the mob. The only way to insure glorious fun is to get the tigers into our own possession, and keep them without an inch of meat for ten days or a week at least."

"That 's well thought of," said Smasherton. "If they 're not sharp-set, we shall throw away our money and our time."

"But, it has just struck me," remarked the milky-hearted Cramlington, "that, possibly, the tigers may do some serious mischief; that they may wound, or perhaps kill somebody."

"Nothing of the sort; they 'll not go beyond a scratch or so," said Slap. "Perhaps, take away a mouthful or two from some fat tailor, who can afford it; or, if he can't, he can advertise to have his pound of flesh back again, it being of no use to any but the owner. What would you have?" asked lord Slap.

"I would have the tigers, certainly; I would assuredly send them among the mob — one at the pit, one at the box, and one at the gallery — it will be glorious fun, and I stand to the tigers. Still —"

"Still what?" roared several voices.

"Still it would materially ease my mind if — if," and Cramlington was almost fearful of giving birth to the tenderness that laboured at his heart — "if they

were muzzled." Cramlington sank in his seat, fairly knocked down by the shout of laughter that followed his humane suggestion. "I have finished," said Cramlington, with dignity — "I say no more."

A pause ensued.

"Has any gentleman anything to suggest?" asked lord Slap. Every man seemed plunged in thought — but no one made answer. "Well, Cramlington, if you like to put your pigtail into a motion, —"

"I will," exclaimed the energetic Cramlington, and rose.

"Pigtail in a motion!" cried Rumpus.

"My lords and gentlemen," said Cramlington, "as there is apparently a great dearth of fun, and as the tigers cannot come off for some time, — that is, until they 're properly starved, — I have to make a motion." Whereupon, Mr. Cramlington moved that the pigtail of the statue of George the Third — all for the sake of glorious fun — should be cut off that night, and, neatly enveloped in silver paper, be sent to the court barber.

"Does anybody second the motion? — d—n me!" asked lord Slap, looking at the serious faces of the party.

Wits as they were, there was no man of the *knot* found so reckless in his principles.

The motion was consequently lost.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOHN returned from his meeting with Mr. Bub to his master's chambers, where he waited the uncertain coming of the libertine Cramlington. "I shall be very glad when he marries," thought John, as, at about three in the morning, he was roused from slumber by a clamour in the street. Applejohn opened the door, and in rushed his master, followed by lord Slap, Plucky, and the Hon. Tom Rumpus.

"Glorious fun!" cried his lordship, "think I've smashed that fellow's jaw," said the peer, sinking in a chair, and taking a lady's bonnet from his head.

"Did you hear the scoundrel inquire of me," asked young Plucky, "what right I had to kiss his wife?"

"D—d insolent ruffian!" said the Hon. Tom Rumpus. "If I'd been you, I'd have set him on the spikes of the railings and then have turned him round."

"It would have served him quite right — but if I hav'n't caught the animal, I 've carried off the skin," and young Mr. Plucky produced a fur tippet from his coat-pocket.

"Gentlemen, — I — upon my word — you know, these people have no idea of real fun! If they were to proceed against us for a robbery," suggested Cramlington.

"There'd be fun!" cried lord Slap. "I say, Cram, should like to see you in the prisoner's dock — with your nose snuffing the southernwood and nettles. But I say, Mr. Cramlington," and his lordship took a severe tone, "you've shown yourself rather nice to-

night; in our attack upon that old scoundrel, Zweifler — devilish lucky I thought of him as we passed the door — you hung back like a cur."

"A what, my lord, — was cur the word?" asked Cramlington, with some passion, for he felt that all the eyes of Rumpus and Plucky were upon him — "a cur, my lord!"

"I — I withdraw the cur, — but you must confess you hung fire," said the peer.

"I — the truth is, my lord, I believe that, at the bottom, old Zweifler is a tolerable fellow, and —"

"It's no matter; as you were so diffident in making a personal call, you couldn't do less than send your card."

"My card! my lord, what may I ask? —"

But the inquiry of Mr. Cramlington was broken short by a knocking at the door, and the shouting of Rowdow and Smasherton. The door was opened, when the two useful and illustrious members entered, dragging between them a remarkably diminutive and youthful-looking person, who in vain endeavoured to escape; they lifted him, despite his struggling, upon the table.

"Caught the vagabond, as he was running by the door," said Smasherton; "sure he's a thief."

"Upon my word, gentlemen, I'm not — I'm —" exclaimed the prisoner.

"Search him," cried Slap, "shouldn't wonder if he hasn't got the crown jewels in his pocket. What's your name?"

"Tape, Sir," said the trembling little fellow, "Rufus Tape."

"Great historical likeness to Colonel Blood," said Slap; "where 's the jewels, you villain?"

"I — I 'm not a thief, gentlemen; I 'm a — a — tailor — I 'm," — and the man recognised John — "Oh, Mr. Applejohn! is it you, Sir? You can answer that I 'm a tailor; you know we 've worked together in —"

"What!" exclaimed Cramlington, turning very wrathfully round upon John, "are you a tailor?"

"I — I was bred to the business, Sir," said Applejohn, "but I — I —"

"Yes, yes — there 's more to be got by a crooked nail than with an honest needle," said Tape, and Applejohn's teeth began to chatter at the insinuation of the captive.

"Silence!" cried lord Slap, "if you 're a tailor, prove your words; come, if you 're really a knight of the needle," and lord Slap broke a plate upon the head of the unfortunate little man, "sew the pieces up again."

"Gentlemen — pray, gentlemen, let me go, for my wife's sake," cried Tape.

"Your wife! Why, you miscreant," said Rowdow, "how long have you been breeched?"

"I told you I had a wife and family," cried Tape.

"Family!" said lord Slap, "well — d — n it! you a family! I shall think less of children after this. How many, you illicit ruffian?" roared lord Slap.

Rufus Tape shrank within himself, and gasped in his fear as he confessed — "Five."

"Five!" cried Plucky.

"Five," replied the father; "and I was running for the doctor for my wife, when these gentlemen — "

"The doctor! Oh! no wonder, d — n me!" said Slap; "that gentleman like us are ground to the dust by taxes, when idle ragamuffins like you bring such large families about us."

"But for such villains, I could keep my fox-hounds," said Rowdow. "And you 're a tailor, eh? Who 's your master?"

"Mr. Zweifler," said the man; "if you 'll only go to him, — "

"Better let the fellow go," was the advice of Cramlington; "he 's going for the doctor; consider his poor wife."

"Why, you atrocious wretch, that will make six children. Horrible!" cried young Plucky. "Don't let him go before he gives us pledges."

"I 'll give you anything, gentlemen; but do consider my wife," said Tape.

"Well, then, if we let you go this time," questioned lord Slap, "will you promise this honourable company never to do so any more?"

"I 'll promise anything, Sir, that a man should promise," cried the tailor.

"Man! You a man — if you dare to entertain such an opinion," and lord Slap shook Tape by the collar, who promised for the future to eschew such

conceit, if the honourable company would but suffer him to depart.

"Stop, Slap; don't let him go yet," cried Rumpus. "As all of us are in the Education Commission," and Tom winked at his friends, "it is our duty to get pledges for the new baby. Now, Mr. Tape; if you should be blessed with a son, will you give us your solemn word not to make the child a member of parliament?"

"La! gentlemen," answered the simple Tape, "I hope to bring the child up to some honest trade, I shouldn't think of anything else."

"Will you promise not to compel the boy to be a general officer?" asked Rowdow.

"Or a lord chancellor?" said Plucky.

"Or an archbishop?" required Slap.

"He shall be nothing, if you 'll let me go, gentlemen," said Tape.

"No tailor can promise more," said Smasherton; "let him go."

"Stop," cried Rumpus, "if you 're a true tailor, you have a needle about you; so, without another word, write us the promise in your blood."

"I — I can't write, gentlemen. Oh! my poor wife," and the wretched little man lifted up his hands entreatingly.

"Vanish, then!" cried Slap; "but mind, you outlawed rascal, mind, you never do so again." A way was made for the tailor to the door, and with the agility of a grasshopper the little man skipped from

his tormentors, all of whom save Cramlington roared loudly at the adventure. "There, now," exclaimed Slap, "if that isn't wit, I don't know what wit is."

"Well, what 's to be done now?" asked Rumpus. "Why, Cram, you look as lively as old Laocoon."

"Do you know," said Plucky, "I 'm afraid that we have unconsciously given pain to one of Mr. Cramlington's relations."

"My relation, Sir?" asked Cramlington, stammering, and blushing.

"Yes; to Mr. Rufus Tape: I 'm sure he must have been a younger brother at least, you seem so devilishly affected."

"Mr. Plucky," cried Cramlington, his eyes flashing fire, "we are comparatively strangers, — still, Sir, permit me to hope that you do not wish to insult me. You do not really mean to insinuate that I 'm any relation to that —"

"Ha! ha! Why, really, Mr. Cramlington," said Plucky, "I did but joke — I — of course, I should as soon think you the son and heir of a darning needle." Mr. Cramlington instantly seized Mr. Plucky's hand, pressing it with great warmth of feeling. "But what makes you, Cram, so very bilious in your mirth?"

"Why, the truth is," said Slap, "poor Cram 's in love."

"Now, my lord — my dear lord," cried Cramlington, "I — there are sacred subjects, my lord."

"To be sure; talking of sacred subjects," said his

lordship, "I have that old rascal's door-plate in my pocket — there, Cram, it 's at your service," and lord Slap flung a brass-plate, with "*Zweifler*" on it, upon the table. "Bet a hundred I wrench off door-plate or knocker with any born gentleman in the kingdom."

"Really, my lord," said Cramlington, "I hope we 're not going too far: I trust that in these attacks on private property —"

"Private property! D — n it! if you 're getting sentimental," cried his lordship, "I 've done with you. Come, gentlemen — another turn, and then soberly to bed at four. Farewell, Cram, — I suppose you 'll stop at home and take gruel to-night?"

"I am not very well, my lord — if you could do without me," and Cramlington looked imploringly.

"We 'll try — come gentlemen;" and Slap having donned a hat, the property of Cramlington, quitted the chamber, followed by his sprightly companions, who, we regret to state, did not couple the name of their domestic friend with the most respectful epithets.

"Not thorough-bred, I should say," observed young Plucky, "no, under-bred, depend upon it — as I 'm a gentleman, under-bred."

Mr. Cramlington sat in a pensive mood, with his eye upon Zweifler's violated door-plate. At length, he condescended to address his servant. "I — I don't think this proceeding quite right. What do you think, John?"

"Why, Sir, in a poor man I should call it highway-

robbery; as it is, Sir, I can't give an opinion. Only this, Sir: I would advise you not to let the property be found on the premises. Pray, Sir, will you allow me to ask you a question?" Cramlington bowed. "How long may it be before you think of getting married? I wouldn't leave you for the world, Sir; but, really lord Slap puts a poor man's character quite at stake."

"You are right, John; I ought to marry: I have seen enough of society — had enough to do with titled men. After all, what is there in a title? For as I said, in a song I wrote when quite a boy, —

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for all that.'"

"Oh! that's capital, Sir — that's really capital! I do think, Sir, if you would but talk a little of your poetry to lord Slap and his friends, 't would do 'em some good."

Cramlington shook his head, and with a languid smile, said, "I fear not, John — I fear not." And Mr. Cramlington never did bestow a line upon his high companions.

"But it's getting late, John; good night," and Cramlington rose to retire to his bed: he paused, and, putting his hand to his forehead, said — "Tut! the lines have escaped me; they were in a tragedy I once wrote, but I left the manuscript in a hackney-coach."

"Bless my heart, Sir," cried John, shocked at the loss, "and did you offer no reward for it?"

"'T wasn't worth the trouble. Now, I have it — but I do believe they're the only lines I can remember

out of the whole play. Let me see," and Cramlington, extending his right arm, and grasping his black artificial locks with his left hand, to the passing fear of Applejohn, bellowed thus —

> "'T is now the very witching time of night;
> When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
> Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
> And do such business as the bitter day
> Would quake to' " —

"For goodness' sake! Sir," exclaimed John, frightened by the terrible purpose of the poet.

"Don't be alarmed, John; I forget the rest — but they're strong ar'n't they?" asked the bard.

"Shockingly strong, Sir," said Applejohn, "and you left the written book in a hackney-coach, Sir, — had you no copy, Sir?"

"Hang it! no — it's gone, and it's no use grieving about it: still I do think, if I had had that tragedy acted, it might have done something; to be sure, we are never proper judges of our own works, yet I do think that little play one of the neatest things I ever wrote."

"What was it called, Sir?" asked John.

"I never gave it a title," answered the unfortunate poet.

"How unlucky! That made it more difficult to come at — how very unlucky," repeated John.

"Good night, John — good — ha! — a couplet has just hopped into my head — and isn't bad for a sudden thought —

> 'To both of us a fair good night,
> And rosy dreams, and slumbers light.' "

"Beautiful!" exclaimed John.

"Tolerable, for a sudden thought," said the retiring poet.

CHAPTER XV.

EARLY next morning, as Mr. Cramlington sat at breakfast, he was alarmed by a knock at the door. "If it should be Mr. Zweifler for his door-plate," cried John.

"Booby," said his master, dropping an egg-cup at the words, and turning very pale, "booby — how should he know it was here?"

"That 's true, Sir;" replied John, "see what a thing is conscience." Another knock. "Still, Sir, if it should be Mr. Zweifler for you."

"I 'm not at home, John," and young Cramlington ran like a startled hare into his bed-room, and closed the door, which he was heard to bolt and lock. Again the knocker sounded, and John's heart sank at the summons. How could he think of confronting the terrible looks of the old tailor! John stared in vain around him for the friendly wig: there was no help for it; he must, in his natural hair, appear before the man who had caught him with the crooked nail 'twixt thumb and finger. Another knock — and John, in desperation, opened the door. He trembled, and slowly raised his eyes to meet, as he feared, the burning glances of a furious old tailor, when he beheld the smiling, shining face of a damsel of about

two-and-twenty; who, simpering at the confusion of John, held towards him a curiously folded piece of paper, and saying, "For Mr. Cramlington," dropt the note at John's feet, and ran away. John stared awhile about him — thought of Sarah Twopenny, sighed, picked up the note, and, walking to the bedroom door, rapped, and, to the great relief of the prisoner within, said — "You may come out, Sir."

"Who was it?" asked Cramlington, rejoiced at his liberty.

"A letter, Sir; a young woman brought it — she flung it down, and ran away," answered John.

"Why the devil didn't you stop her? Why did you let her run? — Now, what a deal of misery or joy, John," said Cramlington, sighing and looking interesting, and turning the note in his fingers, "may be contained in a little piece of paper! As I have said in an epistle of mine — humph! I forget, but 't was a translation from the Latin of a nun, Heloisa — it was something about letters, but no matter." Mr. Cramlington opened the note, and his face beamed with sudden happiness. He sat down, and smiling placidly at Applejohn, said — "John, my time is come."

"Dear me, Sir! what do you mean?" asked the anxious domestic.

"Get my trunks in order — my time is come. I shall carry off my lovely Caroline to night: this note — this precious note — is 't not," — and Cramling-

ton again folded the note, and flourished it to and fro — "is 't not like the wing of Cupid?"

"Why, Sir, if I must say, I think it 's more like a cocked hat," said John.

"John, you want imagination; you want a part of that extraordinary faculty of which I possess so much — which makes everything out of nothing; which finds" —

"Talking of finding, Sir," said John, interrupting his master, "I only wish you could find that tragedy you left in the hackney-coach."

"Pooh! 't isn't worth thinking of," said Cramlington.

"Do you know, Sir, I 've done nothing but dream about it all night? That bit, Sir, where you make the 'churchyard yawn,' and the 'hot blood,' — that 's terribly fine."

"Nothing to what I have done; however, let my trunk be in readiness — my coat, cloak, and everything for a journey for a day or two. I shall be back at six, and then you must be prepared to attend me. First I must in person — give me my wig, John — fly to my darling Caroline. My wig, John."

John with reluctant step, retired for the raven wig and whiskers: returned with them, he stood looking pensively at his master.

"What 's the fellow staring at?" said Cramlington, "give me the wig."

"I wouldn't do it, Sir, if I was you," said John, still holding back the jetty decoration.

"Wouldn't do what?"

"Why, Sir, as it comes so near, I'd throw off disguise, and go to the lady in my true colours. For instance, Sir, if the lady don't like a fair man, see what a wretched house you'll have after you marry. I'd give up the black, Sir," said Applejohn, "I would indeed."

"John, you're a fool, and know nothing of the sex; they love us the better for cheating 'em — they do, indeed. Though — hang 'em! — we are no match for 'em; no, they beat us hollow. As I have said in a little song of mine, in an opera that may come out some day, for I've been so busy of late, I've not had time to do the music — in that little song, I remember, I — the air is rather pretty and all my own, it goes much in this way;" whereupon, Mr. Cramlington chirped forth —

"'T is woman that seduces all mankind,
By her we first are taught th' invelgling arts,
Her very eyes can cheat when most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with our hearts."

"It 's too true, Sir," said Applejohn sighing. Cramlington encouraged, proceeded in a louder voice —

"For her like wolves by night we prowl for prey,
And practise ev'ry fraud to bribe her charms,
For suits of love like law, are earn'd by pay,
And beauty must be feed into our arms."

"I'm afraid it's too true," said Applejohn. —

"'And beauty must be feed into our arms,'"

sang Cramlington, and catching his face in the glass, he stuck his hat upon his head, flung up his arm,

and again repeating the shameful libel on the disinterestedness of the adorable sex, the singer quitted his chamber for the street.

"I've tought too well of 'em, all my life," mused Applejohn left to himself; "if I'd been a rascal, what a happy fellow I might have been!" John, however, made all possible haste to fulfil the orders of his master; everything was speedily prepared, and John waited anxiously for the arrival of the poet and musician, though not without trembling at every sound, lest old Zweifler should again appear. Six o'clock came, and brought back Cramlington; he was in a very flutter of delight. Entering the room, he exclaimed —

> "'Blest as the immortal gods is he —
> The youth who fondly sits by thee!'

In three hours more — a short three hours, and we shall be galloping to the altar — I shall call her mine — is my trunk ready? All her charms — my great coat? her warm, devoted heart — mind my comforter. Her blushing face — her — her — if, now, I could subdue myself for five minutes, I feel that I could write the most beautiful bit of verse — I" —

"Here's pen, ink, and paper, Sir," said Applejohn.

Mr. Cramlington sat down, and taking the goose-quill between his thumb and finger, brushed his black locks back, and looked either inspired or hungry. He then applied three fingers of his left hand just over the top of his nose — frowned — looked at the carpet — again stared at the paper — and rising, put down

the pen, with these remarkable words — "It 's no matter."

"Won't you write anything, Sir?" asked the disappointed Applejohn.

"I 'll throw off an ode in the carriage; there isn't time, now," said the poet. "I must dress for the theatre — we must be there at seven."

"What! Sir — do you go to the playhouse first?" inquired John.

"That 's part of the plot, John; part of the plot. The post-chaise will be waiting for us at the end of the street; Caroline will be taken with a sudden faintness at the conclusion of the first act; indeed, she 'll be so very ill, that she 'll be obliged to go home immediately."

"Dear me! Sir — I hope not," cried John, "for in that case" —

"Simpleton! In that case, I shall insist upon seeing her home, leaving her respected uncle and aunt in the boxes — her sister Maria is in the plot — then we jump into the coach, and —"

"I see it now," observed John with extraordinary sagacity. "Then you 'll carry her off and marry her?"

"Nothing less, as I 'm a gentleman: there 'll be a pretty stir, i' faith — a very pretty stir! Shouldn't wonder if some of the cousins want to shoot me; but no matter, as I 've said in one of my unprinted works —

'Come what will, I have been bless'd!'"

"Why, yes, Sir; and once done, they can't unmarry you," said John, "that *is* a comfort."

"Sometimes," observed Cramlington; "but, quick, John — we have no time to lose. Call a coach, put everything in it," —

"Do I travel with you?" asked John.

"Certainly not," was the reply of his master, who straightway gave his servant the fullest directions for the business of the night. The luggage was to be taken to a certain inn, where the post-chaise had been ordered — the trunk of Caroline had already been secretly despatched there — the post-boy knew where to wait, and John was to be at the door of the theatre, to attend the coming of the happy couple, and take further orders. We are happy to inform the reader that all these preliminaries were effected in the happiest manner. Seven o'clock was come — was past; Mr. and Mrs. Monteagle, and their lovely nieces, Caroline and Maria Monteagle, with an interesting cousin, named Frederick Ponto, new from Bombay, and the happy, exculting Henry Cramlington had passed the threshold of the Temple of the Muses — and were seated in the box — the post-boy sauntered by his ready vehicle at the end of the street, and John Applejohn kept watch beneath a portico, massive, if not very picturesque. The evening grew chilly, and John, in his exceeding tenderness for the health of his master, bethought him of a thick great coat, deposited with the luggage in the chaise: he immediately walked to

the end of the street, and was accosted by the post-boy.

"Coming?" was the brief question.

"Every minute," answered Applejohn, taking the coat from the chaise, and returning to his place of watch. He had not remained there many minutes, when he was accosted by a tall thin man.

"Why, young man, you've never come to see the elephant? Try him again to-night — ha! ha! — be damned again; glorious triumph!" Thus spoke, one Mr. Shadowly, an unpatronised and unemployed Hamlet, benevolently moved to address Applejohn. "You never came to see this trash?" asked the tall Shadowly — "Let me hope, my dear Sir, that you make no party to uphold the rhinoceros to the destruction of the true drama?"

"Certainly not, Sir," answered Applejohn, "I was waiting here for — for —"

"I thought so; I was sure from a certain intelligence of manner that" — and here the speaker grasped John's hand — "did you ever see my Hamlet?"

"Never had that pleasure," said John.

"Only wait a little — they 'll be sure to send for me — I know they will; the elephant can't go through it; they may try to thrust him down, but they must fall back upon my Hamlet. You say, you never saw it? Very well; it's all right. I am not a malicious man, thank heaven! I'm not a malicious man, or after the insults I have received from the manager, I might refuse to come forward. However, I

trust that my devotion to the true interests of the stage will render me forgetful of petty annoyances. — I — I have been three times round to the stage-door, offering my services — I have my Hamlet's dress all ready; cloak, star, sword, everything — I am now about to go for the fourth time! Yes, for the fourth, and last time, knowing that the elephant must fail, I 'll step forward to save the house from inevitable destruction. The manager shall not say, that I suffered personal feeling to destroy the real drama at the last moment. Come with me, I 'll take you behind the scenes."

"I 'm very much obliged to you — another time — but I have business, and can't at present stir from this spot," said Applejohn.

"Stay here, then; I 'll send a man round for you — for I shall be dressing for the part in five minutes, — I 'll send a man, who shall take you into the theatre, I will — upon the honour of a gentleman," was the assurance of the sanguine Mr. Shadowly, who turned from John, to offer for the fourth and last time the entire use of his Hamlet to a sinking manager. The reader, however, may judge of the spirit with which the kind, benevolent offer was received, from the fact, that in less than ten minutes Mr. Shadowly returned with huge strides to the portico, where John with the coat on his arm was still waiting. Great was the indignation in the looks of the actor! He seized Applejohn by the arm, and in a sharp, whistling voice, exclaimed —

"'— Now could I drink hot blood;
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look upon!'"

"I could," exclaimed Shadowly, glaring at the astonished Applejohn — "I could!"

"I say," said John, taking breath, "did you ever find anything in a hackney-coach?"

"Talk not to me of hackney-coaches, man," cried Shadowly, "what think you of that villain Allgag — that thief — that?" —

"Why, as for thief, Mr. — I have asked, and I hear your name's Shadowly," — and John began to put a very serious face upon the matter.

"It is, Sir; Jaffier Shadowly; but that is not now the business, it" —

"Oh! I don't know that: things come out very oddly; would you be good enough to repeat those words — those about 'hot blood?'"

"What! you like my way of speaking them? There never was man, woman, or child, who did not like my way; and yet that villain Allgag! I have this moment made to him my fourth offer, and would you believe it?" —

"Yes; but the 'hot blood?'" said Applejohn.

"Ha! you're a man of taste — I can perceive that you have the right feeling of the art," said Shadowly.

"The — the 'hot blood' — if you please," urged Applejohn.

"But, never mind; you shall see me play the whole part — you shall; and when that leprous elephant and that wretched rhinoceros are dug up centuries hence in

a fossil state, — why then, yes, even then, my Hamlet," —

"I beg your pardon, but I insist upon hearing those words again," pressed John, "I must hear them."

"I admire your enthusiasm, young man: it is complimentary — I feel it to be so. Yes, don't be impatient; the words are," — John appeared to listen with the deepest attention — "the words are —

"'— Now could I drink hot blood;
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look upon!'"

"And you 'll mean to tell me, Mr. Shadowly," said John, becoming excited, you 'll mean to tell me, you 've never been in a hackney-coach?"

"Often — what has that to do with Hamlet?" asked Shadowly.

"I mean — you know very well what I mean — that you never found anything in a hackney-coach? Now, consider; and confess the truth."

"Found anything in a hackney-coach!" exclaimed Shadowly.

"If you 'll give up the property at once, I 'll" — John was interrupted in his intended proposition by his master, who called him from the lobby; John ran in great haste to Cramlington, whom he found with a lady trembling on his arm. "Oh, Sir! you don't know what I have to tell you!" exclaimed John.

"Silence, blockhead — and call the coach — silence, I say. What have you there?" cried Cramlington.

"Your coat, Sir; — only your coat Sir; but I was going to say," —

"Fool! give it me — and away," exclaimed Cramlington, snatching the coat from his servant; when the pocket-book — carelessly left in the coat of Mr. Henry Cramlington — fell from the pocket, and was instantly picked up by a lurking thief, who immediately made from the lobby with his prize.

"Sir — Sir — stop thief! — Sir, you 've lost your pocket-book," exclaimed a stranger.

"My pocket-book!" cried Cramlington.

"Yes, Sir — I saw him — I saw it fall — I 'll catch him — stop tief!" roared Applejohn, and was running in pursuit of the offender, when Mr. Cramlington seized John by the collar.

"Let him be — stay where you are — poor wretch! — I wouldn't prosecute" — exclaimed Cramlington in sudden agitation.

"Oh, Sir! you 're too kind, Sir — stop thief! — you must, Sir, — stop thief!" roared Applejohn, and with a sudden and violent effort he disengaged himself from his compassionate master, and ran, roaring "stop thief!" after the delinquent.

"I — I — I wouldn't prosecute — it 's no matter — come, Caroline," said Cramlington, endeavouring to make his way through the crowd too quickly gathered about him.

"But, Sir — 't is a duty, Sir, you owe to society, Sir," said the stranger; "I hope the scoundrel will be caught."

"What's this, Mr. Cramlington, — robbed?" — asked Mr. Frederick Ponto, that gentleman having followed the fair Caroline from the box, resolving, despite the assurance of Maria, that her sister would soon be better, to attend the sufferer to her carriage. "Eh; Caroline — why you seem very much better?"

"Very much — very much better," said Cramlington, "this way — this way;" and the lover endeavoured to hurry his trembling charge through a crowd of people, all considerably interested in the loss of the gentleman, and the probable capture of the thief.

"Hurra! we've caught him — here he is! — bring him along!" cried twenty voices, as the robber was dragged forward.

"I caught him, Sir — nearly slipped through my fingers though!" exclaimed the almost breathless Applejohn — "but I fixed my hand in his collar, Sir — and here — here's your pocket-book, Sir!"

"Pocket-book? Ha! ha! Pocket-book! Hurra for a pocket-book!" and a roar of laughter from the mob greeted the display of the recovered property. The reader will, possibly, cease to wonder at this vulgar merriment, when informed that the pocket-book — an article apparently stuffed with bank-paper, — the valuable pocket-book of Henry Cramlington, Esq., suddenly exhibited by the trusty Applejohn, appeared no other than — a tailor's book of patterns!

Mr. Cramlington turned pale, and almost fainted;

as he stared at the damning witnesses in blue, black, grey, green, brown!

"Caroline!" said Frederick Ponto to his cousin, and offered his arm.

"Frederick!" cried the young lady, and — evidently not knowing what she did — accepted it.

"Positively, a tailor!" exclaimed Frederick — "well, I thought there was a mystery about" —

"Spare my feelings, Frederick — spare my feelings," was the entreaty of Caroline, as bewildered with shame and disappointment, she was assisted into the carriage by her cousin. (We may here as well dispose of the lady, by stating that in six weeks after the above melancholy catastrophe, she became Mrs. Ponto.)

"Oh! you infernal scoundrel!" exclaimed Cramlington.

"A wicked thief," said Applejohn, believing that his master addressed the robber.

"But I'll trounce you, I will — yes, I'll — I'll" — Cramlington was speechless with passion.

"You must prosecute him, Sir," said a police constable: "this way, Sir — this way — the office is open."

"No — no — I don't mean to prosecute — I don't" — and Cramlington sought to escape, but the constables crowding about him, declared with several respectable lookers-on, that it was a duty the gentleman owed to society to transport the thief; and thus, despite of himself, Cramlington was hurried before the

magistrate, many vulgar persons among the crowd addressing himself and the robber on the way.

"What a shame to rob a tailor!" cried one benevolent person — "I say, when will my coat be done?" inquired a second — "Button, not so short in the skirts as the last, if you please." — "Jack, what colour will you have? — 'cause, make your choice, and he'll measure you." Such were the sundry calls, gladdening the ears of the astonished Cramlington, as he was hurried to the office.

"Now, what's all this?" asked the magistrate as the constables brought in the robber, the robbed, and the witnesses. "What is this?"

"Pickpocket, your worship," answered the constable, and the features of the accused were corroborative evidence against him.

"Who has he robbed?" inquired the magistrate — "Is this the gentleman?"

"He's no gentleman," said the prisoner, who then added with the most profound contempt — "he's only a tailor."

"State your case," said the magistrate to Cramlington; who trembling and stammering, deposed that his pocket had been picked by the prisoner at the bar. "Is that your property?" inquired his worship, pointing to the pattern-book.

"It — it is," answered Cramlington, blushing to the ears.

"You are a tailor, then?" said his worship.

"I — I was a tailor; but I — I do not practise

at present — I am retired — I — I assure you, my lord, this is to me a most distressing situation; and as I understand that the prisoner at the bar" — how Mr. Cramlington became aware of the domestic fact, we know not — "is married, and has a very — very large family" —

"Gammon," said the hardened culprit, with the most offensive leer at his unwilling prosecutor.

"My good man, don't injure your cause," said the compassionate Cramlington.

"That will do, Sir — that will do; the prisoner is committed for trial," and to the horror of the unwilling complainant, he was bound over to prosecute. Mr. Cramlington was about to quit the office, when Applejohn called to him —

"Sir — Sir — don't go — there's another thief," for though John was much astonished at finding in his magnificent master only a retired tailor, he was nevertheless determined that his employer should have justice upon all his evil-doers. "Mr. Cramlington — don't go, Sir" —

"Another thief!" exclaimed the magistrate; and then in an authoritative voice to Cramlington — "come back, Sir." That gentleman turned back, and looking at John as though he could have eaten him, *cum grano salis*, anxiously awaited the event.

"Now, what is this?" asked his worship, "what's your charge?"

"If you please, your worship, there's something

very mysterious in the conduct of that gentleman there," said Applejohn.

"Mysterious! don't talk in that manner here, Sir; have you any charge to make?" asked his worship.

"If my master will let me, please your worship, I think I can get out something that may lead to the discovery of a dishonest transaction that" —

"Have you any charge to make?"

"I think I shall have, your worship. If you 'll first allow me to ask of that gentleman — it 's you, I mean, Sir," — and John addressed himself to the tall, pale Shadowly, who had come with the crowd.

"And what are you, Sir?" asked the magistrate of Shadowly.

"My name, Sir, is Jaffier Shadowly; I believe, pretty well known — despite the baseness of some parties — pretty well known, indeed, Sir."

"Have you any charge against this man?" inquired his worship of Applejohn.

"I can take my oath, Sir, to a certain fact: there may be some mistake in the matter; on the other hand, there may be robbery. Mr. Shadowly, will you just speak over those lines, you spoke to me — Mr. Cramlington, pray, Sir, attend; you 'll be astonished when you hear 'em — those lines you spoke to-night."

"Your worship," asked Mr. Shadowly, with a smile and a graceful bending of the body, "have I your permission?"

"Strange case this," said the magistrate, somewhat amused — "go on, Sir; but don't be long."

"Your worship," said Mr. Shadowly, "I am proud of the opportunity so strangely afforded me, of showing you how infamously I have been treated by the champion of that system, which has crushed the native drama of the English stage, which has" —

"Go on with your business, Sir; I can't have my time wasted with the native drama. Go on."

"I obey, Sir;" said Mr. Shadowly, preparing himself.

"Mind — the very lines," cried Applejohn.

"I know my cue without a prompter," replied Shadowly, and then, fixed in his favourite attitude, began: —

> " 'T is now the very witching time of night;
> When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
> Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood' " —

"There — there!" exclaimed Applejohn, incapable of longer silence. Mr. Shadowly threw at him an annihilating look, and repeated the words —

> " '— Now could I drink hot blood;
> And do such business as the bitter day
> Would quake to look on.' "

"There, Sir — there," cried Applejohn to his master — "isn't that enough? Won't you make a charge?"

Mr. Cramlington bit his lip, and shook his head with looks of great confusion at his well-meaning servant.

"What is all this?" inquired the magistrate.

"Why, your worship, I should like to ask Mr.

Shadowly if he didn't get that speech out of a play?" asked Applejohn.

"Out of a play!" echoed Shadowly — "why, did you never hear of the sweet Swan of Avon?"

"Never mind swans or geese neither, that 's nothing to do with the present charge," — said Applejohn. "Let me ask you one thing — it 's no use, Sir, I will speak," said John to his agonised master, "you 'd let people take the eyes out of your head, and say nothing — I only want to ask you, if you know any more of that play?"

"Your worship," said Mr. Jaffier Shadowly, with a deeper smile, a lower bow than before, "it will give me infinite pleasure to go through the whole of the part, before you — and if any gentlemen of the press are present, I hope for their liberal treatment under the circumstances. — The whole of the part, your worship, beginning with the line —

"'A little more than kin, and less than kind,'

and ending with, for I play it from the original edition —

"'Why does the drum come hither?'"

"What is this jargon about?" asked the magistrate; and then to Applejohn — "Have you any charge to make?"

"In a minute, your worship," said John. "You confess, Mr. Shadowly, that you got all that from a play?"

"Why," replied Shadowly, with a pitying smile, "why, of course."

"Then, your worship," exclaimed John with energy, "I'm prepared to swear that what he's got he hasn't got honestly: I am prepared to swear upon the information of Mr. Cramlington, that that play is my master's property."

"Your master's property!" cried the magistrate.

"My master's property," asseverated John; "he wrote it — it was never printed — and moreover he told me that he lost the written book — left it in a hackney-coach!" A shout of laughter followed this declaration.

"Pray, Sir," and the magistrate with very creditable gravity, turned to the retired tailor, Cramlington — "pray, Sir, am I to understand that I sit before the author of Hamlet?"

"Sir," replied Cramlington, quite confounded by the disasters of the night, "I trust that I am not called upon to bear the blunders of my servant. I did certainly speak of a book, a manuscript copy, left by me in a hackney-coach, and my domestic — a simple person, as you perceive, Sir — he has confused the — the — your worship must perceive the" — poor Cramlington tried to smile, and rushing from the office, dropt — "the very ludicrous mistake!"

"There never was so easy a man as my master," said John to Shadowly; "you've had a lucky escape, I can tell you; if it had been some men," —

At this moment there was a sudden noise in the passage, and immediately John, to his consternation, saw Mr. Cramlington, his respected master, dragged back

to the office by the rude hand of Carl Zweifler, followed by his diminutive journeyman, Rufus Tape.

"I have got de teef — I have got de teef — my vindow — my doorblate!" exclaimed the old tailor.

"Silence — silence! What is this?" cried the magistrate.

"I vill hang him — I never did tink to hang a man — but mein Gott! — I vill hang dis teef," and Zweifler stood with his clenched hands, and his eyes glaring like a hungry cannibal upon the unfortunate culprit, involved in the fun, the glorious fun, of his noble friends — Slap, Rowdow, and party.

"What is the charge?" said the magistrate. "Take off your hat, fellow — take off his hat, officer."

The officer with more zeal than civility struck at the hat of Cramlington, and knocking it from his head, knocked with it his superb black wig, and the bushy whiskers thereto appended. Henry Cramlington stood confessed at the bar, with bare face and flaxen locks! Old Zweifler had proceeded with the greatest vehemence — "Dis teef — dis tamn teef," when the old man turned round and staggered back — "mein Gott! de teef is mein son!"

"Your son, my good man? He seems a very tricksy, disreputable person. Well, he has robbed you, it appears? What" — added the magistrate — "what have you to say against him?"

"He is mein son!" cried the old man, and he wrung his hands — "mein own son!"

"Do you proceed against him?"

Old Zweifler drew himself up, buttoned his coat, and turning from the prisoner, said with great energy — "My heart is iron — I *do* broceed."

"What is your charge?" asked the magistrate.

"I go to ped last night — I but my head ubon my billow — dat billow, vhich he, de brisoner — Gott help me! mein own son — has stuffed with dorns. — I cannot sleeb — I — ven he was porn, he made my heart twice as pig — and now he is proken it."

"Proceed," said his worship. "Come to the charge, my good man."

"Last night — my vindows is proke — 't is not enough to preak my heart, but he preaks my vindows — my vindows is proke — and my door-blate stolen away."

"And you believe the prisoner, your son there, to be the thief? You charge him with stealing your door-plate?" Old Zweifler made no answer; and again the magistrate addressed him. "Attend to me, my good man. You charge the prisoner with stealing your door-plate?"

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the old German trembling with emotion, "mein Gott! de brisoner is mein own son — and de brisoner cannot be a teef!" and then old Zweifler threw himself round, and fell upon the neek of the accused — "Oh, Ludwig! Ludwig! vy have you proke my heart!"

"Let us go home, father," said young Zweifler.

"You say home — to my own home — mit me? To stay mit me?" cried the father.

"To stay with you — to — I 'm ashamed of myself, father — I" —

"I dank Gott! mein son is ashamed of himself! Oh, I dank Gott for dat! You hear, he is ashamed?"

"Have you no charge, my good man?" asked the magistrate.

"Charge! You hear — he is ashamed! What charge — ven he is ashamed?" cried old Zweifler, who with his son was about to quit the office, when they were met by certain officers bringing in for judgment the chivalric Plucky, and his spirited friend, Tom Rumpus. The prisoners paused at young Zweifler.

"He 's got another head certainly; but I 'm —," said Rumpus, "if it isn't his coat and waistcoat."

"He makes his own," cried a voice in the crowd.

"Mein son, mein own son, Ludwig Zweifler," exclaimed the old tailor, clapping his blushing offspring on the shoulder, and to his confusion, making him confront the contemptuous glances of his late high companions.

"A tailor! I told you, Rumpus — ha! ha! — I told you," said Plucky, "that the fellow was hatched under a goose; he showed so many white feathers."

The Hon. Tom Rumpus and Plucky were then conducted before his worship; and, by virtue of hard cash, bought the prerogative of worrying an old woman, who denounced her persecutors as "a couple of murdering villains who would'nt let a poor soul roast her apples in peace and quietness."

We have now to account for the appearance of old

Zweifler at the office. He had only that evening discovered a card-case flung through his dining-room window on the previous night by the humourous Lord Slap, who had with great skill extracted the missile from the pocket of young Cramlington; against whom the tailor had come for a warrant, when he found in the libertine of high life his own graceless flesh and blood. By means of false name, false wig, and false whiskers, the young tailor had disguised his real self; and assisted by large sums of money, which he had found very little difficulty to raise on post-obits at anything per cent., he had by degrees wriggled himself into what he believed to be the very best society; Lords Slap and Rowdow, Rumpus, Smasherton and Plucky, being the choicest members of that elevated and enlightened body. Thus, he had stumbled upon an introduction to the Mounteagles, and had every prospect of improving his acquaintance with Caroline into a secret marriage, when the stolen pattern-book revealed his plebeian self, and the half-kindled torch of Hymen was extinguished by a thimble! The book — the accursed book — by some horrible accident had been left in a coat which the unfortunate hero had worn in the business, and been added to the travelling wardrobe by the zealous Applejohn. Old Zweifler had learned that his son had been very often seen to enter the lodgings of Mr. Cramlington; and hence the appearance of the old tailor at the chambers in search of his scapegrace offspring; who, at length humbled and ashamed, returned to the shop-board, became a

tailor to the very nails, and at this moment keeps his country-house and carriage upon broad-cloth.

Ludwig Zweifler, otherwise Henry Cramlington, sleeps under the paternal roof: but where — where is John Applejohn? What was the reward of all his noble intentions? Listen: he approached his late master, who caught him by the collar, twirled him round, and — but John escaped the graver injury. He, however, gave ear to a very unequivocal recommendation never to trust himself in the presence of the speaker again. John had ruined his master — as his master then believed; yet who is bold enough to say that John did not mean well?

CHAPTER XVI.

Again was John Applejohn upon the world; again was well nigh reduced to his last pound, when loitering in the Park, gazing at the ducks, fed by happy little boys and girls, he in the melancholy idleness of his spirit wished himself one of the web-footed, well-fed animals. A well-known voice roused him to look upon the pale, sharp face of Jaffier Shadowly; grown paler, sharper, since last John saw him.

"How are you, — do you see that bird? I think that's — yes that *is* the hernshaw. Some Hamlets always say 'hand-saw' — I always keep to hernshaw. By-the-way, speaking of Hamlets, you wouldn't think it, I hav'n't come out yet. No: I hav'n't, indeed."

"I fear, Mr. Shadowly, I behaved very ill to you about that play and the story of the hackney-coach: the truth is, I 'm very much afraid my master, as he then was, didn't always speak what" —

"Never mind it — don't say a word about it. What are you doing now?" asked Shadowly.

"Nothing," said John, very mopishly.

Shadowly put his hand upon John's shoulder. "You have voice — figure — face."

"Certainly," said Applejohn.

"Then, you sha'n't starve; no —I — I have long wanted to bring up an Horatio according to my own style; just now, I have I think an offer for Hamlet — come with me." John obediently followed his friend, and after some minutes' walk eastward, Mr. Shadowly entered an alley, where he paused at a door, and said with due solemnity — "Here the agent lives."

"Agent! what for?" asked John Applejohn.

"For the true interests of the drama," answered Shadowly: "follow me."

"Stop — stop," cried John; "what is all this — agent for the drama? Does he get places for people out of work?"

"Your question, Mr. Applejohn," said Shadowly, "is put in homely phrase, but I believe it imparts the true character of Mr. Goodfellow's occupation. Follow me, and fear not."

John followed his patron, who conducted him along a dark passage, and up a very winding and very

narrow staircase. Halting at the second floor, Mr. Shadowly knocked.

"'Open locks — whoever knocks!'"

was exclaimed in sonorous tones from within. Mr. Shadowly entered the dim apartment, followed by John.

"Mr. Shadowly! The very man who" —

But let us endeavour to describe Mr. Goodfellow. In his youth he had been called a handsome man, and his face at five-and-forty put in strong claims to the compliment. His black hair was flecked with grey, but his eye was full of vivacity, and his mouth expressive of kindliness and good humour. His shirt collar was flung back over what had been a white linen jacket, edged with blue riband; he wore grey trowsers, made for him as it appeared in his more dapper days: russet shoes, with rosettes of faded scarlet worsted, were adapted to slippers. Mr. Goodfellow sat in an arm-chair, where were the remains of whitewash and Dutch metal; and with a huge book opened before him, he was evidently employed on the future fortunes of the good people who formed his levee. The agent rose to greet Mr. Shadowly, and "proud to be introduced to any friend of his," ceremoniously welcomed Mr. Applejohn.

"The very man I was thinking of, Mr. Shadowly; sit down, Sir — there, Sir; upon that throne," and Goodfellow pointed to a rush-bottomed chair, the rushes much broken. "On that throne, Sir." And this, Mr. Goodfellow delivered in a loud ringing voice, and with a manner that would have exalted even a

three-legged stool to the dignity of an arm-chair. Indeed, nothing mean and petty seemed to enter into the magnificent mind of Mr. Goodfellow. Everything with him was upon a grand scale; his alchemic tongue would turn pewter pots to gold by the very tone in which he would speak of pewter pots.

"Mr. Good fellow," began Shadowly, "I want to" —

"I beg your pardon," said the agent, with mingled sweetness and dignity — "I beg your pardon, Mr. Shadowly, but when you entered the mansion, I was engaged with Mr. Strongbow, an illustrious musician, Sir, who will by and by when he is somewhat more matured," — here, Mr. Strongbow, a little withered man of at least sixty-five, in a thread-bare brown coat, with tarnished buttons, drab breeches, and leather gaiters, bowed to the tragic actor.

It is said that babies feeling at the breast, catch the expression of their mothers. Mr. Viotti Strongbow had lived so long upon his fiddle, had for so many years hugged it to him, that his head and the head of that which fed him were alike as twins. Every bit of his visage was a piece of fiddle — and his voice was the voice of cat-gut. Mr. Strongbow bowed.

"Mr. Strongbow first," said Goodfellow. "You know, Mr. Shadowly, order is Heaven's first law." Mr. Shadowly bowed an acquiescence to the truth, and the agent turned his smiling face to the musician.

"'T wouldn't buy me rosin," said Strongbow.

"The salary, I must say it — is moderate; yes,

the remuneration is inadequate. I own it — I blush and own it," said Goodfellow.

"What could the manager mean by offering a musician such a salary?" asked Strongbow.

"The manager," replied Goodfellow, is a great reader of Roman history," —

"What of that?" inquired Strongbow.

"And therefore knows that Nero fiddled under great difficulties."

"It's no matter to me," said Strongbow, "what another musician has done. I have had my difficulties too."

"All of us, Sir — all of us," said the agent, casting up his eyes, "in this vale of tears."

"And I say, seven shillings a week, and to travel a journey of a hundred and fifty miles is — oh! it can't be done," said Strongbow. "I had rather wear a green shade — put a dog in a string, and go into the street at once."

"No, you would not, Mr. Strongbow — I know too well your love of the art — of its dignity, Sir. Seven shillings, I own it, is low: still, you must bear in mind this important fact. In the large and populous district in which the theatre lies," —

"It isn't a regular built theatre of course?" said Strongbow.

"Why," replied Goodfellow, with one of his sweetest smiles, "why, I believe the manager is bound in his lease to allow a farmer to thrash corn in it."

"Ha! I understand — oh lord!" and the musician

groaned, and if possible looked more than ever like his fiddle.

"Still, Sir, don't despond — one of the qualities of true genius is hope, Sir, hope. I was about to say that in the populous district — populous, though scattered, — there is not, I am credibly informed, although the people have an embryo passion for music, there is not a single fiddle. Hence, Mr. Strongbow, the advantage of the engagement must press itself upon you: for combining in yourself the whole of the orchestra, when private parties are afoot, you cannot possibly be injured by unprincipled competition."

"There 's something in that — still," cried Stronglow, "seven shillings."

"In the cause of music, Sir — in adoration of that immortal maid," said the agent, "I will upon my own responsibility advance a shilling, trusting to my persuasive powers — feeble though they be — to reconcile the manager to the unlooked-for augmentation."

"Eight shillings — well? But you say, it 's a village. I don't know," said the musician, "I had rather it had been a market-town."

"There you are wrong," replied the agent, "permit me to say, very wrong, indeed. Market-towns, Mr. Strongbow, are busy only on market-days; calves or corn once a week. But in villages, Sir — in villages, there is an equanimity of disposition among the inhabitants — a serenity of mind I may say, disposing them as much at one time as at another to the patronage of our art."

"I suppose, the manager wouldn't advance a fortnight's salary?" said Strongbow, gloomily.

"Really, Mr. Strongbow," answered Goodfellow, "I think I may venture upon my knowledge of that gentleman's finances to assure you, that such an event comes not within the range of human probability."

"I thought not," said the fiddler.

"Sir, I 'll not pay the ill-compliment to your instinct to suppose you could have thought otherwise," rejoined the agent.

"I don't know, — eight shillings," and the musician hesitated — "it may do in summer, but when winter comes," —

"Ha!" exclaimed the agent, "then — then will come your harvest: for in that primitive village, Christmas, Sir — Christmas is kept in all its ancient splendour. See — see what you 'll make by the waits — they have not heard the waits there these twenty years: there is in that otherwise happy district, an adult generation who have never heard the waits! Mr. Strongbow, in that district, I perceive it — you are destined to be the envied man who shall bring back the simple music of our forefathers."

"Well, I — I think I must close, but I 'll let you know," and the fiddler walked to the door.

"Mr. Strongbow," exclaimed Goodfellow in his loudest voice, and putting on his most important look — "Mr. Strongbow, I have a duty, Sir, to fulfil; I must have nothing left to surmise. I send my des-

patches by the post to-night — I must have a definitive categoric answer."

"I 'll let you know in time," said the musician.

"Ere the postman shall strike upon the bell, if you please," said Goodfellow, and the fiddler being gone, the agent turned himself to a slim youth who appeared at the ripe age of seventeen to have grown beyond his strength. His dress was remarkably shabby, but there was an exulting, hopeful spirit in his eye, as he approached the table of the agent. "Now, young gentleman, if you are determined to leave your shop, and turn actor, I — I think I can send you to grass somewhere in Essex."

"Pray, Sir," asked the young gentleman, with a very thick lisp, "pray, Sir, what is the ighest salary?"

"Why, Mr. Butter, adventurous managers, mark me — adventurous managers, I say — offer for first tragedy fifteen shillings a week: but, Sir, I should be wanting in duty to you, myself, and to those gentlemen the managers, did I not without equivocation or mental reservation, assure you that such a sum is perfectly illusory — mark me, Sir, perfectly illusory. However, as you are determined to regale your nostrils with the lamps, I can put you in a company where you will have great practice."

"That, Mr. Goodfellow," said the tyro, "is in course my great hobject."

"Great practice, Sir; you may do every thing, from Richard the Third to carrying on a table."

"I'm hup in Richard," said Butter.

"And the other," observed the agent, "may be compassed with a very little study."

"I should like the young tragedy and the eroes," said Mr. Butter.

"The patronage of boarding-schools follows as a matter of certainty," said Goodfellow. "Your benefits, Sir, may be enormous, but — I deceive no man — they may be most contemptible."

"I'm not a bit afeard," said Butter; "the thing isn't hall together new to me. I've took lessons from Mr. Vimper; and give him seven shillings for a book of Amlet."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Shadowly, "you play Hamlet?"

"Mr. Shadowly, permit me," observed Goodfellow, "to request a taciturnity — a courteous taciturnity." Mr. Shadowly gracefully acknowledged the reproof. "Seven shillings, Mr. Butter, for Hamlet! When that divine emanation of our glorious and transcendent bard — of that great creature, is given forth to the world, price sixpence?"

"Yes, I know hall that," replied Butter; "but Mr. Vimber marked vhere I vas to throw hup my hies, and lift my harms. He said throwing hup the hies and harms in the proper places was the greatest part of helocution."

"Eyes and arms are useful in our art, I don't deny it. Well, Mr. Butter, as for salary," —

"Ha! that's hit," said Butter.

"As a young man you can only expect to enter a commonwealth; that is, a company established on the justest principles, where every person shares according to his merits."

"I can have no hobjection to that," cried Mr. Butter.

"Then, Sir, Essex — Essex is your destination. Do you know the county? It offers peculiar advantages to the young aspirant. There are marshes — very many marshes — much water in Essex. Answer me, Sir; are you fond of eels?"

Mr. Butter was fond of eels.

"Sir, you 're a happily constituted man. In Essex, you may snap your fingers at fortune — for there, Sir, eels abound. Hold yourself in readiness to walk, or if you are luxuriously inclined, and have the money, to ride to Essex on Thursday. Enough, Sir; a letter shall be sent to you to-morrow. Stay, Sir; you are about to enter upon a thorny, but a most glorious profession."

"I ham," replied Mr. Butter, with great fortitude.

"There are prizes in it, Sir — great prizes; somebody must have them. There are blanks also — a very considerable number of blanks; somebody must have them too."

"We all ope for the best," observed Mr. Butter.

"Nobly said, Sir; nobly said. But, Sir, I was about to give you a little wholesome advice against the guile, the cupidity of rustic landlords. Mr. Butter, you must sometimes have a bed — hay isn't in the

fields all the year round, or salaries would be much reduced. Well, Sir, it is possible amidst the multitude of human affairs, that if you take a lodging, you may not always have the money to pay for it. Such a calamity has occurred to the very lights of the profession. Now, Sir; mark me: under such heart-rending circumstances, you owe a solemn duty to your manager never to go home in your dress, — if that dress be the property of the stock. For strange, incredible as it may appear to you, an unsophisticated creature, blushing on the threshold of active life, — monstrous as the fact may present itself to you, I have positively known a landlord so lost to the feelings of humanity, so callous to every touch of common tenderness, as to detain the costly property thus thoughtlessly placed in his possession, until every shilling of his avaricious demand upon his unsuspecting victim was paid down upon the nail; aye, Sir, — upon the nail!"

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Butter.

"I wonder not, Sir, at your simplicity — 't is the concomitant of youth; but, Sir, be advised by a man who has had landlords. Pay while you can, Sir; but when you can no longer pay, exhibit the purity of your principle — the excellence of your good intentions, and your love of tranquillity — by quietly removing yourself from a roof under which you can no longer rest in peace. Farewell, Sir; farewell, and prosper. — Remember, Sir, the sandals of John Kemble are not yet occupied."

"You 'll see," replied Mr. Butter, and he quitted the room with the sandals already at his soles.

"And that fellow is to be an actor!" said Mr. Shadowly "And, in the most atrocious way, does he not misplace the *h* — the *w* — the *v* — and" —

"He does; it can't be denied, Sir, he does," said the agent; "and yet, Sir, he is an honest lad, a very honest lad. He gives you in the course of the night the full number of letters; nay, I know not, if you wait patiently, whether you hav'n't more than the number, by way of interest, for waiting."

"Mr. Goodfellow, as we are now alone, shall we not imbibe?" and Mr. Shadowly took from his pocket a bright half-crown, and held it forth to the agent.

"Sir!" exclaimed Goodfellow, with an expression of archwonder in his face, "that is a half-crown! You are out of an engagement, Sir — return it to your pocket; put the money in your purse, I say."

"Nay, but Mr. Goodfellow, I insist" —

"A half-crown, Sir! I give you my honour, Sir, and I speak it not to your disparagement, nor to the disparagement of your friend, whom I have not the felicity of knowing, — but, Sir, I pledge you my honour as a gentleman, that I have had six eminent men, most eminent men in the profession, with me this morning, — and yet, Sir, I would have defied the united muscular exertion of ten Israelites, exercised upon any one of those men, to have shaken from him half of half-a-crown! Put the money in your pocket, Mr. Shadowly — half-a-crown is not often beheld by the conscious

walls of this cabinet. When you are in pay, Sir, — yes, when you're in an engagement" —

"Allgag must come to me — nothing but my Hamlet will save him," said Shadowly.

"Then, Sir, come hither, and show me silver or gold, and I will imbibe with you. But now, Sir — now, Tom Goodfellow himself will play the host. What does your friend take?" asked the agent.

"Anything, Sir," said Applejohn, who marvelled greatly at the dignity of Goodfellow; "anything, Sir, though I want nothing."

"The usual thing, I suppose — we can't do better?" observed Goodfellow to Shadowly, who nodded acquiescence. "What, ho! within there!" exclaimed Goodfellow — "What, ho! I say — Fabuletto!"

In answer to this call, a little boy of some ten years old, one of the twelve children of Goodfellow, ran from the next room. "Yes, father?"

"Fabuletto," said the sire, placing sixpence in the hand of his offspring, "Fabuletto, child — a pot of metropolitan ponderous fluid: and haste thee, good Fabuletto." And in a trice Fabuletto was gone, and returned with a pot of foaming London porter.

"Doubtless, Sir, you drink from the metal?" and Goodfellow pressed the beverage upon Applejohn, who drank.

"I will give you, gentlemen," said Shadowly, taking the pewter-pot, "I will give you the regeneration of the drama."

"I would drink that toast, Sir," said Goodfellow, seizing the pot, "I would drink it, lacking other liquor, in

'The ruddy drops that visit this sad heart;' "

and the agent emptied the vessel, and reversing it, whilst about three drops trickled to the floor, exclaimed — "Peace! the charm 's wound up." He then flung the pot into a corner of the room, and resumed his official chair. "Now, Mr. Shadowly, to business. I have an offer for you, Sir; you have staid too long in London, Sir; you would be very wrong to play anything but first business."

"Especially to the persons who are now in possession of it. No, Sir; I have made up my mind to do nothing second: in a word, not to grind colour for artists who can't paint."

"Very right, Sir — very right. Of course, Mr. Shadowly, you can play every leading part?"

"I can play Hamlet," said Shadowly.

"Certainly: but I mean you can play all the first tragedy?"

"I — I flatter myself I can play Hamlet."

"He, Sir, is a heathen — a beast — a wretch devoid of sense, who doubts it!" said the agent. "But if another tragedy were put up?" —

"I think no tragedy so good as Hamlet."

"My opinion, Mr. Shadowly — my opinion; 't is the prime work of the immortal bard. Still, you know other parts — other" —

"I should always prefer playing Hamlet," said the actor.

"As I said, Sir, I have an offer for you — an offer not far from the metropolis. You could take all your friends down in stage-coaches, or, perhaps, in a gig."

"I must open in Hamlet — nobody near town has seen it."

"Open in what you please: the town is Greenwich," said the agent.

"Small theatre," observed Shadowly, with sudden melancholy; "very small."

"By no means, Mr. Shadowly — 't is a new theatre — a theatre erected under extraordinary patronage, and for three days only — a most extensive building."

"I must open in Hamlet," said the actor.

"You will find the proprietor of the theatre a *most* obliging person, and if you can persuade him," said Goodfellow, with his usual gravity, "that Hamlet will suit his purpose as well, or perhaps better than anything else, I have no doubt he 'll do it."

"Well, that 's settled;" and already Shadowly saw himself in the inky suit of the Dane. "Now, how much am I to have?"

Mr. Goodfellow raised his eyes to the face of the actor, smiled, and said — "Sir you 've been too long in London."

"I feel I have — I have wasted my time in solicitation, when, had I gone into the country, I might

have brought managers crawling to my feet. But to return to the salary — what am I to have?"

"I am glad, Sir, for your own sake — for the cause of the drama, that you are at length awakened to your just value. You have been much wanted in the country, Sir. Trust the word of Tom Goodfellow — a word never yet nailed to the counter of public opinion as a bad one. You have been much wanted, Sir."

"I think so — I 'm sure so," said Shadowly: "but how much am I to have?"

"In the country you would have been followed — sought for — asked to the mayor's balls — the churchwardens' wives' tea-parties — the — I am glad, Mr. Shadowly, profoundly glad that you have at length determined to migrate into the rural provinces of merry England."

"All my friends have long advised me. But the question is, how much am I to have?"

"In Greenwich, Sir, you will find a" —

"But, my dear Goodfellow," and Shadowly laid his hand upon the agent's shoulder, and stared in his face, — "how much am I to have?"

"Oh! I understand you. I perceive — the *pecunia* — the 'last infirmity of noble minds,' — the salary?" said Goodfellow, suddenly enlightened.

"Exactly: how much am I to have?" asked the actor, for the sixth time.

Mr. Goodfellow threw himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and looking sorrowfully at the actor

said — "Mr. Shadowly, estimating, as believe me on the faith of a man, I do estimate your extraordinary powers, I should feel myself a beast, if I could tell you."

"You can't tell me what I'm to have?"

"I can't, Sir! — My tongue would cleave to my mouth, did I attempt to wound your high-minded ears by giving utterance to the sum proposed."

"What! very low, eh?" asked the actor.

Mr. Goodfellow spoke no word, but drew up his features at the question, as if suffering excruciating tooth-ache.

"Still, I have I hope fortitude — let me know the amount — come, speak out," and Shadowly tried to laugh.

"No, Sir; not for the worth of this sublunar world would I speak it — but — but, Mr. Shadowly, I will constrain my hand to write down the sum — I will put down the salary in round numbers." On this, the agent wrote on a scrap of paper, and burying his averted face in one hand, with the other, which he made to tremble exceedingly, gave the document to the tragic actor.

Mr. Shadowly took the paper, glanced at it, threw it upon the table, and said — "D — nation!"

"I expected no less from your greatness," said Goodfellow, venturing to look up, "but let not your just displeasure fall on me."

"To offer me such terms — me!" cried Shadowly.

"They are low, Sir; degradingly low; and yet, Sir," said the agent, "it should not be forgotten that provisions are very cheap at Greenwich. The terms are very low, even for Greenwich; and yet that picturesque borough to the student of human nature presents peculiar recommendations."

"What are they? — I don't know 'em," said Shadowly.

"The pensioners, Mr. Shadowly! If, in the extraordinary changes that I foresee — and from my position I may without vanity say, that I am enabled to foresee much — if, from the changes that the drama must yet undergo, from the vicissitudes that its professors, its highest professors, — among whom I of course include Mr. Shadowly — must suffer; if you should be compelled in the 'sere, the yellow leaf' of your days to take to the old men, — mark you not, Sir, the advantage you would have over all competitors, from a previous study of the habits, the manners, the bye-play, so to speak, of those picturesque antiques, the pensioners of Greenwich College?"

"Pooh! I — I learn anything from such persons!" exclaimed Shadowly.

"Despise not such instruments, Sir! Believe me, in the pursuit of that high calling to which destiny has exalted you — for it is a high calling, Sir, the display of human passion, — you may learn a touch of nature, aye, Sir, a miraculous touch from the vilest beggar in your path. I will give you, Sir, a practical instance of what may be done even at Greenwich. Are you

aware, Sir, that a gentleman — who shall be nameless — was instructed in every step of his celebrated nautical hornpipe by a pensioner now living in the Hospital? That hornpipe alone, Sir, is worth three thousand a year? The actor has marked his sense of its value, by giving to a splendid pile of buildings at Hastings, of which he is the happy proprietor, the significant name of Hornpipe Crescent! Despise not Greenwich, Mr. Shadowly."

"But the salary — the salary."

"It is low! Still let me hope you have not forgotten the collateral advantages?"

"I don't know — I — after all," said Shadowly, "it would be worth something to show that rascal Allgag that I *can* get a situation."

"That feeling of triumph," exclaimed the agent, with great animation, "would alone be worth twenty pounds per week. When — when he has lost you, Mr. Shadowly, then — then will come his sense of your value; then will begin his everlasting remorse. Shall I say you accept the offer?"

"Hang it!" cried the tragedian, "the salary is an insult."

"Disabuse thy mind of that, I pray thee gentle coz, — think not so hardly of the manager. I know the man — the meekest, best of creatures. 'T is not his estimation of your genius that offers the salary: 't is not his mind that speaks, but — alas! — his pocket. I can perceive, Mr. Shadowly, by the varied expression

of your countenance, that you will take the man's offer."

"Be it as you will," said Shadowly.

"Your hand, Sir," exclaimed the agent, rising to grasp it. "'T is done. You will have a multitudinous audience. By the way, I had forgotten to state, that the salary is only for three days — it is not to be considered for the week."

"That materially alters the sum," said Shadowly, "that doubles it. Ha! a very different thing: I play only three times for" —

"More than three times," replied the agent.

"More than three in three nights?" asked the actor; "how is it possible?"

"Why, you will be convinced of the popularity of the drama in Greenwich, when I inform you that at this season of the year — you will open on Whit Monday — the manager has played, and every time to overflowing audiences, not less than twenty times a day. Call you not that encouragement of the drama?" asked the agent.

"Twenty times! Why, what theatre is it? What's it called?"

"It might be called, from its proximity to that lovely place, it might be called the Park Theatre. Think of Greenwich Park," said Goodfellow — "fine historical associations about it; Queen Elizabeth used to hunt there."

"Is it a regularly constructed theatre — regularly built?" inquired the tragedian.

"Built with the greatest care; it is put up and taken down again like clock-work."

"What! is it moveable?"

The agent smiled, and said — "Thespis began in a cart, Mr. Shadowly; and I should be guilty of an affectation, I trust foreign to my character, were I to attempt to deny that the theatre of which I speak is carried away from place to place in sundry waggons."

"You surely do not mean, Mr. Goodfellow, to insinuate that the theatre is — a — a booth at a fair?"

"At this festive season of the year," answered the agent, "the nymphs and swains make holiday. The drama is not merely a harmless, it is an instructive recreation: you will have the proud satisfaction of blending tuition with amusement, for the benefit of thousands of your common species."

"But in a booth — in a common booth — with walls of canvas!" exclaimed Shadowly.

"I am told Sir," observed the agent, "that the great Greek tragedians — I do not read Greek myself — always acted in the open air."

"What might suit the Greeks," observed the English actor, "would be extremely disreputable in a British artist. Act in a booth! As I have said, to canvas walls!"

"At first, when I was solicited to become agent for the manager, let me confess it, Mr. Shadowly, I thought as you do. What! said I to myself — I! Tom Goodfellow — I who have expended my best energies in support of the true drama — I, who every

week, send youths — young, callow missionaries of considerable promise — into the most remote corners of this extensive empire, to disseminate a taste for the true theatre, to preach Shakespeareanity — I have a letter here, Sir, from a haberdasher's apprentice, a youth sent by me to the Isle of Skye; he has played Richard there." —

"Has he ever played Hamlet?" asked Shadowly.

"Not yet; but he has played Richard and Coriolanus three times, and speaks in the highest terms of the docility of the natives. Nay, he is so much pleased with the people, that having left his trunk behind, he has conformed to the insular prejudice, and wears a kilt. But, Sir, I am wandering from my theme. — As I said, I felt as you feel with respect to the Greenwich Theatre. In the vanity, the ignorance of my heart, I thought the agency beneath me: but, Sir, a little cool philosophy set all right. I thought with you of the canvas walls — of a theatre built without the aid of a single brick. And what, said I, my better mind coming to me, — does the artist, does the true actor, the genius, the mighty mover of the passions depend upon the materials, the insensible materials that form the building? Am I an agent for bricks and mortar — or for the throbbing sons of genius? Am I to estimate an actor by trowel-work? Are the wondrous depths of tragedy to be measured with a carpenter's chalk-line? Perish the folly! I exclaimed — it is the man and not the building. If the actor ride in his carriage, does his carriage elevate the art? — No: for

it is the art that has given him the vehicle. As genius is an endowment which no money can purchase, it is therefore above all the extraneous advantages obtainable by lucre. A diamond is a diamond, though you shall put it on the finger of a beggar."

"That's very true — very true, indeed," said Applejohn, venturing to speak.

"It is true, Sir," observed Mr. Shadowly, "only permit me to say, that on the finger of a beggar, nobody would believe it to be a diamond. Why, Sir, does not mendicant genius every day offer the 'precious jewel in its head' for sale — and yet, because the holder is mendicant, does not the world believe the jewel to be of no value? Men, Sir, have died with jewels in their brains; and not until the men were dead, were the gems owned to be of the true water. — Now, when I am dead, why then my Hamlet will be confessed the" —

"It is already confessed, Sir, by men who know what Hamlet is, to be prodigious: but then, Sir, the judgment of the few is but a razor against that block of stupidity called public taste: time, Sir — time is wanted to cut through the stone. But, Sir, the time will come when your Hamlet will be a household thing," said Goodfellow.

"Do you think so?" asked Shadowly, touched by the energy of the agent.

"Think so! We shall have your image, Sir, in pottery — we shall see your Hamlet upon twelfth-cakes with a sugar-plum skull in his hand. But, Sir,

you must be seen to be appreciated. Now, Sir, the Greenwich Whitsuntide Theatre will hold a thousand people: you will play Hamlet — that is all the marrow of him — fifteen times a day for three days. I will not pay you so ill a compliment as to conceive that the house will not be crammed. Now, Sir, see what you have done! You have played Hamlet to five-and-forty thousand people." —

"So many?" asked Shadowly, moved by the flattering prospect.

"No — I am wrong: of course, many will see you repeat the part seven or eight times; it will not always be entirely a new audience: I will deduct five thousand for enthusiasts. Well, Sir, with that deduction, see what you have done! You have inoculated forty thousand people with the divine *virus* of your Hamlet, and sent them loose upon society to spread your reputation! Ha? what say you now, Mr. Shadowly!" and Goodfellow looked upon the tragedian as all his own.

"It would be a great triumph to be carried on the very back of the public to the London house," said Shadowly.

"John Bull, Sir, is slow to rouse, but when he is roused," observed the agent, "there is no knowing where his tricks will stop."

"People can't know what my Hamlet is, unless they see it. And yet, do adequate judges attend the" —

"The Greenwich Whitsuntide Theatre? The best, Sir, for there is a very — very limited free-list, and

that on the days and nights of your performance will of course be suspended. Besides, it is a well-known fact, that several managers make it a point of their professional religion to attend the theatre to look out for rising talent. Mr. Flyblow — you know him — great man for the Newgate Calendar, always goes to Greenwich; but in disguise, that he mayn't look too much like a gentleman. Well, Mr. Shadowly, what shall we say?"

"Why, egad! I — I have a great mind — the salary is sure, of course — I have a great mind, if only for the freak." —

"Henry the Fifth, Sir, played his youthful pranks, why should not you? I shall write to Mr. Phœnix directly, informing him of his good fortune. You are lucky, Sir — lucky in one another. And now, Sir;" and the agent turned to Applejohn, "what may I have the paramount felicity of doing for you?"

"Oh! I was about to say," observed Shadowly, "don't you think he would do for something? At present, he is nearly starving."

"All in his favour," answered Goodfellow, "if he would adopt the stage; for he has nothing to lose, except his hunger, which to be sure, may be somewhat difficult to get rid of."

"What should you like to act, Applejohn?" asked Shadowly.

"I! lord bless you! Nothing," cried John. "I should die to think of it."

"Don't think of it, Sir," said the agent, "but die first. If you have an honest calling, Sir, stick to it— if, — what have you there, Spalatro?" and Goodfellow addressed himself to a little boy, another son, who entered, carrying in his hand a neck of mutton. "What is that, Spalatro?"

"Mutton, papa — mother bought it," answered Spalatro.

"Put it in the buttery," said Goodfellow — "what, ho! come hither, sirrah? What meanest thou by this?" and the agent pointed to a play-bill which half enveloped the joint. "What is this, sirrah?"

"A play-bill, papa," said Spalatro.

"And is it thus, Sir, that you desecrate the archives of our art? Speak, sirrah! is it thus?" —

"The butcher wrapt it up," answered the boy.

"Enough! his soul is untouched by the softer influences of the profession; but had I a thousand sons, I would disinherit them all did I apprehend them in so barbarous an act. In the buttery," and Goodfellow waved the boy hence. "The fair — I mean the Greenwich Whitsun Theatre opens on Monday; you will be punctual?"

"Depend upon me, Sir; and on the receipt of the salary, I will pay your fee, but" —

"Speak not of it, Sir: we are gentlemen both; what I expect, you will confer. No more words, Sir. Farewell, and may the gods of Rome watch over and protect you!"

Applejohn and the tragedian quit Mr. Goodfellow, who in due time sits down to his neck of mutton. And should some destitute, way-faring actor make a call whilst a morsel of mutton shall lie upon the dish, somewhat of that morsel will be set before him, sweetened and recommended by a hearty welcome.

CHAPTER XVII.

"BEWARE, Sir, beware of modesty," was the counsel of Shadowly to Applejohn, as side-by-side they walked down the Kent-road. "Beware of the rock modesty; I have almost wrecked my fortunes on it." — John to the pressing solicitations of Shadowly to turn actor, urged his utter ignorance of the art, his want of taste for it, with many other disqualifications; still, the tragedian would not be thus answered: he insisted upon the infallibility of his own judgment, which assured him that John Applejohn was destined to make a very showy figure in the future history of the English stage.

"Bless your heart!" cried the simple John, "in such matters, you can't think what a fool I am; I'm worth nothing."

"Never say that — never own it, though it should be the truth. When a man tells the world he 's worth nothing, the world always takes him at his own valuation."

Mr. Shadowly found in John Applejohn a most deferential admirer, and patronised him accordingly. The

praise of John — rapt, astonished by the passionate speeches of the actor — was delicious incense to the nostrils of Shadowly, starving for admiration. The actor declaimed, and John vowed that never in his whole life had his nature been so moved, elevated — never had he caught such glimpses of poetic light!

"I'm sure, Mr. Shadowly," said John, the actor having finished one of Hamlet's soliloquies — "I'm sure, Sir, you make me feel proud of myself, that you think me fit for your companion — me, who am a poor ignorant fellow, knowing nothing."

"I'll make a man of you, John: yes, you shall be the first Horatio of the day."

"I can't hope it, Sir," and John shook his head.

"The first Horatio, as I am the first Hamlet: we'll storm the town and take it together. I'll read all Hamlet to you — the whole of the tragedy left in the hackney-coach," said Shadowly, with a significant laugh.

"Now, what could have made that man deal in such wicked lies?" observed John, reminded of the poetic vapourings of the young tailor.

"What? Why, a strange and ravenous desire for praise," said the actor. "Of all weaknesses, perhaps, the most absurd and ridiculous; a folly that makes a man a laughing-stock to all the world. But step out, John; we have little time to lose: I have a thousand things to settle with Phœnix, for it isn't often that he has an artist like myself, eh, John?"

"No, indeed, Sir; I don't know much about it, but" —

"That's why I value your applause, John: you are not hackneyed in the ways of criticism; no, no; when I move you, I feel that I have struck upon the natural note of passion — I feel that I have done what only real genius can do, eh, John?"

"You may say that, Sir."

"It's easy enough to play conventional tricks — to have a set grin — to gargle your throat with syllables — to shake your head — to stand and roll your eyes, and then to tap your forehead, as if there was something there too great to come out, — all such pranks are easily played, and catch the admirers of a certain school. — But I hope I know how to despise all such antics. I hope that, taking the divine goddess nature for my guide, I arrive at the sources of feeling by simple, dignified, unerring means — eh, John?"

"You do, indeed, Sir. I never heard anything like it; never."

"I believe not: yet, I must say, John, if there was more unsophisticated nature among audiences, more of that pure, natural intelligence, of which you possess so much" —

"Not I, Sir — I'm sure, Sir, I know nothing."

"Know, nothing, John! What would I give to play before a pit full of such ignorance? Then my Hamlet might hope for fair dealing, then its peculiar originality might gain due reward."

"And it must, Sir; depend upon it, Mr. Shadowly, it must. If it 's all as good as the bits you 've said to me," —

"Much better, John; very much better."

"Then it must be the noblest thing that human creature ever listened to."

"That 's not the point, John; I was merely about to say, that I would back your opinion on acting — your simple, uneducated opinion in all its natural freshness, — against the voices of ten thousand. Believe me, John," and Mr. Shadowly took his companion's hand, "believe me, I think you the finest judge of natural acting, — I say, natural acting, that I ever met with. I say this; and I flatter no man."

Pursuing this pleasant discourse, the two friends arrived at that point of Greenwich allotted by authority to the sports of Whitsun merry-makers. The theatre — the principal dramatic establishment in the fair — presented itself to the lofty looks of the tragedian. He paused, and had inward wrestlings with his dignity — the struggle lasted but a few seconds, for putting his hands in his pockets, he there found conquering odds. He approached the unfinished building — he would not think it a booth — and mounting the steps, saw the proprietor Phœnix superintending "the clink of hammers."

"My name, Sir, is Shadowly," said the actor, with a dignity that inferred he had said all that could be said. He repeated to the unmoved Phœnix — "Shadowly."

Mr. Phœnix was a big, burly man; with a round yellow face, small eyes winking in pits of flesh, the nose of a bull-dog, and the mouth of a fish. He wore a loose white coat, red waistcoat, corded breeches, and top-boots. A gold chain, dangled from his fob gave token of the man of wealth. He also displayed a large brooch of hair — the relic of a first love, a slack-wire dancer, twenty years deceased, — surrounded with superb brilliants. Mr. Phœnix looked at the tragedian with the same intelligence that may be suddenly lighted up in the face of an ox.

"Shadowly, Sir;" repeated the actor.

"Is it," observed the proprietor — "and what of that?"

"The name is of course, known to you?" and Mr. Shadowly bent himself back.

"Oh! ha! well, how d' ye do? to be sure," and Phœnix nodded a familiar welcome.

"I believe, Mr. Phœnix, I may without vanity say I have made some noise in the world," said the actor.

"By what I 've heard, pretty well. I was sorry to hear of your misfortune in London," observed Phœnix.

" 'T is no matter, Sir," replied Shadowly, believing of course that the propietor alluded to the brutality of the manager. "It 's no matter, Sir. I appeal from Allgag to Phœnix; and have no fear of the result. When can we rehearse?"

"Whenever you like — you 've brought all your traps with you?" asked Phœnix.

"They will be here per coach. The young lady who will play with me, I" —

"By-the-bye, — how is she? She was only a baby when I first come into the profession. Times is changed with some of us. Ha! I'm not too proud to own it — but I started in life with nothing to my back but a learned pig."

"Doubtless," said Shadowly, recurring to his immediate interests, "doubtless the young lady has played Ophelia?"

"Ha! eight-and-twenty years ago — how the time does pass! — she was showed in a caravan: I recollect, she was the very first Spotted Girl as come out."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Shadowly — "a Spotted Girl?"

"Yes, and when that went off — for the public is so very variable, — she was a wild Zealander — and then a mermaid — and then she took to the rope, and warn't it a little after that, when you married her?"

"I — I marry a — a Spotted Girl!" exclaimed Hamlet.

"My friend's a bachelor, Sir," said Applejohn.

"Pray, Mr. Phœnix, do you know who I am — I ask you, Sir, — who I am?"

"Why, Jack Shakerly, isn't it" —

"Shakerly!"

"Ha! Shakerly, as married little Nancy Tumtum the Spotted Girl? — I heard she'd run away from you in London with the Wild Man from Madagascar — but I 'spose you've took her back?"

"And pray, Sir," — it was with heroic strength of mind that Shadowly subdued his mounting rage, — "pray, Sir, am I to understand that you expect a Mr. John Shakerly and his wife, late Nancy Tumtum, the original Spotted Girl? Do such persons make part of your company?"

"Well! I thought," said Phœnix, shading his eyes with his hand, and staring at the tragic actor, "I thought if you was Jack Shakerly, you wasn't half the fine fellow you used to be, when you was the Indy Conjuror. I thought so," and Mr. Phœnix made no other reply.

"I come, Sir," said Shadowly, and he frowned, "armed with the introduction of Mr. Goodfellow, agent."

"Oh! I see — you're the tip-top chap he wrote about?" said Phœnix, and Shadowly with a sickly smile acknowledged the homely compliment. "Well, I'm glad to see you: but, it's only fair in me to tell you that you'll have your work to do."

"I am aware, Mr. Phœnix, of the arduous task imposed upon me."

"You come after a great favourite, I can tell you. Never was no one liked more than Bill Gale: something like an actor — took a pride and pleasure in his business, as you may judge when I tell you he broke three blood-vessels in three months."

"I trust, Mr. Phœnix, to achieve equal triumphs by wholly different means. Pray, how much do you act of Hamlet?"

"Why, as for Hamlet, you see we 've taken the ghost out of it, and put him in a better piece of our own, and that 's all we do of it."

"Not play Hamlet!" exclaimed Shadowly.

Mr. Phœnix thrust his hands in his pockets, and sucking his teeth, tranquilly asked — "Do you want to ruin me?"

Here the tragedian took Melpomene to witness, that no power in this sublunar world, no reward to be enjoyed in this transitory existence, should induce him to play anything less than Hamlet; whilst on the other hand, the manager spoke in terms of very equivocal respect of Shakespeare and all his works, and more especially of the bantling prince of Denmark. A compromise was at length effected; the negotiation being greatly assisted by the state of Shadowly's finances. It was finally agreed, that the actor should play the part in the drama written expressly by the author for the Greenwich Whitsuntide Theatre, the tragedian securing to himself the full privilege of introducing as much of the language of Hamlet as would harmonise with the mind and feelings of a Barbary corsair, such being the original character in the forthcoming dramatic poem. This treaty was no sooner concluded than the dramatist of the booth — he was, rare union! dramatist and money-taker too, — ventured to appeal against the measure.

"I tell you what, Sir," said the dramatist, approaching the stolid Phœnix — "I tell you what, Sir; I have my bread to get as well as Shakespeare —

choose between us, if you please; all Shakespeare or all me, but I stand no partnerships."

Mr. Phœnix was a very powerful man: and his decision was equal to his strength. Therefore, the dramatist had no sooner delivered himself of his "unalterable determination," than Mr. Phœnix laid his hand upon the bard's collar, with startling dexterity turned him round, and applying his foot to that region where, when Minerva kept a sixpenny day-school on Olympus she applied the birch, he sent the poet down a flight of steps, calling him a son of — not the muses; and telling him to go to that place which we all earnestly hope to avoid, as soon as he could conveniently reconcile himself to the journey. The dramatist alighted on the head of the great drum. "Not the first time you've been saved by my music," cried the satirical drummer, at the time assisting in the erection of the orchestra.

"I trust, Sir, that some of the solioquies which I shall feel it my duty to introduce," said Shadowly, "will not be found too long?"

"Don't trouble yourself at all about that," said Phœnix; "'cause if they are, depend upon it, there'll be somebody polite enough in front to tell you to cut 'em short. And pray, what line are you in?" and the proprietor addressed himself to John. "What are you?"

"I'm nothing," said John, modestly.

"I beg your pardon, — he is a young man of very

great promise," said Shadowly, "and if you would only give him an appearance," —

"Quite full," replied Phœnix, to the great relief of Applejohn; "but I tell you what, could you eat raw beef?"

"I prefer it cooked," answered John.

"But I mean in the way of business — because Solomon's cannibal has struck for wages, and you may have an opening in his caravan. I think, young man, you'd do very well for a cannibal — Solomon gives seven shillings a day besides the raw meat. There's his van over there," and Mr. Phœnix pointed to a huge green vehicle.

"Thank you, Mr. Phœnix — thank you, Sir," said Shadowly, and taking Applejohn by the arm, the actor prepared to drag his passive friend down the steps.

"Stop, Sir — stop; we begin at five, and you hav'n't got your part," said the showman to Shadowly.

"Depend on me, Sir; an extraordinary study — get every line of it while I'm pulling off my boots," said Shadowly, and he hurried away, carrying Applejohn with him. When fairly out of the hearing of Phœnix, the actor said very confidentially to John — "Now, mark me; not one line do you hear from me that isn't in Hamlet: a Barbary corsair! Yes, you'll see how I'll civilise him. — But John," and Shadowly pausing before Solomon's van, contemplated the human and inhuman wonders painted thrice the size

of life, and exhibited as the exterior sign of the rarities to be seen for one penny within, — "John, this really promises something."

"Don't be deceived; bless you, there's nothing like that when you get inside," said John, "I've been cheated too often."

"Pooh! pooh! I mean, John, that with tolerable dressing — and if you'll pledge yourself to keep the service a secret from all mankind, I'll mark your face for you — with very little pains, you'd make a much better cannibal than that," and Shadowly pointed to the portrait of a wild man with pink flesh, and hair descending to the toes, holding a live rabbit to his jaws.

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Shadowly?" asked John.

"I mean, without flattery to assert, that if you'll give your natural qualifications proper play, there's not a cannibal in the fair that can stand against you. John, you're a lucky fellow — here's an opening that mayn't occur to a man in your situation once in his life."

"You really never mean, Mr. Shadowly, to advise me to show myself as a wild man, and eat raw meat?"

"And why not? Doesn't the philosophy of life tell you that raw meat is infinitely better than no meat at all? Cookery, when all is said, is nothing more than a prejudice; one of the effeminate inventions of extreme civilisation."

"I — I can't answer all you say," replied John, modestly, "but I'd rather starve, Mr. Shadowly, as a decent Christian, than get my bread by turning half-naked cannibal."

"Starve!" echoed Shadowly, and looking with melancholy eyes on John, the actor asked — "do you know what starvation is? Don't talk of it, — but follow me this instant. I insist that" —

"Ha! What — Hamlet! all full — not an engagement to be had — just hired a wild man — great pity — very man!"

"Mr. Oldjoe!" exclaimed Applejohn, as that eccentric vintner descended the steps of the caravan, followed by a well-dressed boy of about ten years old, — "I hope, Mr. Oldjoe that" —

"Quite well; never better — for a plain young man, and you know, Mr. Shadowly, I never boasted of my beauty, — never could look better. Don't go in — don't think of going in," said Oldjoe, laying his hand on Shadowly's shoulder, "now I and my little boy have come out, there's nothing worth seeing."

"Your little boy, Mr. Oldjoe?" asked Shadowly.

"Child of my mind — offspring of my immortal part — you don't know it; but this little boy's a great man," said Oldjoe.

"Not an English child, eh?" asked Shadowly.

"Look at his open face, — tallow, hemp, and hides, eh? Hush! he's a Russian prince," said Old-

joe, confidentially, "I'm his tutor; hence, as I say, he's offspring of my mind."

"A Russian prince!" cried Applejohn, "is it possible, Sir?"

"His father's now at my house; the celebrated Prince Kickhisownwhiskeroff; with his wife, the Princess Kickherownwhiskeroff, and their daughters, Catharine and Elizabeth Kicktheirownwhiskersoff — sweet girls; one of 'em — but it isn't for me to betray the tenderness of a lady."

"And you are the young gentleman's tutor?" asked Shadowly.

"I have taken upon myself to teach him the beauties of the English Constitution; and so, with the consent of the prince, his papa, I've brought him down to Greenwich Fair. Nice, docile little fellow! Such affection — such sweetness of temper! Do you know why we went into that caravan? You'd hardly believe it in a child: when he looked upon the pictures outside, he burst into tears at the Swiss giantess, and would have it she was his own wet-nurse that he'd left at St. Petersburgh: took the dear baby in to pacify him; whilst there — he didn't think I heard him — I listened to the proprietor making an engagement with a Spitalfields weaver for a new cannibal."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Shadowly, turning to Applejohn — "we're too late."

"Why, you never wanted the engagement?" asked Oldjoe — "Hamlet come to raw beef?"

"I, Sir!" shouted Shadowly, "No! Sir — I trust, Mr. Oldjoe, when fortune comes to the worst, that I have sufficient magnanimity to starve."

"Always thought you a spirited fellow," said Oldjoe; "always said too that Allgag didn't use you well — but you shouldn't mind that, and for this reason — he uses nobody well. Come, Paul, my dear; you must go in the round-about," and Oldjoe was moving on.

"Prince Paul Kickhisownwhiskeroff in a round-about!" cried the astonished Shadowly.

"To be sure; you mayn't know it — but little Paul may some day be a cabinet minister in his own country: can't begin the round-about too early. Besides, as I said to his papa this morning — 'Kickyourownwhiskeroff,' said I, 'of course you'd wish his highness to know all the ramifications' — that's not a bad word, is it? — 'all the ramifications of English politics?' On which, Kick. lifted up his shoulders, and made a sound with his mouth as if he was blowing soup — 'I thought you would,' said I; and therefore, Mr. Hamlet, in the round-about Prince Paul goes."

"But, Mr. Oldjoe," cried Shadowly, "I presume the young prince has never seen me act? Allow me to state that in compliance with the wishes, frequently expressed, of the nobility, gentry, and public of Greenwich, I have consented to appear for a limited number of days at a" —

"Booth?" observed Oldjoe.

"Theatre!" exclaimed Shadowly, "under the most respectable and liberal patronage that" —

"I tell you what, Mr. Shadowly: I have a respect for your talents, and as you are one of the sights of the fair, I shall feel that I have not fulfilled my duty to Prince Paul Kichhisownwhiskeroff if he quits Greenwich without seeing you."

"Mr. Oldjoe, though we have met but once before, I then considered your judgment to be" —

"Exactly," said Oldjoe, interrupting the actor — "exactly. And now can you inform me — but were you ever at Bartlemy Fair?"

"Allow me to say," replied Shadowly, with dignified emphasis — "never. This is my first appearance at" —

"I didn't mean that," said Oldjoe.

"I thought you wished to ask about my Hamlet?" observed Shadowly.

"Not I, indeed," said Oldjoe; "I wanted to ask you a question concerning sausages. I wished particularly to know if sausages of precisely the same swinish character — cooked by elderly ladies — and partaken of under the open sky by the lower orders, were to be had at Greenwich?"

"I think not — I've seen none, Sir," said Applejohn.

"That's a pity — or otherwise I should certainly have treated the little Prince Paul to a sample of real old English hospitality. However, Mr. Shadowly, to return to your Hamlet. We have now various engage-

ments; the first is for his highness to try his fortune in the lucky-bag; as an infant politician, who knows what's in store for him? Stop — the round-about first, — no, not so; the round-about as a politician he may take according to circumstances. Next, he must have at least a pennyworth of sticks: he may knock down a tobacco-box, and save it until his years of discretion — after that, he must visit the gypsies; then he must ring-the-bull; then take a lesson in the curious and interesting game of pea-and-thimble, the whole to conclude with the learned pig, and" —

"I don't think there is a learned pig," said Applejohn.

"All the better for you, Mr. Shadowly," said Oldjoe; "for I can tell you, we shall then have a better chance of seeing your Hamlet."

"Sir," observed the actor, "as he is to come after the pig, the Prince of Denmark is much obliged to you."

"Egad! Prince of Denmark — so he is! I'd forgotten — I'm afraid we can't come. The fact is, the Kicktheirownwhiskersoff family and the Crown of Denmark have an old grudge between them: I'm not much of a politician; but I think, yes I think it's about an old right of catching mermaids in the Baltic, and pickling them for the London market."

"You are pleasant, Mr. Oldjoe," observed Shadowly, with a contemptuous look.

"Always was from a child," answered Oldjoe. "I'm sorry for the mermaids — very sorry; but so it

is, you see — I can't go against family prejudices. If, now, you could play and dress Hamlet as the Emperor of Austria, the prince might take it as a compliment, and" — Mr. Shadowly turned away — "you won't? Very well — always the case with geniuses — will do things their own way. I turned off a waiter yesterday who was a genius — would knock off the necks of his bottles, because he said 't was beneath a genius to draw corks."

"I — I beg your pardon," said Applejohn, hanging at the skirts of Oldjoe, "but have you heard anything of my old master, Mr. Gruelthorpe?"

"Ha! there, Sir — there," said Oldjoe, stopping short, and addressing himself to Shadowly, "there 's a fatal instance of prejudice; beware of it, Mr. Shadowly. I 've scarcely time to — Paul, my dear," and Oldjoe stopped and spoke affectionately to little Kickhisown-whiskeroff — "Paul, my dear, if you must eat that chanticleer-in-trowsers," —

"What do you call it?" asked Shadowly, staring at the gallinaceous gilt gingerbread in the hands of the Russian Prince. "Chanticleer-in-trowsers!"

"I assure you," said the solemn Oldjoe, "the name in polite circles. — Didn't you hear of that dreadful case of suicide? A lovely girl of eighteen, a nursery-maid in a noble family, flung herself into the Thames."

"When! what for?" asked the tender-hearted Applejohn.

"Last Easter," replied Oldjoe very seriously. "She had been with the children to the fair, and bestowing

upon them gingerbread like that in the hands of his Highness — wipe it off, and don't suck the gold, love, if you must eat the bird, — yes, giving each of them just such a cake, she unfortunately gave with it the vulgar name. There was a talk of taking her before a magistrate for corrupting youth — the tutor of the family said that one Socrates had been made to drink bitters for no greater an offence; however, she was only turned away; when, she was so haunted by her conscience, that she drowned herself in the Thames. There was of course an inquest on the body."

"Is it really true?" inquired John.

"True!" cried Oldjoe with a stern look, — "I was foreman of the jury."

"But, Mr. Oldjoe, you spoke something of the danger of prejudice?" said Shadowly.

"I did, Sir — listen to a tale of blighted love. Mr. Benjamin Gruelthorpe — I'm sorry, John, to have heard what I did of you. I thought you an honest man, but it 's clear, faces are made differently now — don't speak — I haven't time to hear you. Well, Sir, Mr. Gruelthorpe — lay this story to your heart, — was in youthful life a pawnbroker; perhaps, you have met him? Never mind; his father died, and left him a heap of money — 't is but a few month's since — a heap of money. He went to Paris, fell in love with an English lady of rank and title, and everything was settled. He had as I say a heap of money, and there were no questions asked. Being one day with the lady of his love, her mamma requested him

to put a shawl upon Emily: in a moment of abstraction, he took the shawl, but instead of laying it on the alabaster shoulders of his mistress, he, no doubt thinking of bygone times, held up the article to the light, and stood looking at the shawl, as looks a pawnbroker. Nothing was said at the time," continued Oldjoe in a solemn voice, "but inquiries were set afoot, when the pawnbroker was discovered in Benjamin Gruelthorpe, Esq., and by means of a letter, written in a crowquill hand on pink paper, politely requested to forget the number of Emily's house. Now, Sir, there 's the effect of early prejudice."

"And what became of my young master?" inquired Applejohn very anxiously.

"When I was last in Paris, John, I endeavoured to discover. Walking towards Notre Dame with my friend Victor Hugo — 'Vic,' said I, 'either my dear departed French tutor Têtedeveau, he was an emigrant duke — I 've known two or three Dukes Têtedeveaus — who lived at Turnham Green when I went to school, either he misinformed my youthful mind, or not far distant from the towers of Notre Dame stands the Morgue. It was remarkable, but Hugo with little hesitation said — '*C'est vrai;*' and what was most strange, he at the same moment pointed to the edifice. I entered the Morgue" —

"Isn't that the place," — began Shadowly.

"It is," interrupted Oldjoe, "the place for the waifs and strays of death. I made every inquiry there for Benjamin; and discovered to my considerable grief

that an English gentleman with the recent marks of a pawnbroker had been buried from that benevolent establishment only three weeks before."

"Did you hear nothing more of Mr. Gruelthorpe, — nothing more certain?" asked Applejohn.

"Nothing at that time; but I received a letter yesterday from Dusseldorf informing me that Mr. Benjamin Gruelthorpe was at that moment residing there in the best of health, and in much better spirits."

"Why, then, all you've been telling us about his probable death" —

"I know what you were going to say, Mr. Shadowly; but permit me to remark as a gentleman — how fond these foreigners are of our gold! — look at the little prince, if he hasn't licked the gingerbread bare; how they do swallow our gold to be sure! — but I was about to remark, that we are now come to the exact minute when it will give me inexpressible satisfaction to wish you a very good day."

Mr. Shadowly instantly stopped, and with a lofty air was about to make doubtless a very dignified speech, when Oldjoe patted him upon the shoulder, and observed — "Sorry, very sorry that the pickled mermaids won't let me hear your Hamlet; but if, as I said, you could only make it the Emperor of Austria, I should be too happy. Now, Paul, my dear," and Oldjoe, without deigning another word to the actor, addressed himself to the little Russian — "now, Paul, there is first the lucky-bag — then the sticks — then the ringing-the-bull — then the round-about —

— ha! won't you think of me when you're prime minister? — and last of all, if you're a very good prince, and keep your hands clean, you shall be rewarded with a swing."

At this moment the prince, pointing to a circle of men, exclaimed — "Oh! oh! oh!"

"Paul, I see it," was the prediction of Oldjoe, "I see it — you'll be a great man and a greater minister. My little love, that is one of our venerable institutions; that is a game originally invented by the first rulers of the world, and used very much among the Druids: that institution is no other than the thimble-rig!" The boy looked up at Oldjoe, who composing his features, said — "May it please your highness, pronounce thimble-rig."

The juvenile Prince Kickhisownwhiskeroff stared in the face of Oldjoe, and, for a first experiment, pronounced the words with a very creditable accent. "Say it again," said Oldjoe, when the prince repeated the words. "Ha!" exclaimed Oldjoe, patting the cheek of the prince, "oughtn't your country to give me a pension? Well, well, I suppose I must be content with an order or two. If, my dear, your father should ask you what you think I'd prefer, you may say the black eagle. And now — hush! — here is the table — here the professors! You now behold the boast of Britons — the real thimble-rig!"

Shadowly and Applejohn were about to join the lookers-on at the table, when they were accosted by

an almost breathless messenger despatched in search of them by Mr. Phœnix.

"He can't want me," said Applejohn.

"He does, though," said the messenger. "I can tell you, we're ruined without you."

"There must be some mistake," said John to the actor.

"None at all," replied Shadowly, and grasping the arm of Applejohn, he led him back to the booth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

APPLEJOHN had no sooner mounted the platform, than Mr. Phœnix ran forward to greet him. "You hav'n't settled for the wild man?"

"Certainly not," said John. "I tell you, I'd starve first. I'm not without a shilling yet, and" — at this moment John placed his hand in his pocket, but immediately started and turned as pale as if a reptile there had stung him.

"What's the matter — are you ill?" asked Shadowly.

"Not a penny — as I'm a Christian, not a penny!" said Applejohn. "The lord forgive him, whoever he is! — but whilst we stood gaping before the van, some thief has picked my pocket — seven and sixpence, as I hope to be saved."

"Never mind — I'll fill your pocket for you," said Mr. Phœnix; who thereupon taking a studied view of John's anatomy, exclaimed in a burst of ad-

miration — "why, you are the very thing, and not a shade of mistake!"

"I can't do anything," cried the modest John, "upon my word, I can't."

"Ten shillings a day," said Phœnix aside to Shadowly, "and he must do it."

"Let the skin be brought after us," said the actor in a low voice to Phœnix; and then to Applejohn — "John, follow me." Our hero, humbled by his recent loss, desponding at his present state of destitution, obeyed without a word the mandate of the actor; and speedily found himself behind the scenes, among a crowd of artists preparing for the business of the time.

"Gentlemen," said the actor, "my name is Shadowly; the name is, I trust, a sufficient introduction. I greet ye as brethren — men devoted like myself to an elevated art! Enough for myself. I have now, gentlemen, in obedience to the wishes of Mr. Phœnix, to introduce to your fraternal indulgence Mr. John Applejohn, who is engaged to represent at a very short notice all the statues hitherto made attractive by the grace and strength of Mr. Jawbon, who, for reasons undiscovered, has absented himself at this critical moment from the theatre."

It is only due to the liberal feelings of the artists assembled, to state that they bestowed the heartiest welcome upon John; who was so astonished at the introduction, so overwhelmed by the cordiality of his companions, that he stood staring about him, bereft

of speech. At length he was able to exclaim — "I play statues — I never did such a thing in my life! Not for the world! Mr. Shadowly, — there must be a mistake!"

"Mr. Applejohn," said Shadowly, "I have ventured to answer for your consent in this very trifling matter. I well knew the benevolence of your disposition — your readiness to oblige your fellow-creatures — your goodness of heart — in short, all those virtues which I will spare myself the trouble and you the confusion of remembering — and I therefore on my private knowledge of your admirable character, pledged myself for your acquiescence."

"I wish I could be of any use, but I — I" — and again John stammered and stared.

"Unless you comply," said Shadowly, "Mr. Phœnix must forego the advantages of the present very limited season, and close the theatre. I appeal to your humanity, Mr. Applejohn. — Here are ten gentlemen before you, each with a wife and some with two families. Their beds, their dinners for the next month are in your hands."

"But, I don't see how," cried the amazed Applejohn.

"Rival booths, I mean" — and Shadowly hastily corrected himself — "I mean theatres, have a stone Hercules walking outside. Such a person has hitherto been the great attraction of this establishment. Mr. Jawbon, you hear, is not to be found — you are the

only man with a figure for Hercules — the only man," —

"But I can't play," said Applejohn.

"We don't require it: all we desire to save the theatre from destruction is, — that you should dress yourself and promenade outside."

"But if I 'm known," cried John, "I 'm ruined for life."

"Wherefore ruined?" asked Shadowly.

"What do you mean by ruin?" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"Are any of these gentlemen ruined?" inquired Shadowly; "stand they not as well with the world as they have ever done?"

"I didn't mean," said Applejohn, and he vainly attempted to apologise — "I assure you, I only meant to say that" —

"That you would prepare yourself this minute. Here is the dress," and Shadowly presented John with an elastic web made to fit the naked figure, muscular developments being assisted by proper padding.

"Anything but that — I couldn't Mr. Shadowly — I" — and John endeavoured to make good his retreat, when Shadowly seized, and then addressed him.

"Mr. Applejohn, I again appeal to your humanity. Still, when you have put on the dress, if you shall continue to feel a diffidence in your natural powers — and you 'll have nothing to do but to walk about, as

the mob are not to know that you are not Jawbon himself — if, however, you remain doubtful of your abilities, you may doff the dress and" —

"Well, I'm sure, I sha'n't like it, but to show you that I," — and John took off his coat.

"I expected no less, Mr. Applejohn, from your philanthropy," said Shadowly; who with others assisted John to dress, and in a few minutes our hero to his own consternation found himself clothed, wigged, and whitened for a stone Hercules.

"I can't do it — I should die if anybody was to see me — I — where's my clothes?" and Applejohn looked for his every-day garments. "I should be very happy to oblige you, gentlemen, but I feel that this is — hallo! — what are you about? Gentlemen! I insist! Murder!" —

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" said an actor, one of the four who had suddenly lifted John Applejohn, the new Hercules off his legs, and were now running to deposit him on the platform without.

"If you say a word, we 'll pitch you into the mob," said a second of the bearers, and in a trice John found himself set down among the mummers without. A loud cheer from the surrounding crowd welcomed the wretched Applejohn; who, so much was he alarmed, appalled by his situation, could see nothing distinctly. His sight grew dim — his throat became suddenly dry — the blood sang in his ears — his tongue was glued to his mouth — his knees knocked together, and he would certainly have fallen

on the boards, had not a young lady in a Highlander's costume — one of the gentle actresses, — caught him by the arm, and to rally him into self-possession, insisted on his immediately making one in a three-handed reel, with herself and a grand Turk.

The fair had now began. Showman strove to outbellow showman, cymbals clashed, drums beat, and all was holyday uproar. As the evening advanced, the crowd became more dense and more vociferous, now taunting John with his awkwardness — now, with his idleness, as like a strayed goose he wandered to and fro, devoutly praying for midnight. He had in vain begged for his clothes to be restored to him, that he might cease to be statue, and run away. To all these entreaties Mr. Phœnix deigned nothing more consolatory than a very coarse command for John to attend to his business, with subsequent permission when the fair was over to go to the same place, whither in the morning the proprietor had dispatched the dramatist. John wandered inconsolably backwards and forwards, when he was rudely accosted by a tall, robust, clownish, drunken fellow, who had forced his way through the crowd, and had mounted the platform. "Perhaps, you don't know me?" said the stranger, glaring at Applejohn.

"I — I have not that pleasure," said John.

"Well, then, it's time you did: my name is Jawbon — I've been in this troop since I played the fairies" —

"What! my dear fellow," and John's heart leapt

at the prospect of deliverance — "the Jawbon so celebrated in the statues?"

"Exactly: and now, I'll let you know — because an artist of my standing gets drunk a little — I'll let you know what it is for sneaking rascals like you to come and try to take the bread out of his mouth!"

"I take your bread? if you'll believe me, Mr. Jawbon," — but John was not allowed to conclude his sentence; for the tipsy Hercules with a power worthy of the arm of his namesake, threw our hapless hero from the platform into the midst of the mob. Fortunately for John, his weight was very equally divided upon the heads of half-a-dozen of his former spectators, who, however, proceeded to resent the freedom by falling upon the innocent offender. A yell from the mob — a rejoicing shout — attended the descent of John from the platform, and a hundred fellows in the crowd rushed to the spot where Hercules had alighted. In the midst of this uproar, several sparkish holyday makers broke through the press, and seized upon the astounded Applejohn. — "Here's fun! — glorious fun! lend me a knife — must have his nose — give a hundred for the nose of a living statue — hurrah! — glorious fun!" Such were the cries of five individuals who are not to be considered strangers by the reader, and who were bearing away with triumphant cries the helpless Applejohn, who roared, but as it appeared roared in vain for rescue, when a sailor broke through the mob, laid right and left about him, and seizing the captive Her-

cules, swore he would murder any number of rascals who should dare to lay a finger on him.

"Well, I'm glad you sung out! — I knew your voice — but lord! that I should find you in such a pickle!" said the sailor.

"Why — it isn't Seabright! — Ned Seabright?" exclaimed Applejohn, and with no further words, he flung his arms about his deliverer, covering him with classic chalk.

"Jack, Jack — how could you so disgrace yourself? — how could — but here they come! — here comes Sarah and her father!"

At these words, Applejohn breaking from his friend, endeavoured to escape. "No, Jack; we 've had a pretty dance to find you, and now you don't slip your cable, I can tell you. Farmer, give us your coat — here's a hat — and now, come along to the Compasses."

John in silence, the blushes burning through his whitened face, suffered himself to be wrapt in the farmer's great coat, to have his stone coloured wig replaced by his friend's hat, and trembling with surprise and shame, he was hurried through the crowd to a neighbouring ale-house.

"I ha' done thee wrong," said Farmer Twopenny, holding forth his hand to the confounded Applejohn, who was never so much a statue — "Ned Seabright ha' cleared it all up — and when you 're in Christian shape again, if you like to ha' Sarah, why" —

The next instant Sarah Twopenny was in the arms of her bewildered Hercules.

The reader, we hope, has not forgotten our introduction of Applejohn, seated on a door step in Chancery-lane.

"Aye, he was seen there, drunk?"

Not so. John Applejohn on the twentieth of June, a burning evening, had been summoned to a certain hospitable roof in Chancery-Lane to bail Edward Seabright, master-mariner, and John's schoolfellow, maliciously arrested for an exorbitant debt. The room of the prison was stifling hot, and John, awaiting certain preliminaries walked to the door, and seated himself upon the step. With his head in his hand he awaited the coming of a humble functionary dispatched upon some cautionary duty. In this attitude he was seen by an uncharitable acquaintance, and duly reported drunk — for, it was reasonably asked, would any respectable man be found in such a situation if he were sober? John meant well — no man better; but the story of his drunkenness flew from mouth to mouth; his clothier refused him credit — Farmer Twopenny denied him a promised wife — misfortune followed misfortune — and John, still meaning well, at length found himself upon the stage of a mountebank, to be flung thence as a sneaking interloper, an underhand varlet with a mean design upon another's subsistence!

Captain Seabright returned to London, having made a prosperous voyage. He sought for John, and

learned the story of his vice from the Farmer, who dwelt with great emphasis on the drunkenness of Applejohn on a particular night when he was seen sitting intoxicated on a step in Chancery-lane. The sailor immediately explained away the calumny; showed how much poor Applejohn had been abused — tracked him from place to place — and at length, with the Farmer and Sarah came to Greenwich Fair, at the very minute Hercules Applejohn, like a mangy cur, was flung among the bellowing crowd.

If the reader admire simple, honest meaning, cheerfully pursued — despite all calumny, despite all suffering — for its simple, honest sake, we think he will rejoice that John Applejohn obtained Sarah Twopenny for wife, and that fortune, tired of persecuting him, rewarded him for troubles past with the three great blessings of this mortal stage — health, competence, and the respect of men.

BARNABY PALMS:

THE MAN WHO "FELT HIS WAY."

BARNABY PALMS:

THE MAN WHO "FELT HIS WAY."

CHAPTER I.

At the green age of eighteen, Barnaby Palms possessed the ripe fruit of two score. But the truth is, Barnaby had never been a child. In the nurse's arms he was a very mannikin, showing an extraordinary precocity in his choice of the ripest apple and the biggest cake. Left as a legacy to an only uncle, the boy flourished after his "own sweet will," unchecked and unassisted save by the scantily-paid attentions of a well-meaning pedagogue, vegetating in a hamlet some six miles from the Kentish coast. Poor Joshua! he might have learned of his scholar — might have sucked worldly wisdom even from the suckling. We repeat it: at eighteen Barnaby was a match for grey hairs.

Barnaby had a deep respect for his uncle; in fact, so deep, it all but sank to fear. Thus, our hero spared no pains to feel his way to the heart of his relation, who, be it understood, enjoyed the reputation of a wealthy man, albeit, old inhabitants of the town

would sometimes marvel how his wealth had been acquired. Palms, senior, dwelt in a huge dilapidated mansion within gunshot of the sea; his household consisting of an old man and his daughter, a pretty, gay-hearted lass of eighteen.

Old Palms was seated in his oak parlour, steadily employed upon a breakfast, of which beef and Kentish ale, with an incidental drop of brandy, formed the principal part. Before him sat Barnaby in trim travelling attire. He looked and spoke the creature of humility. Could he have made the transfer, he would have given his soul to his uncle as readily as he advanced the mustard. The truth is, Barnaby was about to enter the world: he had drawn on his boots for the great pilgrimage of life. In a few hours, and he must feel his way through the crowd of London, being destined to the warehouse of Messrs. Nokes and Styles, mercers, City. Hence, the reader may imagine that Barnaby was subdued by the approaching event — that he felt some odd twitchings at the heart, as he stared at the old wainscot, with its every worm-hole familiar to him — that a something rose to his throat, as he looked out upon the sea, tumbling and roaring in concert with a January gale — at that sea which had so often sung his early lullabies, — that his heart, like the ocean-shell, still responded to the sound. It is reasonable to believe — though we cannot substantiate the fact — that some such emotions rose in the bosom of the pilgrim. Of this, however, we are certain: Barnaby looked with the eyes of a de-

votee towards a small leathern bag, lying on the table at the right hand of his uncle: still Barnaby continued to gaze at the string securing the neck, until, distracted by the appearance of Patience Mills, who — the more serious portion of the breakfast consumed — entered with a dozen eggs.

Now, Patience had a face as round, and cheeks as red, as any pippin, eyes blue as heaven, and a mouth, as a certain young man on the coast avowed, sweet as a honey-comb. Nevertheless, had Patience been some smoke-dried hag, Barnaby had not visited her with grimmer look. Patience replied to the glance by a giggle, solacing herself, when out of hearing, by muttering "glad he 's going." Barnaby looked at his uncle's fingers, and then at the bag. Heedless of the hint, old Palms took an egg.

"Come, eat, Barney; eat. Ye 'll have a cold ride to London: the north wind 's edged like a scythe. What! not take eggs?"

"Doat on 'em, uncle," cried Barnaby, aroused, like Shylock, from "a dream of money-bags." The fact is, Barnaby had that day determined to like everything: on that occasion he wished to leave a vivid impression of his meekness and humility. "Quite a weazel at eggs, uncle," continued Barnaby, and he began to chip the shell. Now, it so happened that Barnaby had fallen upon an egg which, on being opened, emitted conclusive evidence of its antiquity. Old Palms, instantly perceiving the work of time, roared to Barnaby to cast the abomination out of the

window. Barnaby, however, determined to give an example of his economy — of his indifference to petty annoyance — sat like a statue, still holding the egg between his thumb and finger — his uncle applying the same instruments to his own nose.

"Out with it, Barney!" Barney smiled a remonstrance, and handled his spoon. "Zounds!" cried old Palms, almost grinning through his disgust at what he deemed the ignorance or simplicity of his nephew — why — ha! ha! — you 'll never eat it?"

Barnaby, mistaking the humour of his uncle, nodded knowingly.

"You will? I 'tell you 't is a musty egg — a bad egg — pah! the egg" —

Barney looked as though he believed he had won his uncle's heart for ever, and then complacently made answer, "I don't care for eggs over fresh."

Now, we boldly declare the egg of Barnaby to be a grander subject for the moralist and the romance-writer than either the egg of Columbus, the famous roc's egg of the Eastern Princess, the golden egg of Æsop, or the egg of Mother Goose. Reader, pause a moment, and reflect on the prosperity of whole hordes of people, whose success in life is solely attributable to their participating in the taste of Barnaby.

Look at his lordship, sparkling with honours, padded with bank paper, and know ye to what he owes all this? Oh, doubtless to his high statesman-like qualities — his profound knowledge — his inde-

fatigable industry. Not so, not so; the simple story is, he was wont to confidentially breakfast with the minister, and on such occasions showed that he cared not for his eggs over fresh. But shall we stay at courts and courtiers? No: from a palace to a workshop there is ever some ductile eater — some omnivorous, obsequious Barney at breakfast — who has made, or looks to make, a figure in the world by not caring for his eggs over fresh. Many are the ways in which the tale may be told. There is Tom Spangle, a handsome, healthy, six-foot animal of two-and-thirty. He had not a shilling; now, he rides blood, and writes cheques. Do you know the secret of the change? Very well; he married the ancient, yellow widow of an army-contractor. Ay, even so; he cared not for his egg over fresh.

The avowed taste of Barnaby was not lost upon his uncle. The old man looked through the youth with a thinking eye — an eye that seemed to read his moral anatomy — and then uttered a long "hem!" at the same time stretching his hand to the money-bag. Invisible fingers were playing on the heartstrings of Barnaby, whilst, from the corner of his eye, he saw his uncle slowly undo the strip of knotted leather which "compressed the god within." The bag was opened; its glorious contents blazed on the table; and as they rang upon the oak, Barnaby instinctively rose to his feet, standing respectfully uncovered in "the presence."

"Barney," said old Palms, and reverently laid his

hand upon the gold, "Barney, my child, you see the little hoard I 've set apart for you?" The life-blood of Barnaby tingled in his very eyes, and his ears rang with music. "You see the few savings and scrapings I have made for the child of my brother? For I feared that you, an innocent, unprotected, unassisted lad, would need the aid which money can alone afford. Barney, I trembled for the softness of your heart — the simplicity of your nature." Here Barney felt almost in peril of tears. "Yes, Barney, these were my weak anxieties, my foolish fears." Saying which, the old man began to return the guineas to the bag. During the operation, not a word was spoken. Barney, scarcely venturing to breathe, stood with his head bent on his breast, and one eye on the table, silent and subdued. The tinkling of the gold — the voice of Barney's fortune, was alone audible; and, as note followed note, the young expectant became possessed as though he listened to angelic trumpets. The bag being filled, Palms proceeded to tie its mouth, talking as he leisurely tied. "Barney, I find my fears were the fears of ignorance. You need not such a sum as this; you are already rich in strength — in wisdom."

"I, uncle?" cried Barnaby, sensitively shrinking from the compliment, and at the same time — struck by the manner of Palms — breaking into a profuse sweat. "*I* strong? *I* wise? Oh, uncle!"

"Come, Barney, why so modest? I say, strength and wisdom, as the world goes, are yours. Here we 've a hundred guineas in this little bag; what then?

To a lad of your wit they're of little worth. You 'll never miss 'em. Now, here," and Palms slid the coin along the table, "here are five guineas."

"Five! uncle!"

"Five. The reward of your skill — of the skill you have shown this morning."

"Five guineas? skill? uncle!"

"Never doubt it, Barney; take up the money, and never mistrust that head of thine; for well I know, that the fellow who, in this working world, cares not for his eggs '*over fresh*,' will, in the end, flourish as well though he begin with five guineas, as with five thousand."

The tone and manner of old Palms forbade any reply on the part of his nephew, who, nevertheless, received the eulogy with a profound sulkiness. Indeed, had Barnaby pocketed five snow-balls, he could not have looked more blank and frozen; could not have mounted the borrowed horse, ready saddled to convey him to London, with more reluctant leg, with grimmer countenance. No wonder; Barnaby thought he had securely felt his way: now Barnaby had lost ninety-five guineas.

CHAPTER II.

THERE is a golden volume yet to be written on the first struggles of forlorn genius in London — magnificent, miserable, ennobling, degrading London. If all who have suffered would confess their sufferings — would show themselves in the stark, shivering squalor in which they first walked her streets — would paint the wounds which first bled in her garrets — what a book might be placed in the hands of pride! — what stern, wholesome rebukes for the selfish sons of fortune! — what sustaining sweetness for the faint of spirit! It is true, the letters might be of blood — the tales of agony and horror — of noble natures looking serenely, with the hungry fox gnawing their bowels — of disappointment sinking to despair — of misery, dreaming of, and wooing death! And then, how many petty shifts to mask a haggard face with smiles — how many self-denials — how many artifices to hide a nakedness from laughing scorn! Nor would the tone be all of wretchedness. No! beautiful emanations of the human heart — the kindest ministerings of human affections would sweeten and exalt many a sad history. How often should we find the lowly comforting the high — the ignorant giving lessons to the accomplished — the poor of earth aiding and sustaining the richly-dowered!

Barnaby was in London; but not — not to add to the number of splendid vagabonds, now thrust from

her thresholds to sleep in the market-place, and now, dining off plate cheek by jowl with my lord. Barney was speedily warm, as in wool, in the house of Messrs. Nokes and Styles; and with the combined wisdom and delicacy of a spider, began to feel his way to the foibles of his employers. Nokes was a man of brass — Styles a thing of willow. Assured of this, Barnaby immediately felt the propriety of bowing to the one, and bending the other.

"Look at that lazy brute, — he doesn't draw a single pound," remarked the observing Nokes, as one evening, standing at his warehouse door, he contemplated the progress of a passing waggon.

"Not half-a-pound, Sir," chimed in Barnaby; "and yet, I doubt not, he eats his share of corn and hay. But this it is to be, as one may say, in partnership with those who *will* pull."

"Right, Barnaby;" and the countenance of Nokes darkened, as he watched the easy-going quadruped.

"They who *will* work, *may* work. Was Mr. Styles here to-day?"

It is our hope that the query of Barnaby was unconsciously coupled with his profound views of the distribution of labour — that he had innocently let fall a spark on the train of Nokes's smothered feelings. If, on the contrary, the conflagration was premeditated, the moral incendiary must have glowed at the flattering proof of his success; for Nokes was all but suffocated. The blood rushed to his face — retreated — rushed — went back — presenting unto Barney as fine an

exhibition of "humours and spirits" as that recorded by the learned Peireskius, who at the cost of some words, sets forth the useful lesson he acquired through "an augmenting-glass, or microscope," — showing how a certain vilest animal "setting himself to wrestle with a flea, was so incensed that his blood ran down from head to foot, and from foot to head again!" Wise Peireskius! true philosopher! who from the bickerings of small despised animals extracts better wisdom, learns surer self-government, than the unthinking million carry from a dog-fight, yea, from a bull-bait! (Reader, when thou shalt behold a Nokes bursting with envy, hatred, and uncharitableness, think of the learned lord of Peiresk and his little monitor: ponder, and let thy soul be instructed.)

"Lack-a-day! I 'd quite forgot; 't is Epsom races," cried Barnaby, in self-reproval of his unnecessary question, the face of Nokes again suddenly resembling a chemist's bottle by candlelight. "Epsom races!" repeated the speaker, in a tone that left nothing further to be advanced upon the subject. And Nokes evidently judged the words to be conclusive; for feeling — like modesty at a public dinner — more than he could express, with a wisdom rarely exhibited on such occasions, he spoke not at all. He merely jerked out his watch; and, at a glance, calculated that in two hours at most he should be wanted to join his friends at whist.

Mr. Styles, in addition to his love of horseflesh, had a passion for the rural and picturesque. He kept

a country-house, under whose hospitable roof Barney was wont at times to eat a sabbath meal, having previously attended his inviter to the parish church. It was a sight to melt the thoughtless youth of Bridewell to behold Barney during service. There he was pinned to the side of his employer; now seeking out the lessons of the day — now, with open mouth and staring eyeballs (an expression of features not disgraceful to any tombstone), outsinging a numerous Sundayschool, shrilly piping in the gallery. It is true, the clerk would cast a look of bitterness; but then, it was avowed that Barnaby never opened his mouth, that the poor man did not feel shaken on his throne.

"A most comfortable sermon, Barney?" remarked Styles, with a certain air of interrogation. "Most comfortable?"

"I 'm a wicked creature, if I wouldn't have given a guinea for Mr. Nokes to hear it. Did you observe, Sir, how that gentleman with the scarlet face and powdered head was moved? Pray, Sir, who is he?"

"Humph! He 's newly retired among us, Barney; I — I forget his name: but they tell me he has in his time been a great player."

"No doubt, Sir; no doubt. Every word of the preacher seemed to enter him like a bodkin! A great player! poor wretch! Surely, Sir, he can't have made all his money by playing?"

"Every penny, Barney."

"He keeps a coach!" cried Barney, in a modulated tone of polite amazement.

"A house," added Styles, "that did belong to the member of the county — a town mansion — and a shooting-box."

"All won by playing? Mercy upon us! The devil offers great temptations!" moralized Barney.

"Say what we will of him, Barney," responded Styles, with exemplary liberality towards a fallen foe; "say what we will of him, I am afraid the devil is no fool."

"And — and" — asked Barney, with a face somewhat uncorded from its first rigidity — "what may the gentleman have most played?"

"I can 't exactly tell, but I believe principally low parts; such as footmen, clowns, and country-boys!"

"Parts! I mean games? Chicken-hazard — short-whist — roulette — rouge-et-noir — or" — and Barney for some seconds continued the inventory, with a knowledge of the subject wholly unexpected.

"Games! Understand me, Barney; I tell you the man was an actor, a stage-player."

Barney could not subdue a look of disappointment: in a moment, however, he returned to the subject. "Actor or not, I am sure he must have played. La, Sir, did you see him when the doctor thundered at gaming?" Truth to say, Styles was one of those profound sleepers who can sometimes snore at Jove's best bolts — "Ha! as I said, I 'd sell a guinea cheap, so that Mr. Nokes had heard it."

Styles looked meaningly at Barney — drank off a glass of port — clasped his fingers — glanced a

moment at his left shoe — and then, as a magpie turns his head, lifted his cheek inquiringly towards Nokes's well-wisher. "Gaming, Sir! isn't it a sort of murder?" Styles nodded: "Wives and babes are killed by it. Isn't it a kind of arson — such capital houses are destroyed by it?" Styles nodded twice. "Isn't it the worst of robberies, — for the most innocent, most painstaking, most upright of partners may be made beggars by it?" Styles responded to the last query by a long succession of nods. "Then, Sir, and saving your presence, I must say again, — I must say" — and here Barney emptied his glass, as seeking courage for the avowal — "I would have given five guineas had Mr. Nokes been with us at church this day."

"What do you mean, Barney?" asked Styles, with the look and tone with which folks usually address a ghost. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Sir, this I mean" — and Barney drew his chair in confidential proximity to his master — "this I mean; I must say it — I can't help it — but, Sir, I don't like whist clubs." And an emphatic blow upon the table made the glasses leap at the aversion of the speaker.

"No more do I," replied Styles; and in the reply proved himself the master of a most difficult science — the art of saying very much in very little. Now, whether the wine was more than usually subtle, or whether the devotion of Barney had suddenly softened his employer, — certain it is, that Styles rapidly

became an altered man. He who was usually silent and timid, became loud and self-asserting; inveighing, in good round terms against the arrogance and imprudence of Nokes, and upbraiding himself for his pusillanimous deference to his dissipated partner.

"I have been a fool long enough, Barney," insinuated the modest Styles; an assertion which his no less diffident hearer ventured not to deny. "Yes, yes; I have too long given the reins out of my own hands; have been a nobody in the firm." Barney shrugged his shoulders, and leered acquiescence. "A nobody! — worse than nobody! — a blockhead — a nincompoop — an ass!" Barney, with great moral courage, bowed to the justice of every epithet. "But," exclaimed Styles for the twentieth time, rising at the accomplished number, "I 'll be so no longer — I 'll" —

We have not the slightest doubt that a most beautiful peroration was, at this moment, destroyed — barked down, by a yelping little spaniel, unhappily for oratory, lying with extended fore-paws beneath the chair of Styles; the whole weight of the speaker coming suddenly upon the left leg of Kitty, she howled and barked with a persevering vigour truly feminine; her agony and helplessness were not lost upon a sister: for Madge, a terrier bitch, sprang from an opposite corner, and, in an instant, almost joined her teeth in the neck of the wounded. Kitty howled in a more intense treble; Madge growled vengeance in deep bass; whilst Styles and Barney, having vainly tried to separate the disputants, for a moment stood and

looked in each other's face, — the concert of female voices still continuing. "Did you ever see such a tyrannical fury?" asked Styles, with a hopeless look, pointing at the ravenous Madge. — The appeal was too much for the sensibility of Barney, who — the exclamation struck from him by a yet higher shriek on the part of Kitty — roared out — "D — that Nokes!" aiming an ineffectual blow at the newly-christened. Styles smiled benevolently at the oath. Barney, moved by the sufferings of Kitty, and a blow upon his own shin against the chair, dragged forth the combatants; Styles tugged at the spaniel, whilst Barney, with the wisdom of the cock-pit, placed the tail of the terrier between his teeth. At this picturesque moment, and most unluckily for Madge, the servant bawled in at the door —

"Mr. Nokes!"

Down, with terrible force, came the grinders of Barney, the terrier quitted its hold, and, tearing out of the room, ran yelling close by Nokes, sometime her unsuspecting namesake.

"There — there — Barney!" cried Styles, and confusedly opened the door of a closet, within which, silently as a spectre, Barney felt his way. Styles, with the suffering spaniel under his arm, seated himself in his chair; the bitch, with female delicacy, squeaking little, but shaking her crushed fore-paw reproachfully in the face of the destroyer. Nokes entered; his countenance was lined and mysterious as lawyer-written parchment; there was mischief in it,

though obscured by certain confusion; much malice and no little cowardice. He coughed, but, strange enough, no subject seemed to present itself. Luckily, he glanced at the streaming eyes and quivering paw of Kitty. "So — humph! — a dog-fight?"

"It 's very odd," replied Styles, with the learned air of an F.R.S., "it 's very odd — but though Kitty and Madge have been together these five years, they can't agree. It 's very odd."

"When people can't agree," returned Nokes, and he looked a Columbus as he propounded the moral discovery, "they had better part. Mr. Styles, for these three months I have been confirmed in this opinion."

"Longer — surely, longer. 'T is two years since Mrs. Nokes had a separate maintenance."

Nokes, touched by the indelicate allusion to his domestic infelicity, in silence passed his five fingers across his brow, and said, with very cold dignity, "Mr. Styles, fortunately there are partnerships which may be dissolved."

"Fortunately," acquiesced Styles, stroking the head of Kitty.

"You wonder, Mr. Styles, why your dogs can't agree? Perhaps I can explain; it may be, that one is sporting out of doors all day, whilst the other is left at home to bark and keep house."

"What do you mean, Mr. Nokes?" asked Styles; and with forced tranquillity, he placed the bitch upon

the hearth-rug. Had an oracle put an interrogative, it could not have been more searching — more impressive.

"I mean, Sir, that I have a partner in view, whose habits of business, Mr. Styles" —

"Glad to hear it," interrupted Styles, "for as I have some time contemplated a dissolution, we can the sooner get rid of one another."

"No house can stand against the chance of such bets," cried Nokes. "Hundreds vanishing after hundreds."

"Bets! hundreds! No, Mr. Nokes, let us keep to the serious truth; guinea points, Sir, — guinea points don't become a tradesman."

"Guinea points! — guinea — but, as we are happily of the same mind to separate, we won't talk nonsense."

"'T isn't necessary," accorded Styles; "therefore, as we understand each other, may I not ask the name of your new partner?"

"Oh, certainly; a most industrious, pains-taking young man."

"Glad to hear it," said Styles, again. "I think — indeed, I am sure, I have for myself just such a partner in my eye."

"I wish you all success," cried Nokes; "may I know who he is?"

"To be sure; a most business-like, prudent person. But, first, the name of your partner?"

"He doesn't yet know his good luck. But" — and Nokes hesitated — "Can't you guess?"

"Hav'n't a notion. Yes — I think — I —"

"To be sure," cried Nokes, — "Barnaby; though I hav'n't told him, — Barnaby."

Styles hardly repressed a smile at the credulity of Nokes; then, with a serious air, observed, "My good friend, don't count upon him. Allowing that I myself — though he is quite ignorant of the fact — were not determined upon offering him a partner's share, I am sure he would not — and, forgive me, my friend — he could not join with you."

"Not!" exclaimed Nokes, and his eyes glittered like brass buttons — "And why not?"

"The lad is scrupulous; he can't abide cards," said Styles.

"You mean bets squandered upon fillies," replied Nokes, sarcastically.

"Pshaw! between ourselves, the young man has talked to me with tears in his eyes about your nightly whist; guinena points, Nokes — guinea points!"

Nokes leapt to his feet — and extending his arms — projecting his breast — and throwing back his head, cried aloud to the vacant ceiling, "Twopenny! As I have a soul to be saved — twopenny!"

Styles, subdued by the fervour of his partner, in a modulated tone proceeded, "I do assure you, Barnaby has always sworn to a guinea."

"A household crocodile!" cried Nokes. "Ah, friend Styles, had you lost as little by the last favourite,"—

"As little? How much, now — how much?" asked Styles, with a bridling air.

"Wasn't it five hundred?"

"A hat — a single hat to Jerry White — he wore it this very day at church — five hundred! Upon my conscience, and may I die a sinner, but 't was a hat."

"Barnaby protested 't was five hundred pounds."

"The hypocrite! he shall this moment speak to our faces."

"I wish he could; but though he told me you had asked him here to-day, he vowed he couldn't spend the sabbath with a blackleg and a horse-racer."

"A blackleg!" screamed Styles, and the exclamation was answered by a shriek in a yet higher note from the cupboard. Nokes at once recognised the voice of Barney, and ran to open the door, when Styles, preventing him, turned the key, put it in his pocket, and hurried his partner into an adjoining room, Barney still raving — as his masters conceived — to be heard in explanation. After a lapse of some ten minutes, employed by Nokes and Styles in mutual assurances of renewed faith and friendship, the key of the cupboard, with a cheque for ten pounds, was placed in the hands of Betty, armed with final orders touching the prisoner. The door was speedily unlocked; and Barney, his hands crimsoned as the Thane of Cawdor's, blood on his face, and horror in his voice, rushed out, sank in a chair, and in a tone of mingled fear and veneration, exclaimed — "The devil!" A

common household occurrence will explain away the seeming mystery. The blessing of increase was upon all things owned by Styles; even his cats escaped not the general good. It so happened that seven kittens, scarce one day old, with their satisfied mother, were the unknown tenants of the cupboard, previous to the occupancy of Barney, — who, agitated by the colloquy of the partners, and having no thought, taking no pity, of the blind, had walked upon the embryo hopes of future Whittingtons. Two of the kittens being killed, the maternal instincts of the parent were aroused; and when Nokes and Styles left their assistant, as they believed, yelling with compunction, he was suffering in various parts of his body, from the teeth and claws of a revengeful cat. It was with some difficulty that Betty explained to the confused young gentleman the final decree of his late employers. They had sent him his salary for the current quarter, and Betty would lose no time in opening the door; a hope was expressed, that he would not show himself at the warehouse. Barney took his hat, and crawled from the house. The night was pitch black, and the rain beginning to fall, — he was soaked to the skin ere he had felt his way to his comfortless London bed.

CHAPTER III.

"Sir, you talk of coincidences," — thus one day spake a valiant captain of the local militia — "I will tell you, Sir, a most remarkable coincidence: it is this, Sir: — the very day on which Napoleon escaped from Elba, I marched with my regiment to Wormwood Scrubs!" We are about to match the coincidence of the gallant warrior for Middlesex. — Thus, be it known, that the very night on which Barnaby Palms was turned from the firm of Nokes and Styles, the soul of Peter Blond, mercer and hosier, Bishopgate-Without, was summoned to his last account. From a subsequent calculation made by the widow, it was evident that Peter had vacated his house of clay the very instant Barnaby left the roof of Styles: yes, as Betty turned the key, Peter expired. Who, when they have heard our tale, shall say that Fortune doth not sometimes look above her bandage, to take a peep at vagrant merit? Who shall call her a mere romping hoyden, playing at blindman's buff, catching the ill-favoured and the worthless, and hugging them in her arms, whilst the fair and virtuous stand untouched in obscure corners? Or, granted, that the goddess doth sometimes approach them, shall it be said, that it is only to show them her beautiful hands, and then to pass on? The truth is, we slander Fortune: because the wise and bountiful creature will not let us at all times and in all places have our wicked will of her,

like unprincipled rakes, we take a poor revenge by calling her naughty names. We are rejoiced to say it, Barnaby was not of these evil speakers. However, to proceed with his obligations to what the unthinking vulgar would call good luck.

The second day after his dismissal, Barnaby, his clear spirit obscured by thoughts of future dinners, walked — we should rather say, was led by his good genius — up Bishopgate-Without. Melancholy grew upon him as he went: balked in his best intentions by the ignorance and hasty prejudice of his employers — disappointed in his hopes of partnership — it might be, misrepresented to his fellow-creatures — the whole earth grew dim and blank. At that moment, so great was his disgust of the worldly wealth which he could not obtain, that in all his previous life, he never felt so serious — so religious. Whilst in this dark solemn mood, an undertaker's porter walked with the elastic step of death before him, and presented to Barney's meditating eyes a coffin of satisfactory respectability. Here was an accident — or, as our friend the captain would have said, a coincidence! For as the eye of Barney fell upon the coffin-plate, his face brightened — nay, became radiant as the visage of a saint in a cathedral window. Doubtless, urges the reader, Barney felt a spiritual ecstasy — a "rapt," as the mother Maria Teresa calls it? We do not speculate — we speak to facts. Barney, having devoured the inscription, brightened up, smote his right leg with much vehemence, and with huge strides walked onwards.

The brief notice — that last short history of the noisiest of us — "*Peter Blond, aged* 64," told Barney that Mrs. Blond was left a solitary widow, without a child, but with a capital connexion.

Shame upon ye, Barney! And out upon the vile and sordid matters blighting this beautiful, this liberal world, — that self-promotion should ever be sought on the coffin-plates of our neighbours! In few words — the deceased interred — Barney became the widow Blond's first man of business.

For three years did Barney, with exemplary skill, direct the affairs of the late Peter Blond. For three years did he proceed, cautiously feeling his way, as he believed, to the respect of the trade, and as he hoped, to the affections of his mistress; who, be it known, had some five-and-twenty years the advantage of her deceased lord, being all such years his junior. The house flourished — the widow had long since cast away an unbecoming mourning — Barney grew sleek as a beaver — and all things promised — no, there was one doubt, one fear would haunt our hero. With a curious superstition, Barney felt all about him insecure, until the church had laid its hands upon it. Besides — and why are we thus tardy in our justice? — Barney had his principles. As he became prosperous, he felt a growing respect for character; nor was it altogether self that rendered him thus sensitive; he had the feelings of a man, and saw the situation of the widow. Let the following dialogue be his testimony.

"As for the world, Mrs. Blond, depend upon it,

the world grows wickeder and wickeder." So saying, Barney moved closer to the widow, whose good-natured face seemed little shadowed by the misanthropy of her managing man. The place was the back-parlour — the time the hour of supper. The meal despatched, moral reflections — of which the above is not an unfavourable sample — flowed like a stream from the lips of Barney, evidently deeply feeling the worthlessness of all living flesh. It 's enough, Ma'am, to make a young man go into a wood, and turn hermit."

"What 's the matter, Mr. Palms?" asked the still unanswered widow, for the sixth time.

"'T is a hard thing to say; but I really do believe that all mankind are villains." (Whenever a gentleman says thus much, be assured, considerate reader, that he contemplates an instant offer of himself as a choice exception.)

"What — all! Mr. Palms?"

"Nearly all, Ma'am," responded Barney, showing his teeth. "Human creatures! Snakes upon two legs, Mrs. Blond."

"Why — what — what has happened!" asked the widow, her face looking all the prettier for the earnestness of its expression.

"I am sure, Ma'am, if this house had been roofed with silver, and floored with gold, I could not have been more contented with it. Since the death of your husband, no one has been so happy as I."

"Mr. Palms!"

"I — I won't say no one, Ma'am; but it's hard to leave when one might be so very, very comfortable."

"Oh! I perceive, Mr. Palms," tranquilly remarked the widow — "you have in view a better situation?"

"Better!" echoed Barney, in a hopeless tone, at the same time venturing a leer of soft reproach — "better!"

"Then what compels you to leave me?"

"You do," and Barney was almost suffocated with tenderness.

"I! Mr. Palms?"

"For myself, Ma'am, I care little what the world says. I — I hope I am an old file that defies the tooth of slanderous serpents. But, Ma'am, I can't feel myself a man, and stand by to hear you wronged. What is gold to a good name!"

"Pray, explain, Mr. Palms. In a word, Sir, what" —

"The neighbours, Ma'am — the neighbours," replied Barney, in deep expressive notes.

"And what of the neighbours?" briskly interrogated Mrs. Blond.

Barney, with exquisite delicacy, evading a reply, proceeded — "I have made up all the books; the accounts are balanced to a farthing. Since your affairs have been in my hands, Mrs. Blond, I hope I may say they have not suffered."

"There never was a better book-keeper, Mr. Palms. But, Sir, you spoke of the neighbours — what do they say — what dare they say?"

"Well, Ma'am," and Barney did a violence to his feelings as he spoke, "the woman to the right tells everybody — the Lord forgive her! — that we — that is, you and I Ma'am, are truly and lawfully married!"

"Married!" cried Mrs. Blond, in a voice that spoke a full knowledge of the awful responsibility. — "Married!"

"That 's not the worst." — Mrs. Blond looked doubtingly. — "That 's not the worst: for the woman to the left, with all her teeth and nails, denies it. She says," —

Little Mrs. Blond breathed hard with suppressed disgust at the malevolence of the world. "And what does she say?"

"She swears we certainly are not married; but swears as strongly, that — that — we — ought — to be." Mrs. Blond sat silent and flushing. Barney, with profitable insensibility, mistaking the blushes of offended beauty for the tumultuous confusion of a surprised heart, dropped upon his knees, and seized the hand of the widow. At that instant — and as though by conspiracy — out went the candle! — at the same point of time, to complete the confusion of the widow, Bobby, the boy, coming to the door, bawled through the darkness — "Is Mr. Palms gone home, Ma'am? — may I lock up?" Barney scrambled to his feet — and the widow unconsciously called for a light. A light was instantly supplied by the staring boy, who was directed by his mistress to attend Barney to the door.

Palms followed Bobby a few paces, then stopping short, returned to the widow. "As I said, dear Mrs. Blond — as I said, Ma'am, what is gold to a good name?" Mrs. Blond said nothing. Barney, taking silence for his best friend, in plain direct terms urged his suit. It was apparent that late incidents had had their due effect on the prudence of the widow: for, at his vigorous solicitation, she promised to meet Barney at the church. That the ceremony might attract no attention on the part of gossipping neighbours, Mrs. Blond stipulated that it should take place at a certain little village on the Sussex coast. All this negotiation was the fruit of scarcely five minutes, Bobby standing with his finger on the street-door latch. Barney walked "like man new made" to the spot where the boy, with a candle twixt his fingers, in fine *chiar' oscuro* awaited him. Now Barney, looking down upon the urchin, saw his eyes twinkling with meaning, and his mouth drawn up like a rabbit's into a smothered titter. On this, anticipating somewhat his dominorial rights, Barney boxed the boy's ears, calling him "a — sneering little scoundrel." He then strided into the street, and like a lover, gazed on the moonlight. The clear beam fell upon the house, and as Barney gazed at the golden letters "*Blond*," he might be dreaming, but he saw them fade and disappear, and in their place beam forth, in lambent brightness — "*Palms*."

But a few days, and Barney was wandering — musing on wedding-rings — on the Sussex shore. It had been arranged by the widow and himself, that

they should separately leave town, and meet at the church door on the appointed morning. Barney had engaged the best apartments at the best inn, and in eight-and-forty hours he might call the widow, with all her funded wealth, her stock, and outstanding debts, his own. His feelings seriously directed by the coming event, he attended the parish church with the best intentions. But where shall weak man hide where temptation is not? Placed immediately opposite to the destroying eyes of woman, do not our resolutions, though built of granite, melt like wax? Thus it was with Barney; he was stared into weakness, falsehood — but let us not pursue the theme: a syren voice whispered in his ear — "to-night — at eleven — the churchyard," — and then the blooming tempter vanished.

If there be a dreary, "aching void," in the time of man, it is the four-and-twenty hours preceding marriage. Now, Barney, though brimful of love, was in a strange town, with nothing to do but to count the minutes. Thus, if at eleven o'clock he walked to the church-yard, it was not to lose his constancy, but his time. As for bed, could he sleep on the eve of the glad to-morrow? To the churchyard then he sauntered. The night was dark — the wind cold — he listened for the "voice of the charmer," and heard the owl hoot from the belfry. Thinking he was tricked, he felt a touch of compunction for the widow: blushing for his weakness, he turned to seek his inn, when he felt his hand grasped, and a low, soft "hush" fell

upon his ear. Ere he could reply to the admonition, his legs were off the ground — a bandage over his eyes and mouth — and his arms pinioned. Could Barney have been an impartial judge, he himself would have eulogised the celerity of the operation. In a thought, he felt himself rocking in a cradle: the plashing of oars convinced him of his error: he was on "the wide and open sea."

To be sold for a slave was the least Barney looked for; perhaps to become the property of the Grand Turk — to be promoted — promoted! — to a keeper of the seraglio! Barney thought of the widow, and grew cold from head to sole. Barney was blind-folded; yet did he plainly see a gang of buccaniers with moustachios long as ordinary pig-tails. The boat was speedily alongside a very suspicious craft. Barney was happily spared the sight of her. — The captive was lifted aboard, and unceremoniously, as a bale of coarse merchandise, flung into a corner called a berth. This act seemed to be a preconcerted signal with wind and wave; for almost on the instant a stiff gale sprang from the north-west — the sea rose in mountains, and the vessel, light as a cork, danced upon their tops. In this uproar, what was to be expected of stomach of Barney, anything but amphibious? It was evident that his keepers had formed a right opinion of its weakness, for with a latent feeling of humanity — let us praise where praise is due — they had taken the bandage from Barney's mouth.

The storm roared itself, like a wilful child, to rest,

and the morning dawned upon the wave, bright and gorgeous. It was the wedding morning of Barnaby Palms — and, lying coiled like a distempered dog in his nook, he told the hours struck from the church, where, in brief time, a disappointed bride would weep for him. Barnaby sighed; the time wore on — he groaned: another hour, he called aloud; another and another, and he raved and stormed, and begged to be put ashore. Coarse and violent as his persecutors had shown themselves, they still were men; and knowing that the situation of Barney was — as the newspapers, when the fact was known, would propound — more easily felt than described, — they opened the door of his prison, and suffered him to feel his way upon deck. Barney saw no slave-ship — but the "Jemima," smuggling cutter of Hythe.

"Shore! shore!" exclaimed Barney, and he looked with devouring eyes towards the beach.

"Ay, ay, Sir," was the dogged reply of an old tarpauling, "all in good time, your honour."

"Mayhap the gentleman never see'd Flushing," conjectured a second. "If so, we 'll give him passage free."

"My good fellows," cried Barney, whose extreme agitation rendered him insensible to the cold irony of his captors, "my good fellows, I forgive the joke — I — ha! ha! — 't was a capital hoax — but don't push it too far. I must go ashore."

One of the crew approached him, and with a confidential air, asked — "Can you swim?"

"No — no — no!" cried Barney, scarcely repressing his tears.

"What a pity! — for we can't spare you a boat. Up with the anchor, lads."

"Gentlemen — I tell you I am looked for — I am expected — I — I am going to be married!"

"Oh!" cried three or four, as though at once won by the necessities of Barney, "he's going to be married lads — let's give him a wedding-suit."

Ere Barney could inquire into the liberal proposition, a bucket of tar was placed at his feet. "Now, Sir," asked one of the sailors, with forced politeness, at the same time poising in his hand a brush dropping the unsavoury liquid — "now, Sir, which will you have on first, your waistcoat or your breeches?" Barney opened his mouth, no doubt to proclaim his preference, when the brush, maliciously directed, stopt the communication. Then straightway, Barney grinning horribly the while, was bedaubed from head to heels. The clock struck as the operation was finished.

"Ugh! oh! murder! let me go ashore — let me fly" — gasped the now water-proof Barney.

"Jack, the gentleman wants to fly; where's his wings?"

With a noble sacrifice to the desires of the visitor, the only feather-bed aboard was brought upon deck, instantly unripped, and its contents carefully distributed about the person of Barney. As he picked the feathers from his eyes and mouth, and blew out his

big cheeks, he looked a monstrous mixture of the ape and penguin. "There — I declare," exclaimed one of his valets, "talk of a wedding! — why you're drest for Neptune's daughter." The boat was then brought alongside. Barnaby very gladly took a seat in it, and four of the crew prepared to pull him ashore. "I wonder," said one of the men, "what's become of that fellow — Barnaby Palms I think they called him — who, when he was turned from the firm of Nokes and Styles, informed about that little matter of French lace? I wonder what's become of him!" Here Barnaby might have been communicative; he said nothing but shook his feathers. Having reached the shore, the men insisted upon carrying Barney into the churchyard — to the very spot where he was to have met the false fair, from certain after circumstances shrewdly suspected to be the lawful wife of one of the smugglers.

In a thought the conspirators had vanished, and Barney was alone among the tombs. Hearing the sound of voices, and confused by the ludicrous spectacle he presented, he ran blindly forward, was tripped up by some osiers, and rolled headlong into a grave, dug, as it would seem, on purpose, that very morning. As he lay stunned and confounded, the bells rang out a merry peal, striking into Barney a sense of his situation. He rose upon his feet, and with his hands grasping the edge of the grave he lifted his head half way above the surface, and saw — proceeding from the church — a blushing, new-made bride, in the per-

son of the late Mrs. Blond, and in her happy husband, the silkman from the opposite shop. Mrs. Blond had long reflected on his secret offers, but the wisdom of Barney — his fine delicate sense of feeling his way — had fixed her for ever. The silkman walked on, a bridegroom: Barney stood where he was, a bachelor. His rival was bound for life: Barney was only tarred and feathered!

CHAPTER IV.

In the foregoing chapters we have confined ourselves to two great disappointments of our hero, who, however, as he felt his way through life, had manifold small successes. It is true that fortune, when she promised most, had shown herself most fickle; yet had she rewarded Barney with a thousand gifts. Thus, ere he had completed his three-and-fortieth year, Barney had "land and beeves." His miraculous sense of touch, like that of Midas, had turned some of the dirtiest matters into gold. It is confessed, he had groped in dark corners for his wealth — but then, how much higher his merit — how much greater the discovery? It is only the vulgar mind that thinks to win its fortune along the broad highway of life, in clearest day; the nobler genius, hugging itself in its supremacy, searches pits and holes, with this sustaining creed — that though the prize acquired be not really of half the worth to that picked up in open light, it has to the finder a double value, because obtained in secrecy and gloom.

"A broken heart, Mr. Palms! you don't believe in any such nonsense?"

In truth, Barney was not so weak; since he felt himself a reasoning creature he had ever doubted that much talked of phenomenon: moreover, a recent visit to the museum of Surgeon's Hall had confirmed him in his belief; he had seen, so the best of his memory, no such preparation. Hence, he had used the words "a broken heart," as, we trust, a pardonable figure of speech. "To be sure not, Mr. Fitch; to be sure not. All I meant to say, was, that if Louisa" —

"You are a steady, sober man, Mr. Palms — what is more, you have an excellent business — Louisa wants a husband — you want a wife — I consent to the match — you don't object to it — then what more need be said about the matter?"

The speaker who was thus smoothing Barney's walk to the church, was, in the course of events, soon destined to go thither himself; certain it is, he looked affianced to the undertaker. "A broken heart! ha! ha!" and the old, white-haired gentleman crowed like a cock at the extravagance.

Barney smiled an instant approval of the old man's merriment, and then, looking becomingly grave, observed, "And — and your fortune, Mr. Fitch?"

"Every penny yours — every penny, when — when I die," and Mr. Fitch straitened his back, and shook his head, and winked his eye, as though he had spoken of the Greek Kalends, or the millennium.

Death himself — though about to strike — must have been tickled at the gay self-assurance of brave four-score.

"And the day, — the happy day, Mr. Fitch?"

"Humph! the day? say Thursday, Barney — yes, Thursday. We 'll keep the wedding at — at my friend Clay's house —. the Fox-and-Goose at Stepney."

Now, Barney, since his affair with the widow Blond, was become less confident of his sorcery over the gentle sex; and had thus, with the wisdom which haunted him through life, felt his way to the affections of Louisa, through the medium of her grandfather. Sure we are that Barney, in all he had said or looked at his bride, had never transgressed the bounds of the coldest drawn civility: the iciest nun had not complained of the warmth of Barney. Louisa having no relative, no friend in the world, save her grandshire, was naturally enough, in the opinion of the venerable man — wholly and unreservedly at his disposal. Having reared her from childhood, he looked upon her as so much live timber, to be carved into any image, after the fancy of the planter. She might — indeed we must say she did — venture some remonstrance; but surely four-score better knew what was fitter for eighteen, than witless eighteen itself. In a word, Louisa Fitch was to marry Barnaby Palms; the bride had received her orders from her rich grandfather — and Thursday was the day appointed.

At length, Barney approached the haven of his

hopes. He had felt his way to more than competence; he had now within a hair's breadth of his fingers a rich, a youthful, and not unhandsome bride; though in the main affairs of life, Barney shut his eyes to what is vulgarly called, and paid for, in some sort of coin — beauty. Blind to outward bloom, he acknowledged virtue by the touch; and Louisa — on the death of her revered grandsire — was to have ten thousand pounds. In the ears of Barney, the guineas were already ringing on the old man's tomb-stone!

Thursday came. We will not dwell upon the emotions of the bride; such trifling — the more as it was unconsidered by our hero — accords not with the gravity of our theme — with the deep lesson that we hope to teach. Old Mr. Fitch and some half-dozen friends, all gaiety and smiles, were present; Barney was in his best, and Louisa was duly shrouded in white. The ceremony was concluded — despite the ominous spectres that even at the altar haunted the bridegroom. It might be the embarrassing novelty of his situation that deceived his senses, for, looking upward, he saw the wings of carved cherubims plumed with real feathers — and snuffing the air, he thought he scented the marine odour of tar. No matter; Barney was married. Placing the marble hand of his bride under his arm he quitted the church.

Up to this moment, old Mr. Fitch was gay and chirruping: whilst his benevolent tyranny was in course of execution, he was in the highest spirits. The knot, however, was no sooner tied, than — possibly from

excess of joy — the old man turned ghastly pale. He was led from the church; but, ere he could gain the carriage at the gate, was compelled to rest himself; he sat upon a grave — and Barney approaching, looked at him with an eye of anticipation. With some assistance, Mr. Fitch was placed in the coach; the party proceeded to the inn, and — the grandfather quickly rallying — there were high hopes of festive dinner. Vain are all earthly promises! Just as the first course was laid, the old man relapsed — was carried to bed — and, in three hours, was ready for the mattock and the spade. It was supposed that the extreme coldness of the church had quickened his end. We pass much woe and lamentation, to conclude our story.

Barney was the possessor of ten thousand pounds. Had he weakly consulted the wishes of Louisa, they had doubtless passed to another bridegroom: he had — he thanked his wisdom — felt his way through the grandfather!

It struck twelve as Barney sought his bridal couch. He had already one leg in bed, when a bright thought arrested him. Taking a candle, he withdrew from the chamber, to seek the room of the dead man. In good time, Barney had recollected the silly vanity of old Fitch, who was wont to carry in his pockets a thousand or two in bank-paper. This might be stolen; he, as heir, should instantly seize the property. As he became fully confirmed in this idea, a current of wind extinguished the candle. For a long time, Bar-

ney continued silently to feel his way; but the Fox-and-Goose was an old, old house — with corridor and passages, and winding staircases, and —

A shriek was heard, and no more! —

A coroner's inquest, sitting next day at the Fox-and-Goose, on the body of a gentleman discovered at the bottom of the stairs, returned a verdict of "Found dead." This was of course in default of evidence that might have been given; otherwise the verdict would have run — "*Died of too much feeling his way.*"

Poor Barney! he had smiled — nay, in his heart had chuckled — when he saw old Fitch seated on a grave. And now, had Barney himself "felt his way!"

CHRISTOPHER SNUB:

WHO WAS "BORN TO BE HANGED."

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CHAPTER I.

It was the fixed opinion of the most discriminating inhabitants of the small town of Hempenfield, that Christopher Snub — better known as that incorrigible little scoundrel Kit Snub — was born to be hanged. Such was the public belief, extending and strengthening with the growth of Kit, from his seventh — so early did his genius show itself — to his seventeenth year; and then, to the sometimes reflecting townsfolk, it seemed somewhat strange that Kit had not been hanged a year or two before. Nevertheless, no man gave up his long-cherished conviction. Kit had, it was true, escaped by miracle; notwithstanding, his doom, though deferred, was certain. Michaelmas would not be more fatal to spring goslings than assizes to Kit. It was a pity thought two or three of the most charitable folk; for the varlet, bating a certain roguish defiance in his eye, and a bad habit of turning all things into laughter, was a handsome and certainly a good-natured boy. It

was really to be lamented, but Kit Snub *must* be hanged?

Kit was, in truth, the scamp of his birthplace. To the great satisfaction of all fathers and mothers, he was an imp of mischief. It was to them an exceeding comfort if a garden was robbed, glass broken, the decency of a cobler's stall defiled by tobacco-smoke, henroosts cleared of eggs, or any other social iniquity committed — to know that it was only Kit Snub, and none of their own blessed babes, who could have dreamt of such an atrocity. The very blackness of Kit made all the other boys of Hempenfield as white as snow. Thus he bore upon his single back all the sins of the rising generation of his native town, and, to the innate wickedness of human nature we must declare it, he skipped as lightly, and laughed as heartily, as though the burden were a grace. Profligate Christopher Snub!

Augustus Doublebrain was a sweet little fellow — a very cherub at full length. He was so civil, so quiet, so meek, so all that a child should be! He had but one fault, he was the companion of Christopher Snub. They played with the same marbles — they flew the same kite — they bit the same apple: that is, when the marbles, the kite, and the apples happened to be Kit's. Otherwise, like "a dear, good child, as he would be without that Snub," — such were oft the words of his wailing mother — Augustus Doublebrain played and munched alone.

And thus much for the childhood of the two companions — thus much for the early wickedness of Christopher Snub.

"You 'll be sorry for this some day," said a young man to the parish beadle; who, at the insinuation, put on a more majestic look — knit three wrinkles in his official brow at the insolent supposition. *He* sorry — the beadle of Hempenfield sorry!

"Innocence is still innocence, abuse it as you will," continued the speaker, the beadle deigning no rejoinder to the stale, insipid truth.

"I wish I may die, then, if I was in the churchyard!" exclaimed the young man.

The beadle made no reply; but, backing a few paces from the speaker, surveyed him with a lofty self-complacency. Vandyke having bestowed a magic touch upon a portrait — Rembrandt having thrown a sunbeam on the canvas — may have glanced at the new beauty with a like swelling of the heart. No artificer so lowly, no drudge so mean, but that he is sometimes proud of his handiwork. The beadle of Hempenfield felt a flutter at his bosom: he had locked a culprit in the parish stocks, and stood aloof, in brief consideration of his own ability. Reader, the guilty one so stocked was Kit Snub!

"Times is changed," said the beadle, with melancholy voice, shaking his head at Kit; "times is changed; else this had been whipping, too."

"I wasn't in the churchyard," cried Snub.

"You 'll be hanged, Christopher," said the beadle; "the stocks is a halfway house — a resting-place in the way to the gallows; I always said it, and I shall live to see it; you 'll be hanged!"

Kit cast a furious look at the prophet, and then, regaining his composure, began to whistle a jig.

"Your character 's gone, Christopher; and the sooner you 're gone after it the better for Hempenfield. Pitch-and-toss in a churchyard! it 's worse," said the beadle, "than Guy Fawkes!"

"For the last time," cried Christopher, "I say I wasn 't there."

"Rattling money among the solemn tombstones," continued the beadle, unmoved by the protestations of Snub; "teasing honest folks in their coffins with the mammon of this world — it 's a wicked aggravation. How would you like it, Kit?"

Kit whistled.

"And to find nobody better for your wickedness, than a gipsy and a tinker! Have you lost all decency?"

"And why didn't you catch them?" asked Snub. "Then you 'd seen that I knew no more on 'em than the owl in the church ivy. But it 's always the case — there was always a spite in this place against me."

"People of your kidney always calls justice bad names. Spite, i'fackins! Is there to be no godliness in the world — is heads-and-tails to be allowed in a churchyard? But good words is wasted breath upon you. I 'm sorry for it, Kit; for the sake of your dead father — an honest man and the best bowler fifty miles

round — I am sorry for it: but, to be sure, what could be hoped when he married Becky Drinkwater, the chambermaid of the Crown, — when your mother —"

It was especially unfortunate for Simon Scoggs, beadle of Hempenfield, that when in the pursuit of his duty, as *censor morum*, he apprehended Christopher Snub on the charge of playing pitch-and-toss, hustle-cap, and other plebeian games of chance, with a tinker and a gipsy, in the sanctuary of the dead, — it was, we repeat, unfortunate for our vigilant functionary — as the sequel shall prove — that Kit was bound for a cricket-match. The beadle was a man of rigid morals, and thought it a favourable opportunity to indulge in reflections upon the late Mrs. Snub — (there ran a legend, that in her maidenhood she had with some contumely rejected Simon Scoggs,) — her son being fast in the stocks. The lion was not defunct but fast by the legs, when Simon ventured to bray a little. Scarcely, however, had he uttered his first condemnatory note, when he fell — as though struck by the iron club of a giant — upon the earth; a fountain of blood gushing from his nose, defiling his waistcoat, and trickling down his nether garments. Gathering himself bolt upright, the beadle of Hempenfield bled like — like a chancery suitor, or a pig.

Simon Scoggs, his head still swimming, and his eyes striking fire at the same moment, felt his nose and his mistake: he had not searched the person of the culprit; otherwise, in his jacket-pocket he had discovered a cricket-ball, which Kit — he inherited the

unerring eye and steady hand of his father — delivered with a precision readily though not cheerfully acknowledged by the beadle; who, for a time, thought his nose had followed the eyes of justice — annihilated by the cricket-ball of Kit.

The reader may hastily imagine that our beadle scrambled to his legs, and with meteor eyes and trumpet-voice assailed his assailant. No housewife — her heart broken with some precious china vessel — ever gathered together the fragmentary porcelain with greater care, with a more sorrowing tenderness, than did Simon Scoggs, beadle of Hempenfield, pick himself up limb by limb. He seemed to think his nose — like the nose of the seal — was the seat of vitality, and that he must be all but exanimate. At length, a consciousness of protracted existence dawned dimly upon him; when, pulling a deep breath, he shook his head, and a sickly smile of satisfaction played about his mouth as he meekly addressed Christopher Snub in the following words: "Yes, it's a blessed thing to think of — you *must* be hanged."

And Christopher Snub, the last remnant of his good name blown to the winds, sat in the stocks. He felt his innocence, and knew he was a prisoner. Gloomy, desolate thoughts might have fallen on the captive, had he not been weaned from the bitterness of reflection by the society of some half-dozen ragged boys, who, within the very shadow of the stocks, began a game of ring-taw!

("Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!")

Whereupon, Christopher, who would have brought the same moral energy to a game at push-pin or a game at chess, entered with fullest enjoyment into the sport, counselling, warning, and triumphing with the players. Whether this faculty may be set down to highest philosophy, or to invincible hardness of heart, we leave as matter of argument to moralists. Certain it is, Christopher was in the very heat of the game, when a sound — a dolorous sound — called his attention from the sport. Turning his eyes, he beheld the sorrow-stricken countenance of Augustus Doublebrain.

"I never thought it would come to this, Kit," said Augustus, wringing his hands.

"It's nothing," said Christopher; "I shall be out at sunset. — That won't do, Bill Simmons — knuckle down," cried Christopher, to one of the party at taw.

"Bless us, Kit!" exclaimed Augustus, "can you think of knuckling down in the stocks?"

"And why not?" cried Snub.

"With your character gone," urged Doublebrain — "yes, Christopher — your character!"

"I shall leave the village, and get a new one; for you know, Guss, in the matter of character," said Snub, "I can plainly see it — do what you will to keep it whole and sound — luck's all."

"Don't talk in that hardened way," said Augustus Doublebrain.

"Character's like a Sunday hat, — you must play at the ring, Sam Small, — it wears longer with some folks, though they don't take more care of it, than with others."

"You really weren't in the churchyard?" asked Doublebrain solicitously.

"No; but it was no use my saying so — they said they 'd got a witness of it, though what witness I don't know; and, more than that, the squire said there was another fact against me."

"The Lord preserve us!" cried Doublebrain. "Another fact! what is it?"

"Once I was caught at what they call defacing the tombstones; and what, Guss, do you think they call defacing? — why, writing Sukey Saunders's name under the heads of some of the cherubims."

"I can't say it was right, Kit — it 's what mother would call heathenish," answered Doublebrain.

"Folks differ, you see," replied Snub. "Howsoever, they said that if I was an infidel — that was the word — infidel enough to write roundhand upon tombstones, I wouldn't stick to cry heads-and-tails among the coffins; and so upon that argument, Guss, here I am."

"That 's no evidence," observed Doublebrain.

"And so I said: 'Granting the first fault,' said I — 'I defy the cherubim to prove heads-and-tails.' Then the squire laughed, and then he gives me over to the beadle, who claps me here in the timber. But for all

that, you see — Jack Robins," (again, Kit was among the marble-players,) "no funking!"

"And as you weren't in the churchyard with the tinker and the gipsy," said Augustus, "where were you, and what about?"

"Nutting," cried Christopher Snub, with the twinkling of the eye. "Nutting with Polly Spicer."

"She 'll be the ruin of you," said Augustus Doublebrain, with a groan.

"Bless her!" cried Christopher, smacking his lips.

Evening approached. Augustus Doublebrain having delivered himself of his very kindest counsel, squeezed Christopher's hand, leaving him in ignominy and the best spirits. The boys, proud to receive the instruction of Snub, even though dealt from the stocks, left their marbles for supper and bed; a nightingale preluded fitfully from a neighbouring bush, and Christopher Snub sat in profoundest solitude — that is, with nothing but his innocence — in the parish stocks. Had the beadle forgotten him? Kit pondered on the malice of Scoggs, and then his thoughts wandered to the bloody nose and the cricket-ball. The evening grew darker, and Kit became the more fixed in the belief that the beadle had determined to leave him — out of mere revenge — the whole night, beneath an autumn sky. Gusts of wind made the captive shrink — a drop of rain, prologue to a deluge, fell on Kit's cheek — and cold and hungry, Snub sat in the stocks and shivered. He tried, man-

fully tried, to abstract his moral self from the desolation around him; and then, as further torment, his errant soul was cheated by the apparition of the "Red Lion" raised upon his hind legs, and looking, as for twenty years he had looked, jauntily for custom, whether of man or beast. Not that the "Red Lion" maintained his time-honoured aspect, for his two fore-paws, heretofore scrambling over the sign-board, now, to the imagination of the hungry wretch in the stocks, grasped a platter, wherein hissed and smoked an ample steak, and a pot of ale, with foam like purest fleece. Was it the theory of Aristotle, that men with large hearts have great stomachs? It matters not; Christopher Snub was so organised: his bowels yearned at the vision; and then, smitten with the cheat, declined and fell, yea, almost to fainting. The lion, beef, and ale had vanished, and Christopher sat consorted with hunger and darkness.

The consciousness of innocence is a great support to the human animal; and Kit — moderately assisted by meat and malt — felt that he could have sustained his energies, even in the stocks. But to be left in cold and darkness to pine and starve — hark!

Christopher's ears quickened. Yes! a cloud has just swum before the moon — he cannot well descry him; but, surely, that is the slow, measured step — the tread of authority announcing Scoggs. Past all doubt, thinks Kit — it's Scoggs, the beadle!

Now, Kit was a little in error; it was not the beadle, but a stray jackass.

And the ass boldly approached the stocks, and stared placidly at Christopher — and Christopher, nothing daunted, stared at the ass.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTOPHER is in the stocks, and his fortune hangs upon an ass! The meek beast, with something like a touch of fellowship, gazes piteously at Snub, and the prisoner, won by the confidence, or compassion, or whatever it is staring from the brute's eyes, pats its head in token of acknowledgment. Here, thought Snub, are a couple of us; children of misery — doomed, undeservedly, to bear the thumps and bitter abuse of folks who think themselves our betters! Here we are, cold, hungry — but at this moment Snub heard footsteps, and dismissing the miseries of the ass from his mind, he thought only of himself. The ass turned from the stocks, and in a minute was seized by a couple of fellows, both of whom began drubbing the beast, and cursing and swearing at it for straying.

"Poor devil!" groaned Christopher; his heart smitten with the blows.

"What's that?" exclaimed one of the men.

"A voice from the stocks," cried the other; and advancing a few steps, the fellow stood with arms akimbo, and shaking with laughter in front of Snub. "What, is the gaol full, old fellow, that they 've put

you out to lodge and board on the common?" asked the man, who seemed by his dirty rags to be a travelling tinker. "Look here, Mike," he cried, and his companion approached the stocks.

Mike was evidently of the gipsy tribe. Surveying Snub, he took off his straw hat, scratched his head, then looking at the legs of Snub, exclaimed with affected pathos, "And they call this a free country!"

"You wouldn't like to get out?" asked the tinker.

"Shouldn't I?" cried Snub.

O, that folks in high places would sometimes emulate the brevity and despatch of the tinker! Without any rhetorical flourish, he put a plain question, and the answer being as plainly returned, lo! in a trice, Christopher's legs were free from the ignominious wood, and he stood stretching himself on the common. It would have been plain to an observing mind, that the dexterity of the tinker at picking a lock, was not wholly a natural gift: there was a confidence of manner, a quickness of finger, that denoted considerable education.

"And now what do you mean to do?" was the query of Snub's liberator; and never was the question put to a man less able to resolve it.

"It isn't my fault," said Snub; "but, it can't be denied, there's a hole in my character."

"If you'll come with us, we'll tinker it," was the generous offer of the gipsy. Snub was silent; perhaps he doubted the skill of the workman.

"More than that," chimed in the tinker; "we've a goose for supper."

"My character's in your hands," cried Snub. "I'm one of you."

As we do not wish to pass off Snub for an atom better than he is, we will at once declare our suspicion that it was more to his immediate want of goose than to any remote benefit to be conferred on his moral part, that Kit consented to follow his new acquaintance. Christopher had been six hours in the stocks — was cold, hungry, and — but no, we will not dwell upon the forlornness of his condition. A goose for supper! If the reader have any bowels, he must confess the greatness of the temptation. Was it in human nature in such a plight to lean upon character? Goose for supper! Odours from Araby! The seraphic moralist may shut his eyes and pinch his nostrils: Christopher Snub was but mortal man.

"You 'll go with us — eh?" said the tinker. "Well then, as we must make haste, and your legs ar'n't any better for the wooden stockings, you 'd better jump on Rose-in-June, and take this stake."

Immediately Christopher mounted the ass with the fragrant name; and much we fear that, from the manner in which our hero belaboured Rose-in-June, he had altogether forgotten the benevolence that warmed his bosom towards the ass when seated in the stocks To be sure, there was then no goose for supper.

The ass, obedient to the cudgel, trotted, as he would redeem the character of his tribe from sluggishness; the tinker and the gipsy ran, and in half-an-hour the party halted at a pastoral tent in a green lane. The fire, blazing in front of the tent, warmed the heart's core of Kit; and, whether it was the odour of wild flowers, or the gravy of goose that delicately smote his nostrils, he could not satisfactorily determine: certain it is, his hope inclined to the latter. The tinker and gipsy advanced to the fire, and Christopher dismounting, stood modestly apart. Staring and snuffing in the distance, Kit saw a woman seated by the fire, cooking as he hoped the promised supper: again and again he snuffed; and then his heart felt like a piece of dead flesh, for he heard the gipsy cry, with all the passion and all the oath worthy of the disappointment, "The goose not come!"

"Where the devil is he?" cried the tinker. He had scarcely spoken, when a man bounced through the hedge; and, after a moment's hesitation on the part of tinker and gipsy, who, grasping their cudgels, took an attitude not expressive of benevolence, the stranger was welcomed with the greatest possible fervour. Kit had cautiously withdrawn himself still farther from his new companions, who, overjoyed by the presence of the last comer, seemed to have forgotten the hospitality due to the late resident in the stocks. He stood, or rather lay apart on the grass, watching with anxious heart and yearning bowels the motions of his friends, who laughed, and as he thought,

joked; and then, squatting themselves about the fire, commenced an operation dear to the household recollections of Kit. The goose was come, and it was plain that some of the blessings of civilisation had descended upon the gipsies, for they did not eat their poultry in the feathers.

"How many on 'em did you nab?" inquired the tinker.

"Seven," answered the stranger; "and had a near chance of the old gander."

"You 're a reg'lar good un," cried the gipsy: "but we feared you 'd ha' forgotten the priggery."

"'T isn't in my nature," said the stranger. "To be sure, I had a good run for it from the churchyard, and I didn't think myself safe till I heard they 'd got hold of Kit."

"Who 's Kit?" asked the gipsy.

"Why, Kit 's a nincompoop," answered the finder of the supper.

Christopher no sooner heard this opinion passed upon if not himself, at least upon a namesake, than he raised himself upon his legs, and silently as a rabbit moved towards the tent.

"Nothing but a nincompoop; at school he used to take my floggings, and now — ha! ha! — I shouldn't wonder if he was to be hanged in mistake for me some of these days."

There was something so irresistibly droll in the picture — in the mere idea of throttling an innocent man, and purely in mistake for the true offender, that the whole party roared with laughter.

"You see, when we were started from the churchyard, I took to my heels and ran home to my master. Well, you can't think the relief it was to me to hear that they'd taken up Kit Snub: and how do you think it came about? Why, they found his hat, with his name in it, in the churchyard. Now — ha! ha! I shall kill myself with laughing — ha! ha! ha! who do you think left his hat there?"

"Augustus Doublebrain!" shouted Christopher Snub, and Augustus, dropping the stolen poultry, gazed aghast at his long-suffering companion. Kit was a peaceable, good-tempered creature; but the thoughts of his unmerited ignominy in the stocks rushing upon him, he suddenly found his fingers at the throat of Augustus Doublebrain; whilst the body of that very adroit person twisted and writhed like an eel, and his face became almost as black as his heart.

"You wouldn't murder the young man!" exclaimed the gipsy.

"Are you a christian?" asked the tinker.

Kit released his wronger; who, gasping like a landed fish, in a moment caught Christopher in his arms, and we believe — for it was too dark for Kit to see them — with tears rolling down his cheeks, vowed that he was determined to die in that posture, unless Snub immediately forgave him. "I did everything for the best," cried the weeping Doublebrain.

"Put me in the stocks!" said Christopher, sullenly.

"All for the best," repeated Doublebrain, grounded for words, though not for tears.

"Blasted my character!" exclaimed Snub, with rising wrath.

"What 's character?" asked the tinker.

"Is it good *sarce* for ducks?" inquired the gipsy, "if so, hand us over some. What 's the use of blubbering like a baby?" said the Bohemian to the still streaming Doublebrain. "Squat, I say, squat."

"And pick the ducks like a man," added the female; for the first time, strange to say, joining in the argument.

Though Doublebrain was smitten to the soul by the reproaches of Snub, he nevertheless felt that, in common with all men, he had social duties to perform; and therefore, though choking with private sorrow, he repressed his tears, and sat him down to pick the ducks.

"You 'll lick your chops at 'em I dare say," said the tinker to Snub, "so here, just strip this fellow to the buff," and with the word, the speaker threw a dead drake to Christopher.

"I wouldn't touch one of 'em for the world," cried Christopher.

"Why, we know we promised you a goose; but as things has turned up, it isn 't to be done. What of that? Is anything certain in this world? Why should you be so nice? When we can 't get a goose, let 's thank our stars, and without complaint do as well as we can with two ducks!"

The ducks were picked with great dispatch, though Christopher lent no hand to the work. Silent and apart he leaned against a tree, and though resolved to touch no morsel of the stolen goods, he was still held by some unaccountable fascination to the spot, watching the roasting poultry, and — martyr to his bowels — smelling its reeking odour. The tinker and gipsy laughed, and the woman bustled about the fire; poor Augustus Doublebrain, with his eye upon the ducks and his hand upon his heart, groaning occasionally. He felt a growing appetite, and mourned a departed friend.

In a brief time supper was served. Christopher drew closer to the fire, and seated himself upon the grass: nevertheless, he was still determined to taste no piece of the ducks, though much pressed thereto by the tinker, the gipsy, and the woman.

"It will do you no good;" said Christopher, as the feeders tore and gnawed the stolen property; "depend upon it, 't will do you no good."

How often is this belief the barren satisfaction of hungry virtue! How often does famishing innocence, watching the wicked feeders of the world — the gorbellied varlets, with mouths greasy with the goods of cheated worth — find comfort in the belief that "it will do them no good!" Lean virtue shakes the head, and cries, "It will do you no good," and rapine still keeps greasy in the face, still grows "a finger on the ribs."

Christopher continued to exclaim to the unthinking Augustus, "It will do you no good;" though we will not deny that at every repetition of the warning, the moralist shuffled closer to the fire, and despite of himself, smacked his lips with louder smack. For the tenth time Snub, with his hand within an inch of a fat duck, cried, "It will do you no good," when a shout was set up — a scuffle ensued — his feasted companions took to their heels — and the virtuous Christopher, with belly empty as a poor-box, sat and shivered on the grass in custody of the beadle and the constable.

The robbery had been found out; the flight of Snub discovered; and escaped culprit, and stolen ducks traced by the vigilant functionaries of Hempenfield to the green lane. Christopher Snub was "born to be hanged."

CHAPTER III.

It was particularly fortunate for Christopher that the assizes were near at hand: we say fortunate, for he was spared a dull, heavy season of doubt; and, as he was charged with an atrocious offence, with a crime rendered more iniquitous by the late frequency of its commission, Snub was in that post of danger occupied at times by a culprit who is to be manufactured into an example. To steal a certain number of ducks is, it must be allowed, a wrong done to society; but to

commit the theft, after many other like robberies by other folks, is, it would seem, a still greater wrong: hence, when six pickers and stealers of ducks are merely transported, the seventh robber of the like domestic fowl shall be hanged! If it be asked — Wherefore? The philosophy of the law answers, — Because the thief came late into the field: had he been only the sixth robber he had been a transported felon; being the seventh, he must be a throttled example. Now Christopher Snub was at least the seventh. It was clear that he was born to be hanged — that is, born for an example.

Still Christopher had a chance of escape. The great point of danger to be considered by himself and friends was, not the wickedness of the culprit, but the judge who was to try him. If Justice Butter, a short imprisonment and whipping might be the worst; if, on the other hand, Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll, then was Christopher Snub no better than an example; that is, a dead thief.

Luckless Christopher! To be sure thou wilt but fulfil thy destiny; thou wert born to be hanged, and thy execution is as good as ordered; for already, hear the trumpets! Hark! how they bray forth the dread approach of Baron Sus-per-coll!

The Baron, unlike many men of worldly fame, deserved his reputation. To hang was with him, not so much a duty as a passion. Early in life he had been possessed with the solemn impulse: when at school, all his pocket-money was expended to pur-

chase dogs and cats, to be treated according to his early principles of justice; in familiar phrase, hanged. His tree of social-liberty was the tree that grew at Tyburn; the Gôrdian knot of policy, a nice new hempen halter. The black cap was the cap he would have always worn: he never felt so easy, warm, and truly comfortable as when it graced his head. He could have gone to bed in it. Strange it was that the cap, like the hidden spring in some garden statues, no sooner touched the Baron than it drew water down his cheeks: though seemingly only a piece of stone before, Baron Sus-per-coll played from the bench on the prisoner in the dock a very fountain of sympathy. He never hanged but he cried; and, as he never lost an opportunity of hanging, we may conclude, that, like ladies in hysterics, crying did him a world of good. The end of poor Baron Sus-per-coll — for he died (for a judge) at the untimely age of eighty-four, and really in the full possession of all the faculties left him, was hastened by his aqueous feelings. He had passed sentence on a miscreant, a famishing weaver, who had stolen a dish of giblets from a poulterer's, and the Baron had wept exceedingly. Unfortunately, he had come on the circuit with a new servant, and the domestic had failed to dry his lordship's ermine for the next day's business. The robe was, as usual, drenched with tears; it was the winter circuit, and the damp struck to the Baron's chest. It was plain that he was about to depart for a world, which he had done all in his judicial power to render populous. Still, he rallied nobly; but happening in the

same circuit to have a maiden assize, the unexpected blow concluded the work. With a sickly, mortal smile, Baron Sus-per-coll received the white gloves, and immediately took to his bed. For an hour or two before his death his senses wandered; for he insisted upon having the black cap brought to his bedside, then put it upon his head, sat bolt upright, and commenced, in the most pathetic terms, passing sentence upon himself! He began by condemning himself as an old and hardened offender; congratulated himself that he had been tried by an inflexible and enlightened jury; congratulated the country that he himself would be hanged, for he was a pest, a blot, an ulcer to society; and then conjured himself to make the most of the time that remained to him; forbidding himself to hope for the least mercy in this world, but to trust only to the mercy of the next. He then, wiping his eyes very often with the sheet, said that nothing more remained to himself but to pass sentence upon himself: that the sentence was, that he should be taken to whence he came, and hanged by the neck until he was dead. "And Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll," these were the Baron's last delirious words, "may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" Saying this, the judge laid himself upon his pillow, and, the black cap still upon his head, died! To our story.

The stolen ducks, or rather the heads of some of them, had been found in the possession of Christopher Snub; the owners of the birds could swear to the property; Baron Sus-per-coll was to try the prisoner;

and the prophecy of the good folks of Hempenfield was about to be fulfilled — "Christopher Snub was born to be hanged." Another circumstance added mightily to the prejudice against the prisoner. That pious, civil, well-meaning young man, Augustus Doublebrain, had run away from the town; no doubt inveigled to the imprudence by the bad example and wicked counsel of Kit Snub.

The trial of the prisoner approached. Kit was placed at the bar, and confident of his innocence looked, in the opinion of his Hempenfield neighbours, a brazen, guilty varlet. He ought to have been bent, weighed down, crushed by a sense of his iniquity, but he stood upright as a wand, and gazed about him very tranquilly. The case was opened, and very early in the trial, Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll felt a certain moisture at the eyes indicative of the coming torrent. The waters were rising — it was clear that Kit Snub was born to be hanged. The owner of the ducks was examined, to quote the report in the county paper, at "considerable length." The bodies of the ducks had been consumed: their fragmentary bones were found strewn on the greensward, but two heads were found entire. The witness had not the slightest doubt that such heads were the property of his late ducks; he would no more hesitate at swearing to his ducks than to his children. An outhouse had been forcibly entered, and four of the ducks carried off; the heads produced in court belonged to two of them — one to the drake, *that* he would swear. It was impossible for him to be

mistaken; he had reared the ducks from the shell; had fed them every day, and would pick them out from a thousand; witness was fully aware of the solemnity of an oath, and was perfectly ready to swear to *all that.*

Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll, among other antipathies, could not endure a pragmatic witness. As the owner of the ducks proceeded in his testimony, the judge felt more than ordinarily annoyed and twitted by the impudent confidence of the vulgar fellow; hence, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, the Baron's sympathies were quickened for the prisoner at the bar. The witness continued to speak with indecorous glibness, Baron Sus-per-coll exclaiming to himself, and sufficiently loud to be heard all over the court, — "pooh, pooh!" "pshaw!" "tut, tut!" "foolish fellow!" "how can he swear it?"

"And you take your oath that this is the head of your drake?" asked the counsel, for the tenth and last time.

"I do," answered the witness: "I could swear it until to-morrow morning."

"Pooh, pooh, pooh!" cried the Baron loudly, as was his wont, to himself; "one drake's head is like another drake's head, as one duck's egg is like another duck's egg."

The counsel for the prosecution had finished the task, when the prisoner's counsel, who sat immediately under the bench, and had heard every syllable uttered by the judge, jumped to his feet with great alacrity.

"Stay, my good man," said the counsel, "let me put to you this simple question. Remember, you are upon your oath; and on your oath answer me — if one drake's head isn't like another drake's head, as one duck's egg is like another duck's egg?"

The pen fell from the hand of Baron Sus-per-coll; his face assumed the most solemn aspect; and, the silent witness scratching his head the while, the Baron slowly rose from his seat, and leaning over his desk, said to the prisoner's counsel, "Mr. Mantrap, I see the finger of Heaven in this trial: the question you have so admirably, so pithily put to the witness, was at the very moment passing through my brain." Still the witness scratched his head: when the judge turning from him with something like a contemptuous glance, said to the jury, "Gentlemen, the prisoner must be discharged: there is no case." The late prisoner readily taking the judge at his word, was for running out of the dock, when he was solemnly addressed by Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll. "Christopher Snub, you have had a most fortunate escape: whether or not you stole this good man's ducks, is the inscrutable secret of your own breast. However this may be, you owe the deepest debt of obligation to the wisdom, the forethought, the admirable sagacity of your counsel. It might have gone far otherwise with you: and when I consider the frequency of these attacks upon the sanctity of private property — when I feel the imperative call of society for some example, it becomes my painful duty" — and at these words Baron Sus-

per-coll, by the mere force of custom, began to weep — "to implore you to make the most of the time allotted to you; to entreat you to lay aside all earthly hope, and to trust only for — eh? — oh! — ha! bless me, I'd forgot" — and the Baron hastily dried his streaming eyes, remembering that Christopher was not to be executed, but discharged. In an instant, all the native terrors of the judge returned, and, in a voice of thunder, Baron Sus-per-coll exclaimed to Snub, "Fellow, you have had a narrow escape; don't come here again!"

The people of Hempenfield were astonished at the non-fulfilment of the old prediction. Until at soonest the next assizes, Christopher Snub, though born for the destiny, could not be hanged!

Christopher Snub was discharged with the bloom of the county gaol upon his name. In the eye of the law he was innocence itself: vain solace against the significant winkings of his early neighbours! What was he to do? — whither, in his tribulation, was he to guide his steps? A thousand times did he curse the chance that flung him into the company of that false friend, Doublebrain! When Christopher quitted prison, his worldly wealth was ten shillings. For a whole day, he walked the fields and lanes, skulking like a poacher. Twenty times he sat himself under a hedge; twenty times pulling his fortune from his pocket, displaying the coin in his hand, and staring at it as if he hoped to obtain counsel from the silver pieces. He had read of London Lord Mayors — of golden

merchants — who, some with not more than a crown in their pockets, and some with not a farthing, had walked to London, treading its flinty streets with unsoled shoes; other men had had smaller beginnings than himself: why should he despair? His bundle held three shirts and two pair of stockings; his coat was sound, his shoes whole, his hat all but new. A pin for the bad odour of a gaol! That would never be found out in London: he was determined; he would sneak towards Hempenfield; take a farewell of lovely Polly Spicer, and gird up his loins for a pilgrimage to town. Such was the manful determination of Christopher. For the last time he took out his ten shillings, and counting them as they lay in his hand, was deeply meditating on the least possible sum to be expended on the road. He was at least a hundred and fifty miles from London: and he pondered on the separate claims of two or three shillings as sufficient for travelling expenses. He sat, with the money in his hand, absorbed by the perplexing question. How often vain is all human speculation: for at the very moment that Christopher decided to pinch his anatomy by allowing to it only two shillings, resolving to enter London with the unbroken eight, — at that very instant, a fellow presented a pistol at the head of Christopher, with the highway laconism of "your money or your life!"

Christopher was no coward; still there is something in a cocked pistol, held about three inches from the *os frontis*, that is apt to confound the stoutest heart.

Snub, thunderstruck by the demand, cried in a doubtful voice, "You wouldn't rob *me?*"

"Money or your life," was briefly repeated by the thief, who showed no emotion, if he felt it, at the appeal, for his face was adorned with a black mask.

"I 'm just out of gaol myself," said Christopher, thinking that as nominally one of the thief's fraternity, he ought to tread the highway scot-free.

"It 's a lie," said the highwayman; indirectly complimenting Christopher's honesty at the expense of his truth.

"Upon my soul I am," cried Snub; "I 've been tried for robbery, and got off," for Snub thought it might considerably damage him with the highwayman if he protested his innocence. "It was all over with me as I thought, but luck turned up, and I escaped through a flaw."

"And what did you steal?" asked the highwayman.

"Four ducks," answered Cristopher, very meekly.

"Why, you paltry, contemptible scoundrel," cried the footpad, in great indignation; "it 's such sneaking vagabonds as you that bring disgrace upon robbery. Four ducks!"

"We — we broke open an outhouse, and they were all we could find," cried Snub in extenuation.

"Money or your life," growled the highwayman; and having looked at the pistol flint, he presented the weapon an inch nearer the brain of the duck-stealer. Still Snub hesitated; an instant, and he would have made a dash at the highwayman, when glancing aside,

he saw in the distance two men, companions of the thief, serenely watching the professional powers of their friend. "Another minute," said the impatient highwayman, "and I'll leave you for the crows;" some of those unclean birds being at the moment very audible. With a deep groan, and his eyes riveted on the pistol, Christopher surrendered his ten shillings. He must now enter London — if ever he got there — without a farthing!

"I'm going to town," cried Snub, in a vain endeavour to move the thief's compassion; "at least give me something back. How am I to live?"

"There's plenty of ducks on the road," said the hard-hearted highwayman. "And now, my friend, I'll trouble you for your coat and waistcoat."

"You'll never strip me?" exclaimed Christopher.

"Wouldn't be so cruel," answered the thief, who taking off his coat and waistcoat, indicated by the act that he only proposed to make a benevolent exchange. The highwayman's friends stood apart, laughing hugely at the drollery of their companion. Snub felt it was in vain to resist, hence he threw his garments on the ground, which were more speedily picked up and put on by the despoiler. "A very nice beaver, indeed, and our heads both of a size;" said the thief, taking the hat of Christopher, and crowning him in exchange with a misshapen piece of greasy felt.

"And will you leave me in this state? will you leave me nothing?" asked Snub in despair.

"No, my friend," answered the highwayman, with a pleasant familiarity; "I leave you my hat, my coat, my waistcoat, and with 'em this little bit of advice. You see there was a small rumpus at a house in this neighbourhood last night; we call it an affair of plate-chest, the law would call it burglary. Now, my excellent friend, if by any chance, you should be invited to take dinner at Mr. Doublechin's, Manna Lodge, listen to my advice, and don't go in that coat." So spake the highwayman, and in two minutes, Christopher Snub penniless, and with nothing but the cast skin of a burglar to creep into — with nought but a coat, with felony and conviction in the very web of it — stood shivering to the winds of heaven. What could he do? Should he return to the first house and give an alarm, denouncing the robbers? Who would believe him — him whose name was tainted with four stolen ducks? Again, if he lingered in the neighbourhood, he might be apprehended as an accessory after the fact! He had but one resource; it was not twenty miles to the coast, and giving up his cherished hope of seeing Polly Spicer — of renewing his vows of fidelity for ever and ever — he turned from the road, and with heavy heart trudged his way towards the "melancholy main." We will not follow Christopher through every petty incident; but shall at once inform the reader that, after much supplication, Snub induced the captain of a trader to take him aboard his vessel; though, in the ingenuous language of the commander,

Kit was not for some time to consider himself a bit better than as so much live lumber.

CHAPTER IV.

For five years was Christopher Snub tossed upon the sea. Being expressly born to be hanged, the dangers of the ocean were, however, no dangers to him. He had been insured by fate against a drowning death: like a cork, he might be restlessly thrown about upon the waters, and like a cork, would never go to the bottom. For five years was Snub a sailor, and next behold him a slave: a Christian slave, toiling under the tyranny of a Moorish master. Christopher's ship was taken by a set of heathenish buccaneers, and its gallant crew parcelled out and sold in separate lots in the slave-market. As Snub stood to be bought, as he felt himself nothing more than a bale of merchandise, to be bargained and huckstered for, the tears started to his eyes, and he lapsed into a day-dream. Again he saw his native common, again he heard his contemporary geese; again he beheld the stocks! Scoggs the beadle, moved majestically before him; Polly Spicer tripped like a wood-nymph by; Augustus Doublebrain, — but as Christopher pondered on the fox-like features of his early friend, the good man who owned Snub, and was anxious to turn him into money, visited his naked shoulders with a lash that instantaneously brought his reflections back to a Barbary slave-

market. "What do you think of him?" said the human flesh-dealer; "if you want an active, strong slave, a fellow for hard work, you can't do better: not too much flesh, you see, and not too thin." This recommendation of Christopher was addressed to an old Moor of venerable aspect, who eyed the article with some distrust. "An Englishman, eh? humph! I have already a slave of that nation: a lazy, sneaking cur that I'd sell again for half the money he cost me. How much do you ask for this dog of a Christian?" Snub's owner taking the Moor by the sleeve, stepped aside, and the bargaining began. It was plain to Christopher, that the seller extolled his many virtues to the skies, whilst the buyer with equal energy, denied both their number and excellence. After much higgling, the slave-dealer struck the bargain, and passing over Snub to the Moor, said "Go; follow your master."

"Woe is me!" cried Snub in the bitterness of his anguish, "better had it been to have staid at home, and been hanged on a Christian gallows, than to live to be sold to a wicked stony-hearted old Turk; to wear out my days under the lash and the bastinado." In justice to the Moor, we must observe that he was much wronged by the hard thoughts of his new bondsman. Muley Hassan Ali Bibbubbob was a gentle master; he set too high a value on his slaves to damage them very much by excessive punishment: the bastinado was certainly not unknown on his estate, and now and then he would feel it necessary, but all for the benefit

of an example, to bow-string an offender; this, however, happened but rarely: a month at least had elapsed since the last execution, when Christopher became the lawful property of Muley Hassan Ali Bibbubbob.

Snub had no sooner arrived at his master's dwelling, than he was set to work, digging, fetching, and carrying on the grounds; with sunset his labour ceased, and he was ordered to go to rest, to betake himself to the hovel where the other Christian dog was kennelled. Snub approached the hut: but ere he reached the threshold, the slave, his brother in misery, uttering a loud cry, ran to meet him, embracing him with the greatest passion. "This is a happiness — this is a delight! — O Christopher! what great good-luck brought you to this place?"

Snub started at the voice, and releasing himself from the arms of his new companion, at length discovered in the gaunt frame, and worn and harassed features of the slave, his early, his fatal friend, Augustus Doublebrain. To him did Christopher owe disgrace, imprisonment, exile, and slavery; yet could he not repress his tears, and again and again he embraced him like a brother. "Lord! Augustus! what brought you here?" exclaimed Christopher; and Augustus briefly told his melancholy history; so briefly, that he left out many things which, in the judgment of a biographer, might have given a very bold marking to the narrative. He could not, however, sufficiently condemn the villany, the meanness, the ingratitude of

the gipsy and the tinker: for they, fearing that he might on some occasions tell ugly truths of them for the service of morality, lured him to the sea-side; when there, threw him into the hands of a crimp, and he was borne far from the country of his fathers, in a filthy, wretched ship destined to become the prey of a crew of pirates. In a word, he was sold to his present master, whom he had served for two years.

"And we shall live and die here," cried Christopher in despair.

"I don't think I shall, Kit," said Doublebrain; "for my uncle has grown rich, and I have sent to him that he may learn my sad condition, and begged him to pay my ransom."

"If he should send money enough for both!" exclaimed the hopeful Snub.

"I don't think that likely," answered the comfortless Augustus; then, hastily waiving the subject, he begged to know the adventures of his friend. Christopher told his story, omitting no incident. He particularly dwelt on the inhumanity of the highwayman who stripped him; a circumstance he might as well have passed in silence; inasmuch as that Doublebrain had had a very favourable view of the whole scene; a truth, however, that even in slavery he did not care to make known to Christopher.

"You have had your troubles, indeed, Kit," said Augustus, conveniently forgetting their origin; "still, after all these trials, it's something to meet with an

old friend. I can't pretend to say how *you* feel; but for my part, I'm delighted to see you."

"What's past is gone," said Snub after a struggle. "So, once again, Augustus, there's my hand. And now what sort of a master is this Turk of ours?"

"An ogre, worse than an ogre, Kit; he has bagged three wives since I've been with him."

"Bagged 'em!" cried Kit.

"He thought they winked under their veils at the slaves; and pop they went into a sack, and souse into the sea. That's their law of divorce in Barbary, and every husband's his own judge."

"Are the women very beautiful?" asked Christopher.

Doublebrain shivered at the question. "I hav'n't looked, Kit; I wouldn't open my eyes to 'em, not if they'd go down upon their knees and ask me. I hear they're beautiful as angels, and I'm content to take folks' word for the matter."

Days, and weeks, and months pass on, and Christopher has worn out a year of bondage. His gaiety of spirits supports him under his chains, but Doublebrain becomes every day more touchy and querulous. Hearing nothing from his uncle, he concludes that he must die a slave; seeking satisfaction in his abuse of Christopher for his cheerfulness. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he would say; "you can't have a Briton's love for his country, or you wouldn't be so happy with heathens."

For a month past, Christopher had worked in the part of the gardens adjoining the apartments of the

old Moor's twenty wives. Often his heart would beat with recollections of Polly Spicer, as some veiled fair one would pass by: oft was he about to raise his eyes, when he thought of his head, and ventured not a look. Day after day he had this contest with his curiosity, and night came and he was still triumphant. One evening, however, when about to cease labour, he heard the softest, most delicious voice breathing a Moorish melody; it was plain, the singer was in a bower not fifty paces from Christopher; he was determined; he would look upon the face of the warbler; and walking on tiptoe towards the spot, he raised his eyes, and beheld not only one of the Moor's wives, but the awful old husband himself squatted at his pipe. The woman screamed; Muley jumped to his feet, and Christopher Snub took to his legs. The insulted wife saw that the offender was one of the two Christians, but which she knew not. Muley Hassan promised her the culprit's head with all the readiness of a doting husband.

The Christian slaves, to the peculiar horror of Augustus, were straightway summoned before their master. Kit soundly protested that he was innocent of the charge laid to him, and Doublebrain, weeping a river, offered to take his oath upon any book in the world that he was guiltless as a lamb. The Turk, and-blind heathen as he was, had some glimpse of istice. His first thought was to strike off the heads f both his slaves without further notice: he next decided to gi e them three days' grace. If in that time

he one culprit confessed his fault, he alone should suffer the death of a dog, for he should be hanged. If he remained stubborn, both should perish. The conversation that ensued and was protracted throughout the night between the two friends, was peculiarly animated.

"You 're a fine fellow; always were a fine fellow, and can't be nothing but a fine fellow; and so, my dear Kit, I know you 'll tell the truth, and save your friend."

"It will be a comfort for us to die together," said Christopher.

"But it 's mean, it 's infamous; it 's the worst of wickedness to make another man suffer for our own fault," cried Doublebrain.

"Quack, quack, quack," answered Snub; but Doublebrain had evidently forgotten all about the four ducks.

"But my dear Kit, you wouldn't sacrifice the head of a friend?"

"Heads or tails," observed Christopher, with a lively recollection of the churchyard and the stocks.

All the arguments of Doublebrain were useless; and terrified by the stubbornness of his friend, Augustus became suddenly ill. The Moor, resolved not to be baulked of his justice, sent the doctor to the Christian slave; and that learned man, having drenched and bled the patient even beyond all medical example, pronounced him to be dying. The doctor quitted Doublebrain, assuring him that it was impossible he could live out the day.

"I 'm dying," said Augustus to Christopher; and

for once the truth seemed in his face. "I 'm dying: and, as there has been something wrong between us, you won't at this time bear malice?"

"Not I," cried Kit, "I forgive everything; only promise to do me a last favour. As you must die, my dear friend, do take this little fault upon yourself."

"What — the — the Moor's wife?" cried Augustus.

"I sat in the stocks for your pitch-and-toss — I bore the weight of your stolen ducks," observed Christopher.

"Perhaps I may recover," said Doublebrain.

"Impossible," said Snub.

"But if I should get better?" cried Augustus.

"You 're a dead man," asseverated Christopher.

The patient became worse and worse, and believing himself at the last gasp, he confessed that he was the culprit; that he had dared to look upon the Moor's wife.

It was very strange, but Augustus had no sooner made such confession, than he immediately became better. His recovery was even more sudden than his sickness; and in three days he was restored for — the bowstring. In vain did Augustus vow that he had lied to serve his friend; in vain did he call upon Christopher to own his guilt like a man; Christopher shook his head; and the Moor holding to his purpose, Augustus Doublebrain was strangled.

Unhappy Doublebrain! Only three days after his death, his ransom, sent by his uncle, was proffered to the Moor, who saying nothing of the mishap that had befallen the dead man, delivered in his place the living Christopher.

Snub returned home, married Polly Spicer: became a thriving tradesman, and — a stone in Hempenfield churchyard records the fact — died in his bed at the age of sixty-and-three.

Let no man prophesy that any scapegrace is "born to be hanged."

CRESO QUATTRINO:

THE MAN "WHO DIED RICH."

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CHAPTER I.

It was noon, and the citizens of learned Padua swarmed towards the Palazzo de Ragione. It was plain, there was some show afoot: some quacksalver hot from Venice; or, perhaps, some beatific Filippo Neri, with new-made relics, fresh from Rome. Of a surety, it was something rare and strange that drew hundreds as one man towards the same spot.

"'T is forty years since such a thing was seen," said an old man whose shaking hand grasped a staff, and who, leaning on the shoulder of his grandson, hobbled onwards as though he hastened to a shrine where youth and health might be had for kneeling.

"Ha! ha! that I should live to see this!" crowed a withered beldam, and she clapt her hands and sprang forward like a witch to her Sabbath.

"Could any man have looked for it?" asked a grave tradesman of his neighbour, as they both went with the crowd.

It seemed that all the people of Padua were assembled at the Hall. It was with much labour that the city-guards kept back the multitude close-wedged, so vigorously did every one press to behold — what?

A criminal, in shameful nakedness, seated on a low, round stone at the end of the Hall — on the *Stone of Infamy*. The culprit was an old man, with that in his face which makes old age terrible. Years lay heavily upon his back, but a defying scorn had, for a time, flung off the load, and he sat upright as a staff. He sat, and his eyes glowed like burning coals upon the crowd that pressed to stare at him. He looked back the looks of hundreds, who quailed from his eyes as from the eyes of a snake. Many a rejoicing foe who came to chuckle at the sight shrank back, still fearful of his ancient enemy. There was a tumult in the heart of the old man — a fire in his brain — as he caught the eager face of many a fellow-citizen; and he would tighten his arms across his breast as though holding in a passion that swelled to burst it. Old Creso Quattrino sat nakedly upon the stone of infamy — his grave was dug at his foot — and yet no despot from his throne could have looked more fiercely, more contemptuously around him. The crowd heeded not the fate of the victim, but — his grave was dug at his living foot.

Creso Quattrino was the youngest son of a noble, though impoverished, house. His elder brothers talked of glory, and cut their daily bread with hired-out swords. One by one, they died in their vocation, and

still the eulogy that Creso uttered over each was — "fool." Creso, in early life, became a trader; it was his one hope to "die rich;" it would be his glory to quit life leaving heavy coffers. Fortune smiled upon his desire; and ere the mouth of his first brother was stopped with the bloody mire of fame, Creso could have thrice outweighed the helm, cuirass, and sword of the immortal warrior with merchant's gold. His four brothers, hired by four different states, died in battle. "They have their laurels," Creso would cry, with a sneering humility, — "I have only ducats. They are sleeping on the wide bed of glory, and when the historian shall some day make known that in such a skirmish such a king was repulsed, such a duke was victorious, such a count kept his ground with a trifling loss, he will write in everlasting words the glowing epitaphs of my happy brothers."

This humour increased with the wealth, with the years of Creso. With him, gold was power — was reputation: no strength could overcome it — no shame could tarnish it. He looked upon his ducats as kings look upon their mercenaries — the instruments of his will, the sure doers of his behests, however vile and ruthless. He was that squalid despot — a tyrannous miser. And he would *die* rich!

Creso was past forty, when, with his gold he bought himself a wife — a creature of lustrous beauty — the eldest child of Marco Spori, a poor trader of Padua. Marco was doomed for a petty sum in the books of the man of wealth: early and late he toiled to pay his

creditor, and still some new misfortune made the labour vain. Creso, with a grim smile, would proffer further aid, and then would praise the gentle looks of Marianna.

"No, Messer Quattrino," cried Marco, awakening to the meaning of his patron, "Marianna is wedded."

"Wedded!" exclaimed Quattrino, and his face darkened — "wedded!"

"In promise," said Marco; "'t is all as one, Messer Quattrino."

"Betrothed? To whom, friend Marco?" asked Quattrino, with constrained composure; for love, before unknown to the miser, had made him like one possessed.

"To Pietro Leti."

"Doubtless, some wealthy merchant? No? Humph! A scholar, perhaps, with a tongue silvery as Satan's? Is your future son-in-law, good Marco Spori, of the 'Inflammati,' or" —

"He rents a little vineyard," replied Marco, unmoved by the malignant banter of his creditor. "His father lived and died upon it — a happy old man. Why should not Pietro?"

"And you will give your child — the tender, the beautiful Marianna, to hopeless poverty? You will blast that beauty with early care? You will fling her a prey to the tooth of want?" said Creso.

"She will be poor — granted. Wherefore should she not be happy?" asked Marco.

"The poor cannot be happy. Never open your

eyes, man; I speak a plain truth — a truth the rich well know, but never preach. No; it is their trick, folding their purple round them, to hymn the praise of low estate — to paint the happy carelessness of rags — the excellence of appetite begotten by hard drudgery. Poverty! Of all the arrows shot at our miserable nature, is there one that is not made the keener if whetted on the poor man's hearth?"

"That is true," said Marco, despondingly — "too true, Messer Quattrino."

"What is your state now, while I speak, Marco Spori? Are you not hunted — even as a wild beast, hunted? Have you a tranquil thought? Is there one fibre of your heart that is not pulled at by a care? You have children, too — things sent, they say, to bless and crown you. But, then, good Marco, they sometimes want a supper: and oh! the blessing."

"Do not, Messer Quattrino — for the saints' sake! do not," exclaimed Marco, lifting his clasped hands entreatingly.

"There is no physician, but gold; trust me, there is not; and when gold fails, believe it, there is no comforter but death." Such was the creed of Creso Quattrino.

Marco sought his desolate home. As he lifted the latch, his heart quailed at the laughing voices of his younger children. Marianna read the thoughts of her father in his eyes. He sank upon a stool, and for a moment, placed his face in his hands; then, looking vacantly at his daughter, he uttered — "Yes; 't will

be the best — that I should have thought of it! — it will be the best."

"What, father? Tell me, what?" asked Marianna, winding her arms about his neck.

"To end this, — and there is but one way. Yes, I will make myself a show for the people of Padua — what matters it? 'T is but an hour — and shall I not be free?"

"Father!" —

"Every hope has left me, Marianna; turn where I will, I meet with scornful or with threatening faces. But there is yet a law in Padua, a kind law for the bankrupt," said Marco, shuddering.

"What law? You do not mean?" —

"The *Stone of Infamy*," cried the father, his flesh quivering as he spoke. "'T is but to sit an hour there — to sit and be stared at, and such is the good law, my creditors are paid." *

"And you will sit upon that stone?" asked Marianna.

"I must — I will," groaned Marco.

"When, father — when?" cried the girl.

"To-morrow — if heaven will make me live — to-morrow," said Marco, and his head fell upon his bosom.

Marianna quitted her home, but in less than two hours returned. Her father sprang to his feet, as at the coming of a ghost. "Blessed Mother! Marianna!"

* See Moreri.

cried Marco, staring at the white face, the cold eyes of his child. "What is this?" he exclaimed, as she held a purse towards him.

"Gold, father! gold," said Marianna.

"How got — how come by?" raved the father, for suddenly the wildest fears possessed him.

"You are saved from shame," — said the girl — "from worse than death."

"How! Speak! Marianna; how?" exclaimed Marco.

"I am the wife of Creso Quattrino," answered Marianna; and as she spoke, she fell like a dead thing to the ground.

From the night Marianna became the wife of Quattrino, she smiled but once: it was when she kissed her new-born girl — a babe that, in one brief hour, was motherless. For three years, had Marianna lived a life of silent anguish. Her husband loathed her for the indifference with which she looked upon his wealth — for the coldness with which she listened to his golden schemes — his bargains made upon ignorance or want. He felt — and the thought haunted him like a demon — that he had bought a victim, not wedded a partner. He felt himself, with all his wealth, humbled before the simple nature of Marianna. Her gentleness — her meek endurance — galled, enraged him: there was one to whom his golden pieces were but as hoarded ashes. Reproach at length subsided into neglect, then turned into disgust; and, when the miser looked upon the dead face of his wife, he smiled in sullen satisfaction. There was an intruding, though

a silent, witness taken hence: even in the chamber of the dead, Quattrino breathed more freely. For the child, that should be to him a blessing, he would mould it to his own heart: there was no mother, no Marianna, with her speechless lips, yet cold, accusing eyes, to thwart the lessons of a thrifty father. The girl should wed a prince; yes, he had already gold sufficient, — and time could not but treble it — to buy a throne. Auretta was scarcely three days old when, in the imagination of her parent, vain-glorious, drunk with wealth, she was a royal bride.

Years passed, and every year, Creso Quattrino became more hardened with his wealth. Fortune seemed his handmaid, so constantly did he prosper. His dealings were with men of all nations: he scrupled not to furnish the infidel with arms, heedless of the penalty; for Mother Church denied the Christian rites of burial to such ingrate traders. "It matters not," thought Creso, "so that I *die* rich, I am well content to risk the rest."

"So! where shall we meet to talk of this?" Thus one day spoke Quattrino to Jacob, the travelled Jew of Padua, with whom our Christian merchant was wont to have many dealings.

"Why not at your house, good signor?" asked Jacob. "Ere this, we have driven a bargain there."

"It has been noted: therefore, 't is fit we deal more privily. Art thou not a Jew?"

"I thank Abraham! yes. I am a branded, despised Jew: I thank Abraham!"

"And I — I am a Christian; is it not so, Jacob?" asked Quattrino, a smile curling his lip.

"I have heard that you were baptised, Signor Quattrino," replied the Jew.

"And our close and frequent communing may damage me in the confessional," said Creso, and still he sneered.

"Thy confessional! Where may that place be found?" inquired Jacob.

"Where I lay by my ducats, Jew. Understand me; our Church hath eyes, and ears, and — hands; and long ones."

"All this I know — all this I have felt," replied the Hebrew.

"This war with the Turk — if 't were known that thou and I helped the wicked Infidel to cut good Christian throats — dost know what might happen, Jew? Thy bones would crack for it."

"Ugh!" and the Jew shuddered.

"Nay, more and worse; my coin would shrink: the priestly hand — thou knowest how huge its clutch — would be among it. I thank my good god Plutus! the war flourishes. 'T was a hot fight the last — there are widows wailing in Venice, Jew."

"I thank my God! the God of Abraham, for it!" cried the Jew with deep devotion; "I have cause to hate thy brethren — God knows it!"

"Saidst thou brethren, Jew? To me all men are

brethren — 't is the good creed taught me by my gold. Blessed talisman! Glorious property! softening the haughty — strengthening the weak; giving to him, who rightly knows its use, a power and mastery beyond all other might. The Turk bids for my aid: I sell him arms, wherewith he cuts a thousand Christian throats making Christian children fatherless. And why is this? I will tell you. Why is the Christian slaughtered? The goodly, peaceful creature covets a fair patch of earth — a glittering city — the dominion of a stranger's river. He is an infidel who holds it — it is enough; the unbeliever's land is soaked with human blood; the city is besieged — a hell of flames is roaring round its walls — the breach is made; raping, murder, and lust whoop through the streets — and the flag of victory flies over blood and ashes. The Christians have conquered; and with sweet humility, and deep thanksgiving, they make the church roof echo with a loud *Te Deum!* With brazen face and iron heart, they thank their God, that they have prospered in a work, that devils might have blenched at."

"Do I hear Creso Quattrino, the merchant of Padua?" asked the Jew, looking astonishment.

"These hideous mockeries, good Jacob — this wanton tyranny of the strong — have made me look upon the doings of this world as a grim, fantastic, wicked, foolish mask. Virtue, justice, honour! What are they? Words; tinkling syllables for sweating slaves, like bells to drudging camels. There is but one thing certain — gold! Grasp that — you grasp

power; a power, that though the poor may hate, they must acknowledge. Grasp gold, and you pull the heart-strings of that godlike creature, man, as boys work puppets."

"I love my ducats, good Signor Creso; and yet, amongst my own people, there is, I think, something I love more," said Jacob.

"More — more than thy ducats, Jew?" asked Quattrino.

"Aye; the respect of men — their kindly greetings; need I add, the smiles of my children?" said the Jew, and Creso bit his lip.

"The smiles of children!" and as Creso spoke, a sudden desolation stared from his eyes.

"That is a wealth!" cried the Jew; "that is a wealth!"

"Can it be tested?" exclaimed Creso; "tell me, Jacob — tell me, how?"

"You are yourself a father, Signor Quattrino — the father of a beautiful maiden; a thing of goodness, of gentleness."

"Thou didst know her mother, Jacob?" asked the merchant.

"Auretta is her mother's self — her very self," cried the Jew. "'T is twenty-three years ago — alack! time slides, time slides! But I have tarried long. Where shall we meet to-night, since to thy hearth the Jew brings peril?"

"By the Palazzo de Ragione — by the *Stone*. Humph! See you not, Jacob, that I preach truly?

The *Stone of Infamy!* Poverty, at the fount of this world, is christened infamy. Christened, branded with a burning brand. The *Stone of Infamy!* Right — very right, — 't is fitly called; for did a glistening angel sit there, men would loathe it."

"By the *Stone;* good. The hour?" and the Jew prepared to depart. "The hour?"

"Stay: not there. There is thanksgiving at St. Antony's for our victory, for we claim it, over the Infidel; I must be there."

"You, there?" and the Jew gazed and then smiled grimly. "You at the thanksgiving?"

"Aye; being beaten, the Infidel hath greater need of arms. You thank at the synagogue — I at the cathedral. Meet me at nine," and Creso Quattrino turned to seek his solitary home — solitary though a daughter dwelt there. "The mother's self — her very self," he muttered as he took his way — "would she were not so!"

On the marriage of Marianna, Pietro Leti quitted his native Padua for Florence, where he found a wife in the daughter of a thrifty vine-grower, who, dying, bequeathed his son-in-law a small estate; and in a few years Pietro became a prosperous man, with wealth enough to send Luigi, his only child, to study at the school of Padua. It was to give a meeting to the young scholar that the Jew had hastened from Quattrino.

"I have waited, Jacob," said Luigi, with an impatient look, as the old man entered his dwelling.

"I crave your pardon, gentle Sir — sudden business with Signor Quattrino held me."

"Ha! Quattrino. Thou knowest him, then? I had heard so. Thou art friends?" added Luigi, earnestly.

"We sometimes trade together — nothing more: our friendship is bounded by our ducats," said the Jew.

"Dost know his daughter — hast ever seen the beautiful Auretta?" and the youth coloured, and his voice trembled.

"Seen her? Aye, a thousand times. Thou mayest have heard thy father speak of her mother?" said the Jew fixing his eyes upon Luigi.

"Auretta's mother? Never. Why should he speak of her?" inquired Luigi, moved by the scrutinising glance of the Jew.

"I 'll tell thee. The story, youth, may haply save thee much misery — may profit the beautiful Auretta."

"Oh, speak! good Jacob — speak!" exclaimed the impatient boy.

"Thy father was to have wedded the mother of Auretta — they were betrothed."

"Betrothed! 'T is strange I never heard of this. Betrothed! What barred the match?" asked Luigi.

"Poverty. To save her father from the direst shame, poor Marianna became the wife of the rich Quattrino. Her daughter — I have heard the merchant vaunt as much — is destined for a prince."

"A prince!" cried Luigi.

"No less: and be sure of it, young Sir, Quattrino's wealth may make even princes stoop to wed Auretta.

"Stoop to wed her — stoop, Jew?"

"But we did not meet to talk of this," said the old Jew, marking the earnestness of Luigi — "we met not for this."

"True. Well, Jew, shall I have the money?" asked Luigi.

"A thousand ducats — and the security?" and Jacob paused, and stared in the face of the scholar. "The security?"

"Thou knowest I am my father's heir. Thou knowest he has no child save me. Draw what bond thou wilt, I am content to sign it.

"Death is a slow pay-master," said the Jew.

"But the surest, Jacob," replied Luigi.

"A thousand ducats? 'T is a large sum for a scholar! Truly, what need hast thou, a bookman, of a thousand ducats?"

"Say, to spend in a revel — to buy a gondola — to purchase music — a sparkling stone — nay, to cast into the Adriatic, — what matters it to thee? Shall I have the money, or shall I seek a readier merchant?" asked the youth, and he rose to depart.

"Stay, gentle Sir — thou shalt have money. This night at nine — I 'll have the deed prepared."

"Where shall we meet?"

"Here," replied the Jew, and the youth took his

way from the house, and, with hurried steps, sought the mansion of Quattrino.

"Blessed St. Mary!" cried Auretta's nurse, as she met Luigi at the door; "my master — know you not he is at home? — should he see you," —

"Go — say I beg some words with him," said Luigi.

"Are you mad, young master? — Are you mad?"

"Fear not, good nurse — I have conned my lesson; fear nothing. Say, a student craves a meeting with the merchant." The nurse obeyed, and the young scholar stood in the presence of the haughty, purse-proud Quattrino.

"Now, youth," said Creso, "what trade would you drive with me?"

"I would purchase your dearest treasure, Signor Quattrino," replied the simple-hearted youth.

"Aye? thou art young for a merchant. What treasure, child?" asked Creso.

"Thy daughter," answered Luigi; and the old man gasped at the word.

"My daughter? Truly: thou wouldst buy the heiress of Creso Quattrino? Doubtless, thou comest to market with a ducal crown, a countship, — nothing less? Thou wouldst buy my daughter — thou, — a student? but I err — I see, thou art a prince, a noble gentleman, jesting in the bare gown of a poor scholar."

"I am called Luigi Leti," answered the boy.

"Leti!" exclaimed the merchant.

"Son of Pietro Leti, once of Padua, now of Flo-

rence. You may have heard of him, Signor Quattrino?"

"And thou dost love my daughter — thou dost love Auretta?" asked Quattrino, waiving an answer.

"And would win her — win her at thy hands," replied Luigi.

"Knows she of this meeting? Doth she sanction thy request — hast thou," asked the merchant, with deep dissimulation, "hast thou her heart? Thou hast? And what — what may Luigi Leti offer a doating father for this priceless gem?"

"The harvest of my sword," answered Luigi.

"Thy sword? A student's sword?"

"Creso Quattrino, my soul abhors deceit: 't is possible I might have won the jewel of thy house despite thy will."

"Is it so?" cried Quattrino, and his heart laboured with hate — with thoughts of ruthless vengeance. "My daughter would have flown from me — would have wedded with a poor scholar? Thou art a brave, a noble youth, Luigi; thou hast rightly said, thy heart abhors deceit. I read that glad assurance in thine eyes: give me thy hand," and the subtle merchant pressed the palm of Luigi, smiling in his face. "I see thy purpose, youth — thou wouldst not rob an old man of his only joy; thou comest to tell me this?"

"I come to ask a promise," said Luigi.

"Speak; the openness of thy nature hath won me: my heart yearns towards thee, Luigi; trust me, it

does. Humph!" and still Creso smiled upon his victim — "thy features make me think of days, that — well, well, they 're past. How is the good Pietro? He wedded happily — very happily. I have heard much of the virtues of thy good mother. But thou comest to ask a boon? Name it, good Luigi — name it."

"I have closed my book — have thrown aside my student's gown; and in three days take ship from Venice," said Luigi.

"Take ship — whither?" asked the gladdened merchant.

"For the war against the Turk," replied the youth.

"A brave lad! a pious lad! Ha! ha! thou 'lt make rare work among the heathen. 'T is a pious purpose."

"Wilt thou promise me, Signor Quattrino, if I return to Venice with an honoured name — with glory won upon the infidel — wilt thou promise me Auretta?"

"Thy laurels 'gainst her ducats? Thou 'lt prove a lucky champion, if thou dost compass it."

"Shall I have thy word, Signor Quattrino?" asked Luigi.

"Thou hast her word already — is it not so?" questioned the smiling merchant. "Nay, I warrant me, 't was not the timid girl who put such hard conditions? Doubtless, Auretta would wed thee, though thou shouldst never cleave a turban?"

"Shall I have thy promise?" pressed the youth.

"Thou hast made me thy friend for ever, Luigi. Like a thief thou mightest have robbed me of my dearest wealth — nay, more, have laughed at the old man thy wit had beggared. Not a gallant in all Padua, save thyself, good Luigi, would have dealt thus openly. Well, simplicity should win simplicity. When dost thou purpose to depart?"

"In three days."

"Thou art equipped then — everything prepared?"

"I have secured the means. At nine to-night I meet Jacob the Jew," —

"Though an Israelite, an honest man. And he advances thee the means? To-night, at his house? — aye, indeed," said the crafty merchant. "Well, thou must sup with me to-night: say, at ten, good Luigi; then we can talk of Auretta. Thou wilt not fail — nay, I must see thee to the door;" and Quattrino, with well-acted courtesy, attended the duped Luigi to the threshold. As the merchant stood at his door, a messenger from Venice arrived, bearing a letter for Quattrino.

"I pray, signor," said the man, "that it may bring good news — but there are grievous rumours in Venice."

A moment Quattrino glared at the messenger; then hurriedly broke the seal. Another moment, and he staggered like a drunken man. "Gone! lost! sunk!" he screamed, and his face grew livid.

"Signor — good signor!" cried Luigi, grasping the arm of Creso.

"'T is true, then?" asked the messenger.

"My argosy, — worth a princedom — and sunk!" — groaned Quattrino.

"Say not so, good signor; hope the best," said Luigi.

Quattrino looked as one stunned at Luigi, and then grasped his hand, and with a forced smile, said — "No matter: the loss shall not spoil our supper. Mind — at ten to-night, Luigi; at ten to-night," he repeated, the messenger standing by, "I shall expect you. The news shook me a little — but 't is over. Remember, Luigi — at ten," and Quattrino, followed by the messenger, turned into his house.

As the clock struck nine, Luigi knocked at the door of the Jew. The deed was speedily signed, and Luigi, with the counted ducats, bade the Jew good night. Ere the Jew could place the deed in his chest, he heard the cries of Luigi and a noise of struggling men. The Jew rushed into the street, when Luigi, making for the house, fell into the old man's arms.

"Holy Abraham! what has happened?" exclaimed the Jew.

"A villain set upon me — I am slain!" cried the youth, and he slipped from the feeble hold of the Jew, and fell dead upon the earth.

The neighbours ran into the street — the watch came up — the Jew was seized on suspicion of the murder, no man save himself being found near the

body. His creed was sufficient evidence of his wickedness — he was a Jew, and that of itself was witness against him. His house was ransacked by the officers of justice, and all his papers seized.

"Thou art innocent of the murder?" said the officer; "well, it matters not; thou wilt have work enough to answer for thy treasons."

"I will confess all — everything — but spare my life — let me be saved from torture," cried the Jew; and he tore his beard, and howled in agony, when he beheld the discovered papers proving his correspondence with the agent of the Turk. "I — I was not alone in the bargain," — exclaimed the Jew — "the Christian merchant — there is proof of it — Creso Quattrino was my partner."

Ere midnight, Creso Quattrino and the Jew Jacob were fast in gaol — prisoners to the state. The assassin, hired by the merchant, had done his work; but the blow that did a murder, helped to reveal a treason.

The wretched Jew was doomed to the wheel — the Christian merchant obtained his freedom, but only with the loss of all his wealth. He was fined for his treasons to an amount that absorbed his every possession, leaving him a debtor to many, who, in their time, thwarted and oppressed by Quattrino, resolved to revenge themselves of his past tyranny. Quattrino stood in the streets of Padua without a home, without a meal, save at the hands of charity.

"And it is come to this? And I shall die poor,—

after all, — a beggar!" he cried, half-resolved to end his miserable life; and then the hope, vain as he thought it, the hope of future fortune, made him bear the load of life — no, he could not die a pauper.

"And now, signor? The five thousand crowns between us — I have need of them," said a creditor to the broken merchant.

"Give me time — a little time, good Battista," solicited the humble Creso.

"Aye, and more than thou hast given to any man: my crowns to-morrow, or the gaol," answered the creditor.

"The gaol! What — a felon debtor! Thou dog — thou cur, that" —

"Is it so?" said the creditor. "Well, then, to-morrow look thou to lie in debtor's straw."

All night Quattrino wandered through the streets. His reason reeled beneath his misery. He passed before the Palazza di Ragione; and as he stood, a monk — who had been to confess a dying man — approached him.

"Blessed St. Antony!" cried the friar, "is it the merchant — is it Signor Quattrino?"

"No. The merchant is dead — I am his ghost, damned to wander where the rich man lived in glory," answered Creso.

"What was thy wealth? — perishable dust! My son, there is better wealth hoarded for thee."

"Where, monk — where?" asked Quattrino.

"Wealth eternal," replied the friar.

"Can'st lend me ten thousand present ducats?" demanded Creso. "Look there! Is not that the *Stone of Infamy?* And now, see," — and Quattrino griped the arm of the friar, — "see, who stands there and beckons me to it! Dost not see him? Look — 't is young Luigi — he, the scholar, who was slain. He beckons me to sit there: me, Creso Quattrino, the princely merchant of Padua, throned on the *Stone of Infamy!* Ha! ha!" And with a yell, the pauper Creso rushed from the shuddering friar.

The next day, Quattrino encountered Battista. "Now, merchant," said the creditor — "my ducats, my ducats good Messer Creso — my ducats, or the gaol. There — for who in Padua hath not felt the bitterness of thy oppression? — there thou shalt rot and die my debtor."

"Die thy debtor! Thy debtor! — a crawling chapman! — thou, who, in my days of wealth, didst cringe before me like a beaten hound? — I defy, and spit at thee!" — exclaimed old Creso.

"Arrest him at my suit; to the gaol with him," cried Battista to a ready officer.

"Hold — hold!" shouted Creso — "I — I claim my privilege — the privilege of a citizen of Padua!"

"What privilege?" asked the officer.

"The — the" — Creso stood convulsed with passion — "I will not die thy debtor — I will sit upon the *Stone!*"

The crowd that were gathered about Creso and his creditor, echoed "the *Stone!*" and looked astonished in

each other's faces — and then, as rejoicing at a promised feast, whooped and shouted — "Quattrino on the *Stone of Infamy!*" "Creso a bankrupt!"

The next morning, Creso, the golden merchant, as he was called, became a spectacle of shame and wretchedness to the men of Padua. For one hour he sat upon the *Stone of Infamy!*

"Now, Quattrino, the time is up — thou hast sat the hour — thy debts are paid," said the officer.

"I am no debtor, by the law of Padua?" asked Quattrino, and with an effort he rose from his ignominious seat, and griping the arm of one of the guards with the gripe of death, he looked as one risen from his coffin. "I die no debtor!" he gasped, and fell, huddled, to the earth.

"Santa Maria! he's dead!" exclaimed Battista.

"Ha! ha! he's dead!" screamed an old crone.

Ere the beggar Quattrino was borne from the Hall, there was heard a cry of "The argosy! the argosy!" — and a messenger from Venice hurried through the crowd to the self-poisoned criminal. Quattrino's vessel, rumoured as lost, rode in the Adriatic, freighted with unbounded wealth.

"She's safe! — she's here!" exclaimed Quattrino, and he writhed with the poison, "in port! safe in port! Ha! ha! I die no pauper — I die" — and, with his eyes glazing upon the messenger of fortune, the miserable Creso "died rich."

THE END.

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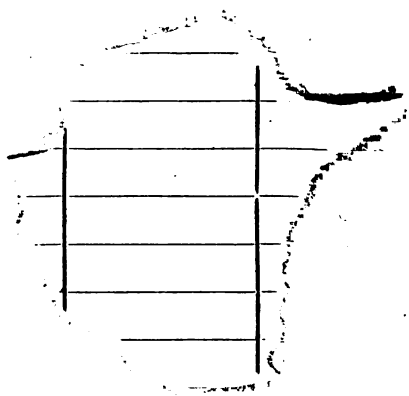

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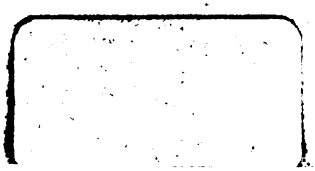

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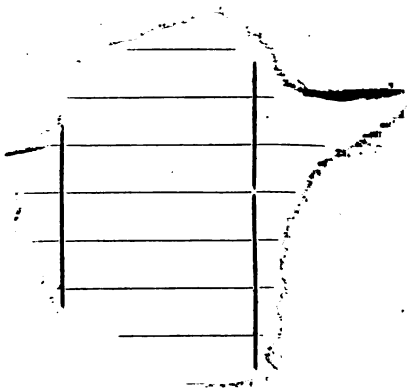
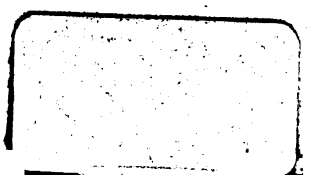
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